

BOER AND BRITISHER IN SOUTH AFRICA

A HISTORY
OF
THE WARS
FOR UNITED
SOUTH AFRICA

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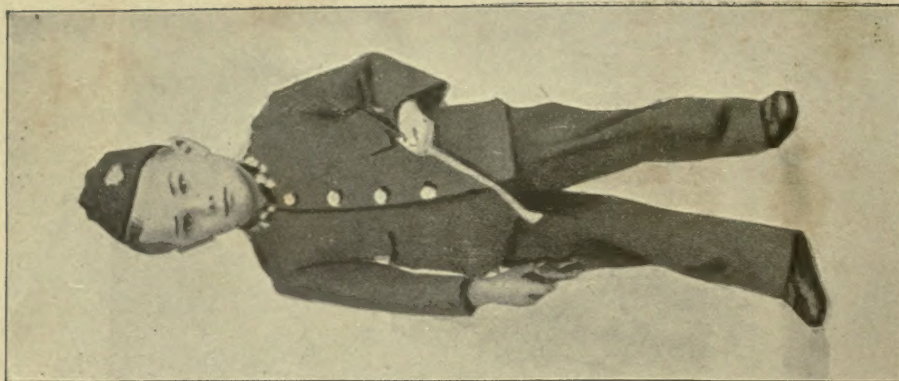
E B Curtis





A gift to his
young friend
Whom he loves
to tell on her
18th birthday

Jah Schiadi



A SON AND GRANDSON OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Boer and Britisher

IN SOUTH AFRICA

A HISTORY OF THE BOER-BRITISH WAR AND
THE WARS FOR UNITED SOUTH AFRICA
TOGETHER WITH BIOGRAPHIES
OF THE GREAT MEN WHO
MADE THE HISTORY OF
SOUTH AFRICA

BY

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INTRODUCTION.



N THIS book I have endeavored to give, in a concise and popular form, a clear, interesting, and valuable account of the historical, political and social developments of South Africa, as they have presented themselves to the world, from the beginning of the differences between the Boer and the Britisher; and further, I have been guided by the firm resolve to make all deductions from absolute facts, thereby assuring a truthful portrayal of the current events, and an unbiased and unprejudiced statement of all the important occurrences from the settlement of the Dutch at the Cape down to the present day.

The people of South Africa are often judged wrongly, especially in England, where every one cannot rise to the unprejudiced point of view of the great Gladstone, who could appreciate the worth of these people, who, to preserve their freedom, left their former homes in Cape Colony and strove for an independent existence in the desolate, wild country inhabited only by hostile savages.

In the beginning of their struggle for freedom the inhabitants of both the South African Republics, almost without exception, belonged to different Protestant communities. Though not, of course, without faults and prejudices—as is always the case with people who live in seclusion—they were generally men of severe morality, distinguished for the simplicity of their customs and the purity of their family life. The rule, accepted by custom,

that only members of the Reform Church had a right to vote, in reality had no other purpose than to exclude those who remained below the general level of development.

This state of things, however, had to be altered on the arrival of numerous strangers within the territory of the South African Republics. This the government did of its own free will. Extension of the franchise was granted without reserve in the constitution of 1889. So it was thought best, after the invasion of Jameson at the end of 1895, to give full political rights to all strangers who had helped to beat off that sudden attack.

Strangers from all parts of the world have settled within the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, the gold city of not quite twenty years' existence. The population there is a mixture of all nations, with different religions. As will happen in every new gold city, a considerable part of that population is of a very low standard. It is clear that under such conditions crimes will occur, but the government generally has preserved order with strength. Compared to San Francisco of earlier days, where public safety was continually threatened by the most shameful intrigues and corruptions until a change came through a revolution with the horrible employment of lynch law, the maintenance of order in Johannesburg is admirable. Though every one there is humane toward the colored race, it is considered wrong to put that race on an equality with the others; but all of the white people in the South African Republic are in the full possession of their rights, both in the exercise of their religion and in the application of civil law.

According to the present constitution, and even in virtue of that of 1858, all who settle in the territory of

the republic are entitled to full protection of their person and property. The strangers, however, the Outlanders—a drifting population, of which the majority live only temporarily in the republic—demand full political rights, to take part in the election for the Volksraad and to be elected as members of that council. In no country in the world are such political rights given to strangers without at least some delay.

The majority of countries, indeed, give strangers the opportunity to acquire the full political rights after long residence in the country and after they have shown their intention to stay there in future. The law of several governments allows this. But as public order and safety greatly depend upon it, every government should, of course, be free to judge how to deal with this question.

A great number of Outlanders of different nationalities have acquired full political rights during the past few years.

Moderate critics—and among them many English ones, too—have acknowledged that in less than twenty years the Boers have introduced more liberal measures than Europe, and especially England, did in centuries. A cause for war, however, was found in the convenience of these alleged grievances under the pretext of this effort of the Outlander to gain full political rights.

It is a war promoted by England without necessity, for the grievances of the Outlander did not at any time overbalance the conditions which necessitated the precaution taken by the Boers. Many of the Outlanders have made large fortunes at Johannesburg and might have increased their wealth in the future had not unscrupulous capitalists excited disturbances and stirred up the people to revolt. To be candid, and to sum up the whole situa-

tion in a few words, the real *casus belli* in the Boer-British conflict is GOLD, and it is a war not of the British nation but of British officialism backed by the men who control the wealth of the British Empire. The mines of the Witwatersrand are among the richest in the world. They are owned by Englishmen, and are in the Transvaal territory. The men who own and operate them, incited by Great Britain's Empire-Builder, Cecil Rhodes, brought about the controversy which has ended in war.

No one can be indifferent to the heroism of that small but energetic people, who, loyal and faithful to each other, show by their acts that they prefer freedom to life itself, by undertaking a war with so mighty a power, while praying to the Almighty, and trusting in the righteousness of their cause, to bring relief.

The spirit of liberty and independence seems to be inherent in all peoples who live in a mountainous country and whose existence is largely dependent upon out-of-door occupations. Of such are the Boers. By force of arms they gained their independence, and it is for that independence they are struggling against the greatest of all imperialistic governments.

In many respects the struggle is similar to the American Revolution. Like the American colonists the Boers are a sturdy, honest, God-fearing people, skilled in the use of the rifle and possessing the physical courage of Spartans, and their patriotic feeling is strikingly exemplified by the famous words of Patrick Henry when he exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death."

For England to interfere in the internal affairs of the South African Republic was contrary to the convention of 1884. Unjust as that interference was, however,

the South African Republic yielded, offering to do all that was possible to avoid a war. Not contented with these concessions England claimed more; the South African Republic was asked to give up what had been granted in the Convention of 1884 and accept again the treaty of 1881, by which suzerainty was imposed. In this manner the negotiations commenced bona fide by the Boers were prolonged by Great Britain and the concentration of an English military force on the Transvaal frontier was at the same time in progress. After the intentions of Great Britain had become clear the South African government had the prudence and courage to send an ultimatum to stop the further massing of troops on the Boer frontier, in default of which hostilities should commence on October 11.

That courageous resolution and the brave beginning of the war have thrilled with admiration the whole world like by an electric shock. Such an example, given by these noble people in defending their independence at the cost of their lives, must conduce to the welfare of mankind in this age, when everywhere moral strength is weakened by an unbridled desire for wealth.

He, in whose hand lies the fate of nations and the end of war, knows if the world of the Twentieth Century will be benefited by the heroic death of these men who sacrifice themselves for liberty.

To the many South Africans with whom I have associated, and who have favored me in so many ways, I am sincerely grateful. Afrikaners and Outlanders, Englishmen, Dutchmen and Boers alike; and especially the many high officials, who have furnished me with unrestrained views and reviews.

THE AUTHOR.

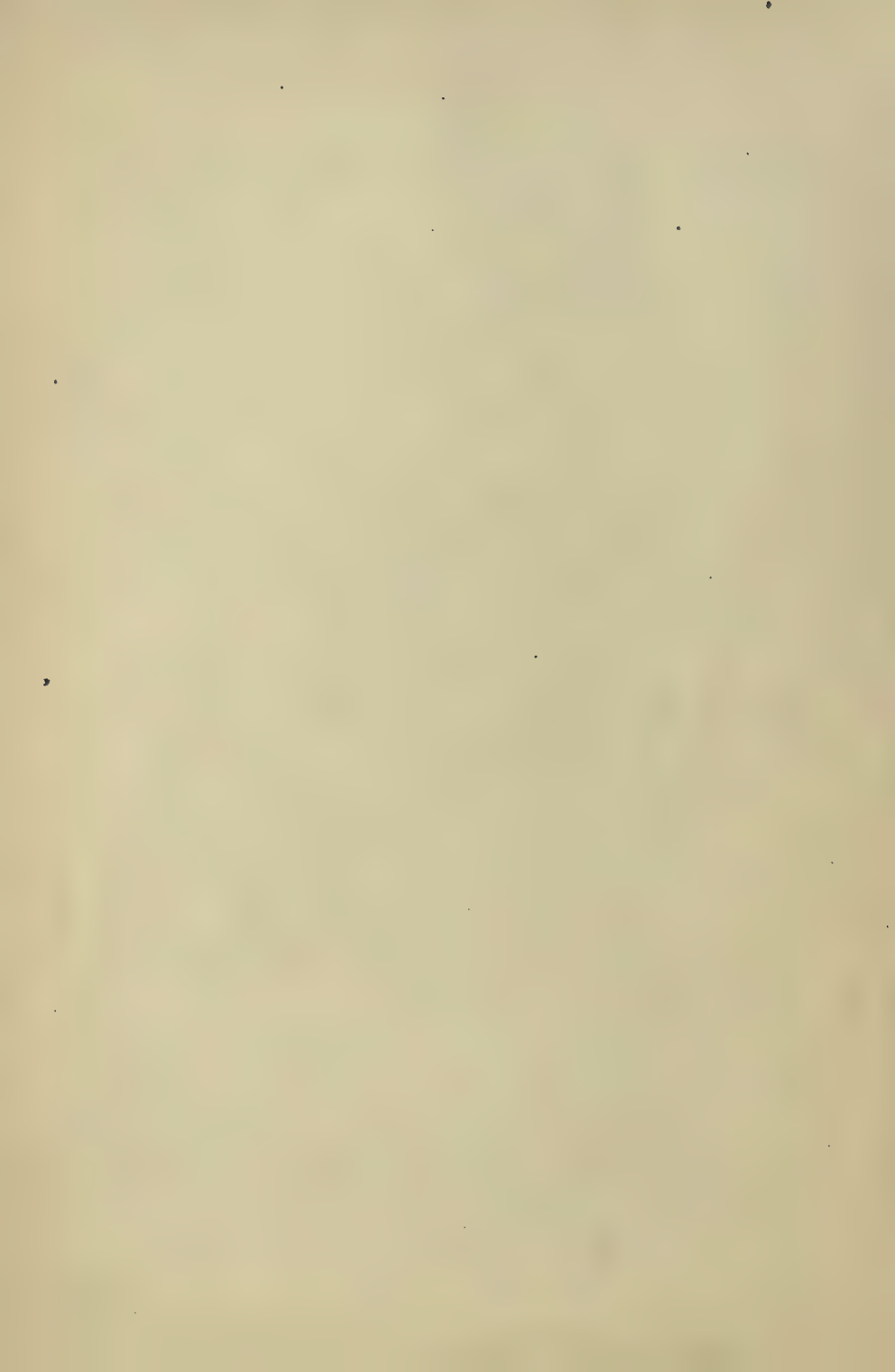


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PRESIDENT KRUGER WITH COPY OF ULTIMATUM.



CECIL JOHN RHODES.

THE BOER-BRITISH WAR.

CHAPTER I.

CAUSES OF THE BOER-BRITISH WAR.

Friction between the Dutch and English in Cape Colony—The Great Trek—Questions of Franchise and Suzerainty.



IF YOU were to ask a Boer to give two reasons why Great Britain went to war with the South African Republic (commonly known as the Transvaal), he would answer :

First—Diamonds.

Second—Gold.

If you asked for a third reason he would reply :
“Cecil Rhodes.”

If you were to ask him to give two reasons why the Transvaal went to war with Great Britain and precipitated hostilities by issuing an ultimatum, he would answer that there was but one reason, and that was “to preserve the independence of the Transvaal Republic.”

The average Britisher, if asked to give the causes of the war of 1899, would say that the ultimatum of the Transvaal Republic gave Great Britain no choice in the matter, but aside from this he would assert that his country was inspired only by a determination to secure justice for British and other non-Boer inhabitants of the Transvaal.

And the answers of both Boer and Britisher would not be far from right.

While the trouble between the Boers and the British in South Africa antedates the discovery of precious stones and metal in that country, it is nevertheless a fact that the diamond mines at Kimberley and the gold fields at Johannesburg have added to the aggressiveness and cupidity of English diplomacy in the Dark Continent, and have likewise influenced the Boers in a stubborn and oftentimes exasperating resistance to the demands of non-Boer residents, or as they are designated, Uitlanders (outlanders—foreigners).

It is necessary to a complete understanding of the differences which culminated in the Boer-British War to consider the antecedent facts relating to the rise and growth of the Boer Republic. The salient features of this history are few and clearly marked. They are only considered in outline in this chapter, but in detail later on.

In the scramble of European nations for South Africa the Dutch were the first to effectively occupy the field. They went there in 1652 under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company and made their first settlement on the Cape of Good Hope. They were followed in 1688 by Huguenot refugees in search of religious freedom, denied them in France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The first English settlers arrived toward the close of the Eighteenth Century, and this arrival marks the beginning of trouble in Cape Colony. It was not until 1814, however, that Great Britain displayed a determination to maintain its hold upon the Cape and to govern a colony, the white inhabitants of which were chiefly Dutch. In that year Holland formally ceded the territory to Great Britain.

The new administration was little to the liking of the descendants of the original settlers. Under Holland they had enjoyed a measure of self-government. Under Great Britain they felt themselves aliens.

In 1815 they rebelled but were subdued, and harsh measures of repression were inaugurated. This induced some of the bolder ones to abandon their homes and strike into the interior. The gradual migration thus begun culminated in the great Boer "trek" of 1835-38, when about 10,000 farmers left the Colony. ("Trek" is Dutch for track, or rather for the verb which survives in our vernacular speech as "to make tracks.") They moved inland and farther north. They built kraals in various places and occupied them until English encroachment made it necessary to fight or trek. Sometimes they fought; sometimes they trekked.

The chief immediate causes for the great trek were two: First, the emancipation of the slaves in 1834, and, second, the withdrawal of British protection against the raids of the native Kaffirs.

The first settlement of the trekkers was in the land now known as the Orange Free State, the second in Natal, the northern boundary of the colonies being the Vaal River. They were still claimed as British subjects. An unsuccessful combat with a British force was followed by the conversion of Natal into a British colony in 1843.

Most of the Natal Boers again left their farms, returning to the Orange River territory. The bolder spirits who had planted themselves north of the river Vaal were once more called upon to resist British control, which sought to establish a protectorate, in 1845; they took up arms against the proposal to force magistrates upon them, and after the subjugation of the Orange River territory in

1848, were joined by a number of Boers who, under Pretorius, refused to submit to British rule. They trekked across the Vaal River and founded a new republic—the Transvaal.

The wise statesmanship of Earl Grey, England's prime minister, infused a spirit of reason and moderation into Great Britain's colonial policy, which took form in the recognition of the independence of the two Boer republics. The first formal charter of the independence of the Transvaal Republic was a treaty signed at Sand River in January, 1852, the opening sentence of which marks Great Britain's recognition of the separate sovereignty of the Transvaal people over their country. It is as follows:

"The Assistant Commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner, on the part of the British government, to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River, the right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves according to their own laws without any interference on the part of the British government."

The Boer settlers numbered only about 16,000, a small population for so large a territory. They occupied the choice spots with small pastoral communities. The temper of the people and their economic conditions at first made central government unnecessary and impossible. A sort of patriarchal system prevailed for a long time, which was succeeded by four loosely formed republics, reaching a formal union in 1860. These rude, primitive people of a purely agricultural type, each family living a self-sufficing life, with scarcely any commerce that could not be conducted by neighborly barter, had fastened themselves firmly on the soil, protecting themselves against the aggressions of native tribes, sometimes

encroaching beyond their assigned limits, but on the whole peaceably safeguarding the independence they had won.

Without the aid of British arms, it is more than doubtful whether the white settlements could have maintained themselves against the Zulus on their east, the Matabeles on their west, and the Kaffirs in their very midst. But they paid the usual price for British protection—which was annexation.

The discovery of diamonds in 1867 had centered British interest in the diamond fields, and in 1871 the diamond fields were annexed by the British government. This has been characterized by Mr. Froude as “perhaps the most discreditable incident in British colonial history.”

Forced into arbitration for the maintenance of a portion of their territory, the Boers bitterly resented the loss of a considerable tract of country for which they had shed their blood, and which had been in their occupation ever since the great “trek.” The result, moreover, of this transaction was to place upon their confines a body of miners and industrial entrepreneurs drawn from all quarters of the world, destined to be their inveterate enemies and the fomenters of internal dissensions in their state. The native tribes, obtaining large quantities of guns and ammunition from the mine-owners, were in a continual ferment of border warfare which strained to the breaking-point the loose and newly made government of the Transvaal.

The weakness of the Transvaal under this great stress, the difficulty of finding men and money for her emergency, gave the opportunity which the advocates of a forward policy at the Cape had been long awaiting.

Alleging that the country was in danger of being overrun by the Zulus, and claiming that the villagers were favorable to British protection, the British commissioner, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, issued a decree in April, 1877, declaring the country to be a British possession and assuming supreme control. The Transvaal government made no forcible resistance, but lost no time in organizing an appeal to the British government. Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Sir Bartle Frere, however, had sent home dispatches stating that the majority of the Boers approved the annexation, and though Kruger and Joubert proceeded to England with memorials of protest, representing virtually the whole rural population, their efforts were unavailing. Even Mr. Gladstone, while recognizing the impolicy and injustice of the annexation, refused to relinquish sovereignty over the Transvaal on his accession to power in 1880.

The Boers determined to regain their freedom and the war of 1880-81 followed. S. J. P. Kruger, M. W. Pretorius and Pieter J. Joubert were elected a triumvirate to conduct the government. On December 16, 1880, a national holiday known as Dingaan's Day, the triumvirate sent a manifesto to Sir Owen Lanyon, who had succeeded Shepstone as administrator. The concluding sentence of that manifesto remains the motto of each Transvaal Boer:

"We declare before God, who knows the heart, and before the world, that the people of the South African Republic have never been subjects of Her Majesty and never will be."

The war, the details of which we will treat of later, culminated in the famous battle of Majuba Hill, in which 150 Boers defeated 600 British troops.

When Sir Evelyn Wood at the head of 12,000 troops was preparing to bear down by sheer dint of numbers the indomitable spirit of the Boers, Mr. Gladstone performed an act which was denounced by British imperialists but which the Grand Old Man's defenders claim will rank among the wisest and most profitable examples of his statecraft.

By a convention signed at Pretoria in 1881 Mr. Gladstone's government restored independence to the Transvaal, now known officially as the South African Republic. Independence was subject, however, to the suzerainty of Great Britain.

There was no mistaking the meaning of the word suzerainty as defined in this convention. It was expressly stipulated that the English crown should appoint a British Resident, with a veto power over the internal policy of the republic toward the Kaffirs; that it should control and conduct its entire foreign policy and reserve the right of moving troops over its territory in time of war.

This claim of suzerainty was, in fact, only a sop thrown to the British public. It is not likely that Gladstone, or Lord Derby, his Foreign Minister, contemplated any strict enforcement of its provisions, or, indeed, any serious necessity for its enforcement. The South African Republic at that time was looked upon as only a barren tract of land, capable of supporting a settlement of hardy and simple-minded agriculturists and stock raisers, but of no imminent interest to England. To the Boers, however, the reservation was gall and wormwood. The Volksraad stoutly resisted the breaches of the Sand River Treaty and the assertion of suzerainty, but having no alternative but war, the Boer Parliament at last

reluctantly consented to "provisionally submit the articles of the convention to a practical test."

The convention thus "provisionally" ratified worked ill, causing constant friction between the two governments. As the Boers chafed more and more under what seemed to the Colonial Office a mere shadow of authority, Gladstone cheerfully proposed a revision of the convention.

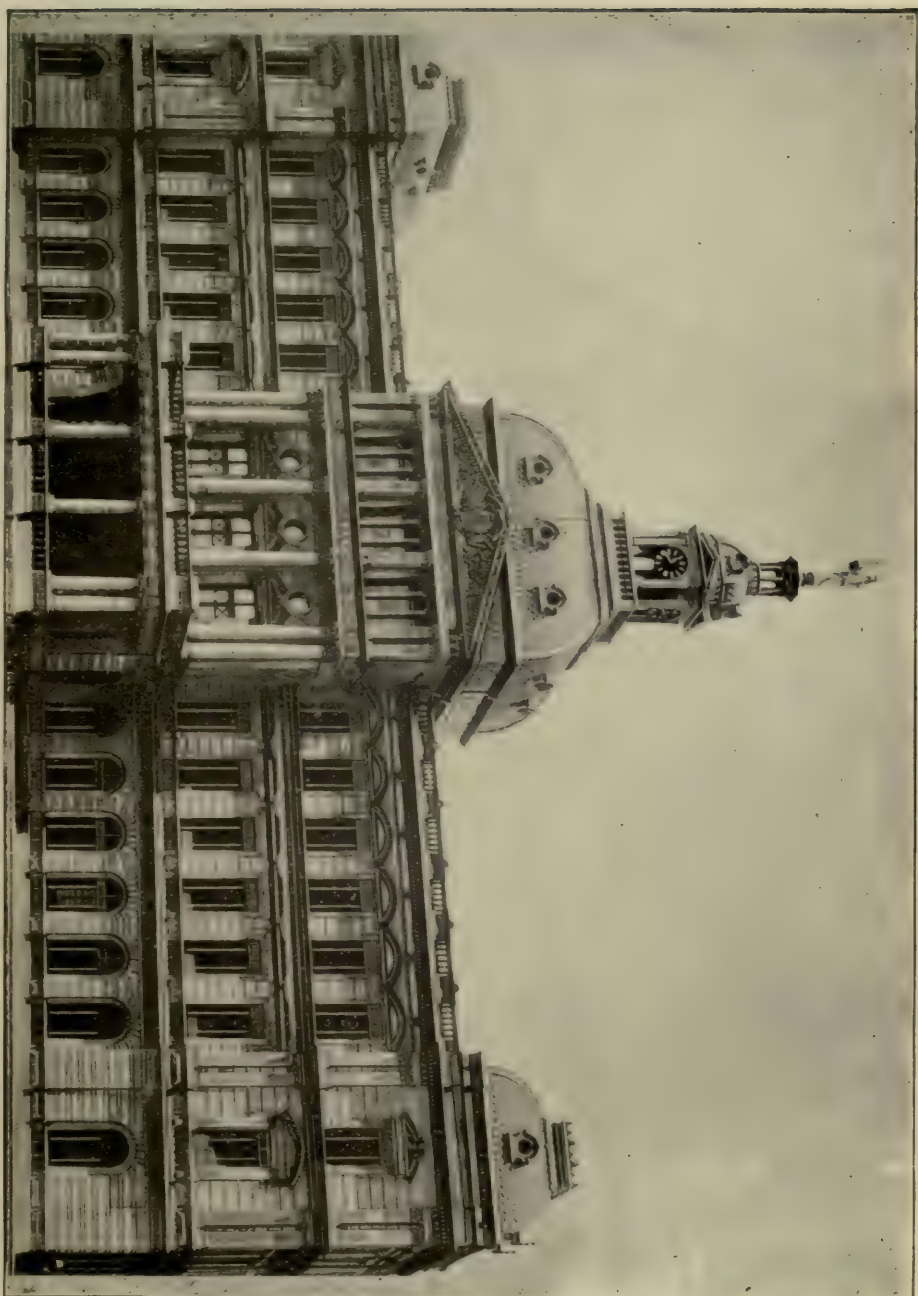
Thus came a conference which led to the second or London convention of 1884. Though held in the metropolis of Great Britain itself, the British public thought little and cared less about the matter. The Boers got pretty much what they wanted. Out of deference to Boer sensitiveness, the word "suzerainty," expressly used in the convention of 1881, was omitted in the new one, and the title of British Resident was changed to Diplomatic Agent, with a restriction of his functions to purely consular duties. Complete independence was granted in domestic affairs. The western boundaries of the state were mutually determined upon.

Though the word suzerainty was dropped, the thing itself was asserted in one clause which ran as follows: "The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the republic, until the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen."

As the other clauses were concessions to Boer feelings so this was a concession to John Bull's. Some years passed before it was looked upon as of any vital importance. The Colonial Office winked at some minor violations of its spirit. Only when the Boers showed a disposition to encroach beyond the boundary limitations of the con-



PRESIDENT KRUGER AND CABINET.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING, CAPITOL OF SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

vention was it aroused, and even then to tardy action. The Transvaal government had its heart set upon two great aims. One was to shut off Cape Colony from the north; the other to establish a seaport of its own.

The conquest of Bechuanaland on the east would accomplish the first object; the conquest of Zululand, which stood between it and the ocean on the west, would accomplish the latter. Tentative raids to the east and the west were suppressed by the British authorities, but not until the boundaries of the South African Republic had been slightly enlarged on both sides.

In short, the British took so little interest in the matter that it is not impossible the Boers might stealthily and gradually have succeeded in their double aim had it not been for the discovery of gold in the Witwatersrand.

The really crucial facts are the discovery and development of the gold fields and the change of British policy in South Africa which followed. Two years after the ratification of the London convention came the great discoveries in the district of Lydenburg, and a few years later the great city of Johannesburg had sprung into being. Since 1886 an increasing horde of immigrants, chiefly English, but numbering also Americans, Germans, French and Austrians, have streamed into that region. The Boers classed them all as Outlanders or foreigners.

Meanwhile the Boers had awakened to their imminent peril of being swamped by this invasion of aliens. This little people of simple, hard-working farmers, narrow in their outlook of life, deep-set in their convictions, containing in their coarse-grained nature the same dumb, patient, passionate love of freedom and the same iron confidence in the Bible and the God of the Old Testament which animated our own seventeenth-century Puritans—these

belated sons of Cromwell found themselves confronted by an invading stream of foreigners whose language, manners, aims, and character were fearful and unintelligible, whom they could not keep out, and whom they were called upon to govern.

They had at one time welcomed immigration. In 1884 President Kruger, when in London, had even published an invitation to Englishmen to settle in the country. At that time any settler could secure the electoral franchise after a residence of two years. Now, although the Boers welcomed the tide of money that flowed into the exhausted exchequer, they took steps to preserve their independence by restricting the privilege of the ballot.

The policy of the Transvaal was one of growing exclusiveness in the bestowal of the franchise, and this policy was consciously adapted to prevent the Outlanders possessing a political power commensurate with their numbers. In 1882, when the rush to the gold fields had assumed formidable dimensions, the old easy terms by which a two years' residence qualified for citizenship gave way to a law which required five years' residence as a qualification alike for naturalization and the burgher right. Further restrictions were added in 1889 and 1890, which made it twenty years before an outsider could become possessed of full civic rights. In 1894 an amendment in the law was made, reducing in effect this term of qualification from twenty to fourteen years, but enacting a referendum which involved the sanction of a two-thirds majority of burghers of a district as a condition of admitting aliens to burghership.

The franchise became the principal issue between Boer and Outlander, and the conditions which it imposed constituted the principal grievance of the latter.

They claimed that they constituted a majority of the state, owned half of the land, and paid nine-tenths of the taxes, and yet in all matters affecting their lives, liberties and properties they had practically no voice.

To quote from the statement of grievances of the unenfranchised Outlanders:

“An oligarchy of rude Boer burghers, relying upon mere priority of possession, refuses equality of political right or any adequate share in government to a majority of new-comers, mostly of British origin, to whose energy and industrial enterprise their country owes a rapid development of wealth, and from whom it derives the great bulk of its revenue. Instead of welcoming into the ranks of their citizens the settlers who develop and enrich their country, they have in the past applied a deliberate and progressive policy of exclusion, and even now, under fear of inner revolution and outer force, proffer evasive and unsubstantial concessions. All this in face of the fact that the right of entry and residence is expressly secured to all foreigners by the London convention which, by the spirit of such a stipulation, repudiates the policy of political oppression practiced by the Transvaal government.”

Looking merely to the situation at that time and disregarding the whole of the conditions which led up to and explain it, this statement of the grievances has a fair show of facts in its favor.

Recent statistics show with approximate correctness the size of the Boer and Outlander population in the Transvaal. The number of burghers, comprising all males over sixteen, is given as 29,279. If we suppose the same duration of life, and the same proportion between population under and over sixteen to exist as in Great Britain, the number of the Boer population of

the Transvaal will be about 125,000. As the latest statistics give 288,750 as the total white population, there will be 163,750 Outlanders. A minority of the white population is thus seen to be the sole owner of political power. The case of Johannesburg is still more striking in its testimony to the inequality of political rights. The last census shows that Johannesburg contains 1,039 burghers to 23,503 Outlanders. The violation of the principle which associates representation with taxation is also undeniable. Though there is no evidence in support of the statement that the Outlanders pay nine-tenths of the taxes, it is true that the bulk of the revenue is derived from the gold fields.

A true statement of the problem which the Transvaal government had to face is this: "How can we keep the natural and inevitable flow of political power into the hands of the Outlanders at such a pace as will enable our young government safely to assimilate them?"

The Transvaal government did not refuse to absorb and assimilate the Outlander population. It has always recognized the necessity and the utility of the admission of new blood, but it has not always been discreet or moderate in the tests and qualifications imposed upon the process. Even under stringent regulations the growth of the burgher population has been rapid.

In a formal statement made by President Kruger in March, 1899, he showed that when the present law was made there were 10,000 or 12,000 burghers, so he could not do otherwise than make a law as he did. He urged that if the laws of adoption had been otherwise the flood of immigrants would soon have voted them out. Now, however, there were 30,000 or 40,000 burghers, so he thought he could with safety reduce the period. He

would leave the first four years mentioned for naturalization, and reduce the remainder of the period for the attainment of full burgher rights to five years. He calculated that in this way they would have about 70,000 burghers, and the time would probably come when they could still further reduce the period, like other countries.

This gradual progressive slackening of restrictions was the only safe policy for a small new state in the position of the Transvaal, hemmed round by British possessions so that further trekking was no longer possible, forced to receive constant fresh incursions from outside, and confronted with the difficulties of keeping order among a heterogeneous population of European, Afrikander, and native races.

The Outlanders had other grievances. They complained that the taxes were oppressive and were squandered in the secret service and the fortifications at Pretoria, while Johannesburg remained a pesthole. They inveighed against the monopolies granted by the government, especially the dynamite monopoly, which placed it in the power of a single German firm to charge literally a double price for an inferior article. They denounced as exorbitant the freight charges of the Netherlands Railroad Company, which owns all the railways in the country and is protected by the government. They pointed out that these extortions made a serious difference in the profits of the best mines, threatened the existence of the second best and had already led to the abandonment of poorer ones, which would pay under more liberal conditions.

The best answer made to the charge of excessive taxation is contained in the following table, comparing the finances of the Transvaal with the two neighboring British colonies:

	1898 REVENUE.	WHITE POPULATION.
Transvaal.....	£ 3,983,560	288,750 (1898)
Cape Colony.....	6,565,281	376,987 (1891)
Natal.....	1,964,314	50,241 (1897)

Concerning the dynamite monopoly, President Kruger defended it upon the ground that "the independence of the Transvaal in case a dispute arose with foreign countries required the government to possess within its borders the means of producing in sufficient quantities the various explosives essential to modern warfare."

The general Outlander discontent in the Transvaal reached a crisis in 1896. The leaders among the Outlanders at Johannesburg formed a National Union, secured arms from Cecil Rhodes' British South African Company and threatened to fight for their rights. The most spectacular feature of the Outlander uprising was the Jameson raid, which is treated in detail elsewhere in this volume. Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, at the head of 600 troopers of the British South African Company, rode across the border from British Bechuanaland to attack Kimberley, but was repulsed with great loss and compelled to surrender. His friends at Johannesburg were disarmed.

The belief that the British Colonial Office had connived at the expedition and the certainty that Cecil Rhodes had inspired it increased the Boer distrust of their hereditary foes and their unwillingness to make any further concessions. For the moment Jameson's fiasco cast a damper upon the Outlanders. It injured the prestige of Great Britain in the eyes of the world. It raised the belief of the Boers in the justice of their cause and in the continuance of its triumph.

When Great Britain had recovered from the temporary setback of the Jameson raid her subjects in the

Transvaal renewed their protests against the alleged injustices of the Transvaal government and made fresh demands for what they conceived to be their rights.


A crisis in the Boer-Outlander controversy was precipitated by the shooting of a miner named Edgar while resisting arrest at the hands of a Boer policeman. This incident fanned the flames of hatred between the two races and a body known as the Outlander council was organized. Appeal was made to Sir Alfred Milner, who in 1897 had been appointed Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa. Sir Alfred made an investigation and reported that "the case for intervention was overwhelming." The English government, with Joseph Chamberlain at the head of foreign affairs, was quick to sustain the view of the High Commissioner. The case of Edgar became international, and into the diplomatic correspondence and conferences which followed, all of the Outlander "grievances" were injected. The preliminary correspondence led to a conference between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner at the capital of the Orange Free State. It was held early in June, 1899, and is officially known as the "Bloemfontein Conference."

To a complete understanding of the Boer-British case, and to enable the reader to determine responsibility for the Boer-British War of 1899, it is necessary to review the details of that famous conference, which, although a failure, placed the contentions of the two governments fairly and squarely before the world.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE.

Demands of Great Britain and Concessions of the Transvaal—Kruger Outwits Milner and Chamberlain—War the Result.

HE conference between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner at Bloemfontein resulted from a suggestion made by the latter in May, 1890, to the effect that instead of the British government constantly intervening to protest against Outlander grievances, it would be better to help the Outlanders to help themselves by insisting upon naturalization and the right of franchise on reasonable terms.

So, when the Transvaal President and the British High Commissioner met at the Orange Free State capital in June, 1899, the "bone of contention" was the franchise. Joseph Chamberlain himself accepted the franchise controversy as the only vital issue.

Sir Alfred Milner proposed as his "irreducible minimum" the following:

1. The franchise to be obtained by a five years' residence. This to be "retrospective," so that all who had already been five years in the country would receive it at once.
2. Seven seats in the First Raad (Parliament) for the gold fields.

President Kruger's ultimate concessions were as follows:



AT PRETORIA ON THE DAY OF THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

1. To lower the period of full franchise to nine years.
2. To abolish the assent of the two-thirds burghers' vote formerly required.
3. To give increased representation to the districts where the Outlanders commanded a majority of votes.

The difference between this proposal and that of Sir A. Milner, of a five years' qualification with no interim period of naturalization, with retrospective operation and a minimum of seven members for the Raad, is no difference of principle, but merely of degree in the application of a principle.

The Bloemfontein conference was therefore dissolved without any agreement having been reached, but it had had a beneficial effect, for upon returning to Pretoria, President Kruger introduced a bill in the Raad, which, though complicated, was designed to harmonize the differences. Further, at the instance of Mr. Hofmeyer, the leader of the Dutch in Cape Colony, and of Mr. Fischer, the representative of the Orange Free State, the government of the Transvaal consented to reduce the term of qualification for the franchise to seven years and to make it retrospective. This concession was well received in England, and that great organ of British opinion, the *London Times*, declared that "the crisis might now be regarded as ended."

Mr. Chamberlain on July 28, 1899, announced to the House of Commons the hope that the new law might prove to be a basis of settlement, and stated that he was proposing an inquiry into the effect of the law by a joint commission to be appointed by both governments.

The Transvaal government resisted the proposal for a joint commission. They feared that it would establish a dangerous precedent for future intervention in their inter-

nal affairs. If such a proposal had been made to the government of the United States it would have been regarded as an insult and might have proved a *casus belli*.

To offset Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, the Transvaal government, on August 19 of the same year, submitted a plan which not only acceded to all the demands of Sir Alfred Milner, but contained additional concessions.

Sir Alfred Milner demanded the five years' franchise.

The Transvaal government offered the five years' franchise.

Sir Alfred Milner demanded seven seats in the First Raad for the gold fields.

The Transvaal government offered eight seats in the First Raad for the gold fields.

Sir Alfred Milner demanded one-fifth of the seats for the gold fields as a minimum.

The Transvaal government offered one-fourth of the seats for the gold fields as a minimum.

The offer was accompanied by the following conditions:

1. That there should be no further interference in the internal affairs of the Transvaal.

2. That the British government should not insist further on the assertion of the suzerainty.

3. That other questions in dispute should be submitted to arbitration.

Before making this offer the Transvaal government inquired whether it would be a bar to a subsequent acceptance of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for a joint commission.

Sir Alfred Milner replied that "it would not be regarded by Her Majesty's government as a refusal of their offer."

Mr. Chamberlain received the "five years' franchise offer" on August 22. He sent a reply on August 28, which was more or less ambiguous. One condition—arbitration—was accepted. With regard to suzerainty Mr. Chamberlain referred the Boers to a previous dispatch, in which he had said that he maintained his own view, but did not care to argue it any longer. This might be construed as an acceptance, and by subsequent admissions in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain made it clear that he meant it as such. The one point on which he did intend to "qualify" his acceptance was future intervention. But his qualification was meaningless. The government, he said, cannot "*debar themselves from their right under the Conventions, nor divest themselves of the ordinary obligations of a civilized Power to protect outside subjects in a foreign country from injustice.*" There was no reason, however, to suppose that the Transvaal intended to ask anything so absurd. In point of fact, Mr. Reitz, the Transvaal Secretary of State, explained on September 2 that he meant nothing of the kind.

The pacific part of Mr. Chamberlain's qualified acceptance was offset by two other utterances. Two days before he sent his "qualified acceptance" he made a speech in which he described President Kruger as "dribbling out concessions like water from a squeezed sponge," declaring that he "accompanied his offers with impossible conditions," and warned him that "the sands were running down in the glass."

In addition to this he added a clause to his "qualified acceptance" dispatch, in which he said substantially that apart from the franchise there were other questions which could not be settled by arbitration.

The speech and clause referred to led the Trans-

vaal government to withdraw its "five years' franchise offer." At the same time it accepted Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for a joint commission of inquiry.

In reply Mr. Chamberlain sent a dispatch on September 8, in which he refused to enter upon an inquiry concerning the seven years' law.

The Transvaal government was astounded. It had yielded to all of the demands of Sir Alfred Milner and conceded more than was asked only to find that the demands were withdrawn. They accepted Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for a joint commission of inquiry only to be told curtly that Her Majesty's government declined to go on with the inquiry.

Then on September 22, Mr. Chamberlain notified the Transvaal government that Her Majesty's government would formulate its own proposals; that is to say, demand redress in detail for the grievances which were the original cause of the trouble.

Meanwhile British troops were pouring into South Africa.

The situation became so alarming that President M. T. Steyn of the Orange Free State became convinced that Great Britain's object was not to obtain redress for grievances, but to overthrow the South African Republic.

Accordingly on September 27, he made an appeal to Sir Alfred Milner in which he stated that the Orange Free State had repeatedly urged the Transvaal to make liberal concessions and that the acceptance of the joint commission of inquiry had been largely due to the influence of his government; further, that he was unable to understand why Great Britain withdrew from its own proposals. It could only be intelligible on the

ground that Great Britain was seeking to destroy the independence of the Transvaal, and if this were true, the Orange Free State would be the next to be threatened.

On September 30, the Transvaal made an urgent request that the British proposals should be submitted to it.

Great Britain's reply was to call out her reserves and announce the dispatch of an army corps to South Africa.

On October 3, and again on October 4, President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, sent messages to Sir Alfred Milner offering to mediate and requesting that pending peaceful negotiations troops should not be sent to the scene. These appeals in behalf of peace proved unavailing. Great Britain continued to strengthen her military forces on the frontier and preparations for war continued in London.

Affairs had reached a stage where President Kruger either had to assume the aggressive or be placed in a position where even armed resistance would be futile. Accordingly, on October 9, he issued the following ultimatum:

Her Majesty's unlawful intervention in the internal affairs of this republic, in conflict with the London convention of 1884, by the extraordinary strengthening of her troops in the neighborhood of the borders of this republic, has caused an intolerable condition of things to arise, to which this government feels itself obliged, in the interest not only of this republic, but also of all South Africa, to make an end as soon as possible.

This government feels itself called upon and obliged to press earnestly and with emphasis for an immediate termination of this state of things and to request Her Majesty's government to give assurances upon the following four demands:

First—That all points of mutual difference be regulated by friendly intercourse to arbitration or by whatever amicable way may be agreed upon by this government and Her Majesty's government.

Second—That all troops on the borders of this republic shall be instantly withdrawn.

Third—That all reinforcements of troops which have arrived in South Africa since June 1, 1899, shall be removed from South Africa within a reasonable time, to be agreed upon with this government, and with the mutual assurance and guarantee on the part of this government that no attack upon or hostilities against any portion of the possessions of the British government shall be made by this republic during the further negotiations within a period of time to be subsequently agreed upon between the governments; and this government will, on compliance therewith, be prepared to withdraw the armed burghers of this republic from the borders.

Fourth—That Her Majesty's troops which are now on the high seas shall not be landed in any part of South Africa.

To these demands was appended the definition of the time limit for a reply.

This government presses for an immediate and affirmative answer to these four questions, and earnestly requests Her Majesty's government to return an answer before or upon Wednesday, October 11, 1899, not later than 5 o'clock p. m.

It desires further to add that in the unexpected event of an answer not satisfactory being received by it within the interval, it will with great regret be compelled to regard the action of Her Majesty's government as a formal declaration of war, and will not hold itself responsible for the consequences thereof, and that, in the event of any further movement of troops occurring within the above-mentioned time in a nearer direction to our borders, this government will be compelled to regard that also as a formal declaration of war.

I have the honor to be, respectfully yours,

F. W. REITZ, State Secretary.

The Transvaal case was set forth at length in the following message, sent at the same time to Sir Alfred Milner, British High Commissioner :

Sir: The government of the South African Republic feels itself compelled to refer the government of Her Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, once more to the convention of London, 1884, concluded between this republic and the United Kingdom, and which, in Article XIV., secures certain specified rights to the white population of this republic—namely: that all persons other than natives, on conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic:

“A—Will have full liberty, with their families, to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the South African Republic.

“B—They will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufacturies, warehouses, shops, and other premises.

“C—They may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ.

“D—They shall not be subject, in respect of their premises or in respect of their commerce and industry, to any taxes other than those which are, or may be, imposed upon the citizens of the said republic.”

This government wishes further to observe that these are the only rights which Her Majesty's government has reserved in the above convention with regard to the outlander population of this republic, and that a violation only of those rights could give that government a right to diplomatic representation or intervention; while, moreover, the regulation of all other questions affecting the position of the rights of the outlander population, under the above-mentioned convention, is handed over to the government and representatives of the people of the South African Republic.

Among the questions the regulation of which falls exclusively within the competence of this government and of the Volksraad are included those of the franchise and the representation of the people in this republic; and, although this exclusive right of this government and of the Volksraad for the regulation of the franchise and the representation of the people is indisputable, yet this government has found occasion to discuss, in friendly fashion,

the franchise and representation of the people with Her Majesty's government—without, however, recognizing any right thereto on the part of Her Majesty's government.

This government has also, by the formulation of the now existing franchise law, and by a resolution with regard to the representation, constantly held these friendly discussions before its eyes. On the part of Her Majesty's government, however, the friendly nature of these discussions has assumed more and more a threatening tone, and the minds of the people of this republic and the whole of South Africa have been excited and a condition of extreme tension has been created, owing to the fact that Her Majesty's government could no longer agree to the legislation respecting the franchise and the resolution respecting the representation in this republic, and, finally, by your note of September 25, 1899, which broke off all friendly correspondence on the subject and intimated that Her Majesty's government must now proceed to formulate its own proposals for the final settlement.

This government can only see in the above intimation from Her Majesty's government a new violation of the convention of London, 1884, which does not reserve to Her Majesty's government the right to a uni-lateral settlement of a question which is exclusively a domestic one for this government, and which has already been regulated by this government.

On account of the strained situation and the consequent serious loss in and interruption of trade in general, which the correspondence respecting franchise and the representation of the people of this republic has carried in its train, Her Majesty's government has recently pressed for an early settlement, and finally pressed, by your intervention, for an answer within forty-eight hours, a demand subsequently somewhat modified, to your note of September 12, replied to by the note of this government of September 15, and to your note of September 25, 1899, and thereafter further friendly negotiations were broken off, this government receiving an intimation that a proposal for a final settlement would shortly be made.

Although this promise was once more repeated, the proposal, up to now, has not reached this government.

Even while this friendly correspondence was still going on



GENERAL JOUBERT.



PRESIDENT KRUGER REVIEWING TROOPS AT PRETORIA.

the increase of troops on a large scale was introduced by Her Majesty's government, the troops being stationed in the neighborhood of the borders of this republic.

Having regard to the occurrences in the history of this republic, which it is unnecessary here to call to mind, this republic felt obliged to regard this military force in the neighborhood of its borders as a threat against the independence of the South African Republic, since it was aware of no circumstances which would justify the presence of such a military force in South Africa and in the neighborhood of its borders.

In answer to an inquiry with respect thereto, addressed to his Excellency the High Commissioner, this government received, to its great astonishment, in answer a veiled insinuation that from the side of the republic an attack was being made on Her Majesty's colonies, and, at the same time, a mysterious reference to possibilities whereby this government was strengthened in its suspicion that the independence of this republic was being threatened.

As a defensive measure, this government was, therefore, obliged to send a portion of the burghers of this republic in order to offer requisite resistance to similar possibilities.

To the ultimatum of President Kruger, the following brief reply was made on October 10 by Colonial Secretary Chamberlain in a message addressed to Sir Alfred Milner:

"Her Majesty's government has received with great regret the peremptory demands of the South African Republic conveyed in your telegram of October 9. You will inform the government of the South African Republic in reply that the conditions demanded by the government of the South African Republic are such as Her Majesty's government deems it impossible to discuss."

Upon the expiration of the ultimatum, war existed between the South African Republic and the Transvaal, although the formal declaration did not go into effect until 10 o'clock A. M. October 12.

Sir Alfred Milner sent a note of inquiry to President Steyn of the Orange Free State asking him to define the attitude of his government, and received a reply that the Orange Free State would make common cause with the Transvaal. This was to have been expected in view of the ties of blood and similarity of government and also for the reason that following the Jameson raid a treaty of defense was entered into between the Transvaal and its sister republic.

On October 11 President Steyn issued a proclamation in which he said:

Our sister republic is about to be attacked by an unscrupulous enemy, who has long looked for a pretext to annihilate the Afrikanders. Our people are bound to the Transvaal by ties as well as by formal treaty.

I declare in the presence of the Almighty, that I am compelled to resist the powerful enemy, owing to the injustice done his kith and kin. Solemn obligations have not protected the Transvaal against the annexation conspiracy, and when its independence ceases the Free State's existence as an independent state is meaningless.

The experience of the past shows that no reliance can be placed upon the solemn promises and obligations of Great Britain, when an administration is at the helm that is prepared to tread treaties under foot.

Then followed a historial sketch of the alleged wrong, after which the proclamation continued:

The original conventions have been twisted and turned by Great Britain as a means of exercising tyranny in the Transvaal, for which no return injustice has been done in the past. No gratitude has been shown for the indulgence granted British residents, who, according to law, have forfeited their lives and property.

Compliance with the British demand would be equivalent to the loss of independence, which has been gained by the blood and tears of many years.

The British troops are concentrating on the borders of the Transvaal in order to compel by terrorism compliance with the claims and crafty plans of those whose motive is love of gold. Realizing which, while acknowledging the honor of thousands of Englishmen who abhor deeds of robbery and violence, the Free State execrates the wrongful deeds of British statesmen.

The proclamation expressed the confidence of the president that the Almighty would help and aid the Boers and counseled the burghers to do nothing unworthy of Christians and of burghers of a free state. It concluded, with the following command:

Burghers of the Free State, stand up as one man against the oppressor and violator of right.

The two republics received the moral aid of the Cape Colony Dutch, and as opportunity offered many of the latter joined the military forces of their kinsmen.

The English Parliament was opened in extraordinary session on October 17 and voted 10,000,000 pounds as a war fund.

It has been said that "the bloodshed and misery of the Boer-British War of 1899 were not the inevitable outcome of irreconcilable differences, but the miserable consequences of a diplomatic muddle."

Such was the opinion of a distinguished conservative member of Parliament, Sir Edward Clarke, who said in the debate which followed in the House of Commons:

If I had read these Blue Books not knowing the persons who were concerned in the matter, I must confess I should have been forced to the conclusion that the correspondence was conducted

not with a view to peace. I do not believe that for one moment. We have the statement of the right honorable gentleman that he has been working for peace. But if he has been working for peace in this matter, I cannot help saying that a more clumsy correspondence is not to be found in the records of diplomatic procedure.



CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT DARK CONTINENT.

How Africa is Divided Among the Nations, with Facts Concerning the People Who Inhabit It—Recent Developments.

BEFORE entering upon the direct history of the Boer-British War of 1899, it is desirable, if not material, that the reader should have some idea of the Great Dark Continent and the many races that inhabit it.

For generations Africa has been a synonym for everything mysterious, both as to history and condition. In these unexplored regions the slave dealer of the Soudan carried on his nefarious work unmolested, and the great Kaffir and Zulu tribes of the south and east waged fierce warfare and bade defiance to those seeking to explore their territory. But a great change has come about in the last few years. The searchlight of modern civilization has penetrated the darkness of darkest Africa, and where the crack of the slavedriver's whip and the scream of his victim were heard, there is now the whistle of the locomotive, the click of the telegraph and the hoarse whistle of the steamboat. The mines at Kimberley furnish ninety per cent of the diamonds of the world, and the gold of Ophir, lost to mankind for ages, is now rediscovered and has become the richest deposit of the precious metal known to mankind.

With these developments have come wondrous changes

in the map of the continent, and instead of the great blank which covered the interior, the location of navigable rivers and lakes and the boundary lines into which eager nations have divided the continent are now clearly shown. To-day, scarcely a section of its 12,000,000 square miles remains unclaimed. On the north and northwest France holds a territory equal in extent to the United States, while on the east and west coasts Germany claims an area one-third as large, where she is establishing experimental farms, building railroads and encouraging the growth of tropical products. Portugal, whose great explorers were the first to round the Cape of Good Hope, holds valuable tracts of territory on the western and eastern coasts and with the latter a harbor through which millions of dollars' worth of imports pass en route to the Boer republics and the gold and diamond mines; Turkey has Egypt and Tripoli at the north; Italy controls possessions on the east, and the territories of Spain border the Rio de Oro on the west. Belgium administers the affairs of the Kongo Free State in the very heart of the continent, and there are five independent states: Morocco on the north; Liberia on the west; Abyssinia on the east, and the two Boer republics, the Orange Free State and Transvaal Republic at the south.

And most important and of the greatest present interest is the line of continuous territory stretching through the eastern section of the continent from north to south, in which the English language and Anglo-Saxon customs prevail. Throughout the vast distance of over 5,000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope to Egypt, British control is continuous except a short distance of about 600 miles, three-fourths of which is spanned by the navigable waters of Lake Tanganyika; and thus the youngest civili-

zation in the heart of Africa sends greetings to the seats of the oldest civilization, Egypt, and sends it in the English language. The territory under British control in Africa aggregates 2,500,000 square miles, and if this were added to the Egyptian territory where the British flag flies beside that of Egypt, and British influence directs affairs, the total area would be considerably over 3,000,000 square miles, or fully equal to the entire territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

Physically, the African continent is unique. Five thousand miles in extreme length and over 4,000 in breadth, its area is greater than that of any other continent except Asia, the latest estimate being 11,874,600 square miles, and its population variously estimated at from 125,000,000 to 175,000,000. The fact that a large portion of the interior is elevated tableland and extends on all sides nearly to the coast, renders access to the interior by means of the large streams difficult. But after Livingstone, Stanley, Speke and other explorers had discovered that navigable streams existed in the interior, it occurred to man to transport steam vessels around the falls which exist at those points where the rivers pass from the plateau to the coast and set them afloat in the great waterways of the interior. By this means thousands of miles into the interior have been penetrated, and facts never before known and which could not have been developed by land exploration have been brought to light.

Another obstacle to exploration and which has only been overcome with the utmost difficulty is the vast expanse of desert stretching across the north of Africa and extending on eastward through Arabia, Persia, Turkestan and Mongolia in Asia; and south of these great deserts lies a belt

entirely dissimilar, but which for different reasons has proved an equal obstacle to exploration. This territory is known as the Soudan, which in Arabic means the country of the blacks, and includes the territories from the Atlantic eastward to the Red Sea, lying immediately south of the Sahara and extending to the Kongo basin. For many years it has been the scene of conflicts between the Negro population and the Arab slave-hunters and others who operate along the lines where the Sahara merges into the Soudan, and whose operations, naturally resisted by the blacks, rendered exploration almost impossible.

Another obstacle lies in the diversity of languages spoken in the Soudan, and the warlike character of its inhabitants.

The possessions of the various nations in Africa are divided as follows: In the southern and eastern sections lie the British territories. Cape Colony the oldest, occupies the extreme south, and came into the possession of England in 1796. Originally discovered by the Portuguese in 1485, it was taken by the Dutch, and in 1652 the Dutch East India Company established a colony there, but after the general peace of 1814 between the English and the Dutch, it passed into the control of Great Britain and became a crown colony. The Dutch still retained their own language and customs, and the law of the colony to-day is a modification of the Roman Dutch law.

The area of Cape Colony is estimated at from 277,000 to 292,000 square miles and the population is now given as 2,011,305, of which number 400,000 are white, and these largely of Dutch descent.

Natal, which lies northeast of the Cape, derives its name from the fact of its discovery by the Portuguese on Christmas Day, 1497. It was first settled by the Dutch,



GENERAL BULLER.

and later annexed by the English in 1843, and later made a colony distinct from the Cape, and in 1897 Zululand and Amatongaland were incorporated with it.

The area is given as 35,000 square miles and the population as 829,000, of which 61,000 are Europeans.

Bechuanaland, north of Cape Colony, has an area of about 213,000 square miles and a population estimated at 200,000. North of Bechuanaland lies Rhodesia, or British South Africa, with an area of 750,000 square miles and a population between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000. The government of Rhodesia is under the direct charge of the British South African Company, but subject to the British commissioner at Cape Colony. It is one of the most advanced provinces of Great Britain in South Africa and from its development the present Transvaal trouble first originated. It was in this territory that Cecil Rhodes and President Kruger met in diplomatic conflict, and here it was that Rhodes gained his victory over the wily Boer.

In Rhodesia the plots are hatched which may ultimately make Great Britain mistress of all Africa and it is Rhodesia that threatens to rival Cape Colony in importance.

East of Rhodesia lies the British Central Africa protectorate with an area of 42,217 square miles and a population of 845,000, and intervening between the British possessions are the German territories and the territories of Egypt, in the Nile basin, thus interrupting the stretch of British influence from the Cape to Cairo by less than 600 miles.

Under the Equator lies British East Africa, an enormous region extending northwesterly to the upper Nile valley, where it merges into the Egyptian Soudan, and in

the south touches the borders of Uganda. The entire territory includes the East African protectorate, the Uganda protectorate and the Zanzibar protectorate. The entire area, including the protectorates, embraces over one million square miles, and according to the best estimates the population numbers about 3,000,000, of which about 25,000 are Asiatics and 500 Europeans and Eurasians, or half-castes of European and Asiatic parentage.

The Egyptian Soudan, lately recovered by Lord Kitchener, includes about 950,000 square miles, with a population of about 10,000,000. Egypt joins it on the north, while away to the east lies British Somaliland, a small region inhabited by tribes of Negro and Arab blood. This territory is divided between Great Britain, Italy and Abyssinia.

The British Niger territories on the west coast of Africa are relatively small when contrasted with those in eastern Africa, but these territories, with an area of about 350,000 square miles and a population of 25,000,000, lie on the other side of the river Niger, which affords uninterrupted steam navigation between the sea and the heart of the continent.

French Algeria includes Algeria, Tunis, the French Sahara, the Senegal region and the French Kongo, with an area of over 3,000,000 square miles and a population estimated at 27,000,000. The Niger flows for more than half its length through French territory, and by an agreement of nations it is held to be subject to free navigation, which is assisted by a tax on all nations using the river, the money to be expended for the general improvement and administration of navigation.

Germany controls about 1,000,000 square miles of

territory in Africa, with a population of something over 10,000,000 people. This region comprises Togoland, Kamerun, German southwest Africa and German east Africa, and is extremely productive. Prince Bismarck first advised German colonization in Africa, to give Germany the same advantage of other colony-holding nations, but the arbitrary manner of administering affairs produces constant friction between the colonists and the military authorities and but little is done for the real good of the colonies.

Portugal to-day holds less territory than other nations which came later into the field, but still her possessions in east and west Africa are not inconsiderable, and because of their location are greatly desired by England. On the other hand, Turkey has only a shadowy authority over Egypt and Tripoli, but Egypt, which has a larger commerce than any other division of Africa except the English colonies in the extreme south, is under the control of England, and all Turkey receives is the payment of a fixed revenue.

The Italian possessions in Africa are located exclusively on the eastern coast and their small commerce is chiefly carried on by the natives.

The Spanish territories include only that portion of the continent lying south of Morocco, known as Rio de Oro, and the Canary Islands. The population of the Rio de Oro is almost entirely native and the trade extremely small.

The Kongo Free State, with an area of 900,000 square miles and a population of 30,000,000, is under the sovereignty of the king of the Belgians, but in 1889 the king of the Belgians bequeathed all his rights in the state to Belgium, and a convention was made between Belgium

and the independent state renouncing to Belgium the Kongo Free State after a period of ten years, which takes place in 1900, the convention having been made in 1890. The capital of the Kongo Free State is Boma and the central government is at Brussels and consists of the king of Belgium, three departmental officers having as their representative a governor-general at Boma, assisted by commissioners who govern the fifteen administrative districts.

Liberia, the black republic of Africa, lies on the west coast and the population is about 25,000 colored immigrants from the United States, and their descendants, and about 1,500,000 natives. The executive government is vested in a president elected for two years, assisted by a cabinet; the laws are enacted by a legislature composed of a senate with eight members, elected for four years, and a house of representatives with thirteen members, elected for two years. Liberia was founded by the American Colonization Society in 1820, and has been recognized by the powers as an independent state since 1847. Its area is constantly increasing, now containing 48,000 square miles, and on the whole the colony is fairly prosperous.

In the extreme east of Africa is Abyssinia, formerly known as Ethiopia, with an area of about 150,000 square miles and a population of 3,500,000. Its condition is still semi-barbarous. The political institutions are of a feudal character similar to those of mediæval Europe, and the religion of the people is that of the old Ebionite Christians.

The two republics, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, are in South Africa, hemmed in by the British possessions and a strip of Portuguese territory. As these

two independent states and their people are of principal interest in this history a description of them will be found in another chapter under the heading "The Boers and Their Country."

Commercially the development of Africa has kept pace with its development in transportation, mining and agricultural conditions, and already the foreign commerce of the continent is estimated at \$750,000,000. A large portion of this trade is with England, while in the north France controls the trade of Algeria and is extending her commerce in the west.

Railroad development has been equally rapid in the past few years, and already the railroad from Cairo to the Cape is completed, with the exception of about 3,000 miles, and other railroads running to the interior are under construction. At the north numerous lines of railway skirt the Mediterranean coast, especially in the French territory of Algeria and Tunis, where the length of the railway is 2,250 miles, while the Egyptian roads, including those under construction, are about 1,500 miles in length.

Much of the recent development of Africa is due to the gold and diamond mines, and the Kimberley diamond mines now supply 90 per cent of the diamonds of commerce, while the great "Witwatersrand" gold fields of the South African Republic have produced gold to the value of \$300,000,000 since 1884.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOERS AND THEIR COUNTRY.

A Much Misrepresented People Who are Hospitable and Intensely Religious—
Life in the Transvaal and Orange Free State.



FAVORITE map of South Africa is one in color which shows all the British possessions in pink. If the reader will consult one of these maps he will find that the two Boer republics, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, are completely surrounded by pink, with the exception of a strip of yellow east of the Transvaal, belonging to Portugal. Starting at this point we have Tongaland and Zululand east and southeast of the Transvaal; Natal south of the Transvaal and east of the Orange Free State; Basutoland and Cape Colony on the south; Cape Colony and British Bechuanaland on the west and Rhodesia on the north.

The dream of the British in South Africa has been to make that map all pink.

The two Boer republics, the boundary line between which is the Vaal River, while under entirely different forms of government, are yet closely associated by reason of the similarity of their population and the occupation of contiguous territory. The Orange Free State is the older and was founded by Boers who left Cape Colony in 1836 and the following years, but its independence was not proclaimed until 1854. It vests its authority in a presi-

dent and Volksraad, or popular assembly, whose members are elected for a term of four years, one-half being elected every second year. Voters must be white burghers by birth or by naturalization, or owners of real property of not less than \$750, or lessees of real property of an annual rental of \$180, and have resided in the state for not less than five years.

The Transvaal's authority is vested in a president and a parliament (Raad) of two houses. Members of the first house are elected from and by the first-class burghers, who comprise only the male white residents in the republic before May, 1876, or who took part in the war of independence in 1881 or subsequent wars, and the children of such persons over the age of 16. This condition deprives natives of other countries of becoming first-class burghers and of participating in the election of the president or the house which enacts the most important of the laws and has a veto power upon all measures originating in the lower house. The second-class burghers may become members of the second house and participate in its election, the second class comprising the naturalized male alien population and their children over the age of 16.

The area of the Orange Free State is 48,326 square miles, and its population 77,716 whites and 129,787 natives, while the area of the Transvaal is 119,139 square miles and its population is 345,397 whites and 748,759 natives.

Strictly speaking there are but two classes of Boers—the Boer of the stad (city) and the Boer of the veldt (field.) In both of these classes are to be found the low Boer—far beneath his fellows in all that goes to make the characteristics of the race—but these latter are not taken into account in this narrative.

The Boer of the cities and towns is quite apt to be a man of wealth and education. He may speak three or four languages, never less than two. He lives in a house that compares favorably with the residence of his English neighbor and often surpasses it in size and style of construction. He has a piano in his parlor, pictures on his walls, his wife and children are clad in the prevailing fashion and the latter are quite apt to be graduates of European universities. The city Boer is a business man, keen and sharp at driving a bargain and compares favorably in every respect with the best men among the Outlander population.

The Boer of the veldt, and it is with this individual we have most to do because he is in such a large majority, is quite a different person.

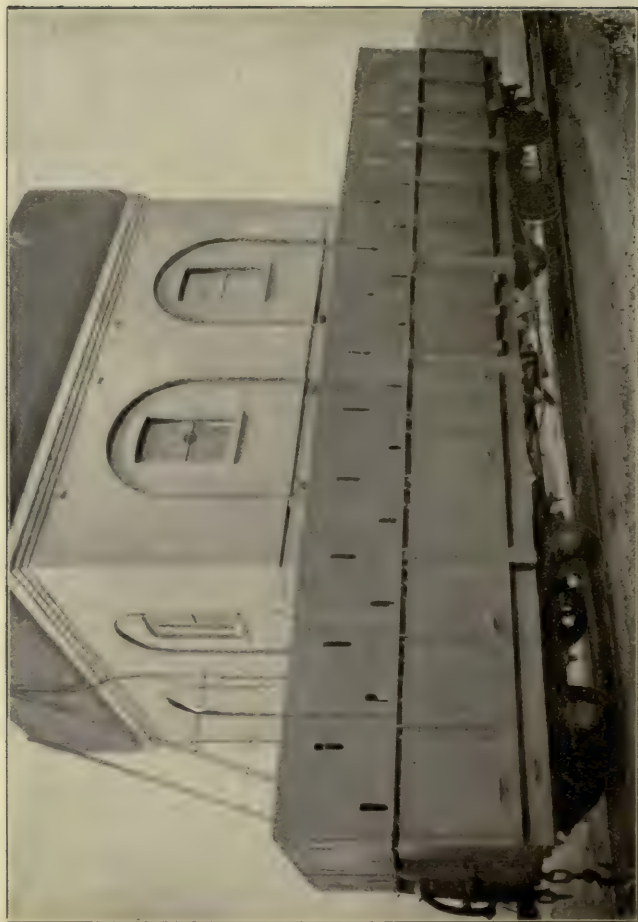
Physically he is a fine specimen of a man, averaging over six feet in height, a splendid horseman, a sure shot with the rifle, and capable of enduring every hardship of an out of door life. He is a mighty hunter, a religious enthusiast and a passionate lover of liberty.

The nearest American type to the Boers of the South African veldt is the ranchman of the western prairies and tablelands. In intellectuality, in learning, and in all things that make for progress and development there can be no comparison, for the American ranchman in these particulars is of a type so far superior that he cannot be classed with the Boers.

But in the nature of their calling, their mode of living, in their skill and high courage, the American ranchman and the South African Boer furnish splendid subjects for comparison.

While the word Boer (pronounced Boo-er) literally means "farmer," the South African Boers are not agri-





CAR OF ARMORED TRAIN.



SEARCHING FOR CONTRABANDS OF WAR AT DELAGOA BAY.

culturists. The infrequency of rain and the long dry spells make farming an impossibility. The intense heat of summer dries up the smaller streams completely and greatly reduces the water supply of the larger rivers. On account of the comparatively level character of the land on the veldts it is not practicable to construct artificial waterways, and therefore irrigation is out of the question. The only farming in which the Boer engages is limited to a small strip of land near his house where by constant care and much labor he manages to raise a few vegetables for the subsistence of himself and family.

The Boers are ranchmen and herdsmen. They own large flocks of cattle and sheep, and herds of horses. They are strictly a pastoral people, and like all people of their calling they love solitude and are happiest when alone. Hence they build their houses beyond sight of their nearest neighbors and as their children grow up and marry, the latter erect their houses close by the old homestead. Thus a patriarchial system, devised from the study of the Bible,* governs their mode of living.

The houses are built of stone, one story high, and rarely consist of more than five rooms—a dining room, three bedrooms and a kitchen—the latter being built on as an annex. The dining room serves as a parlor and living room as well.

The home life of the Boer has been greatly misrepresented. He has been depicted as living in squalor and sleeping in his clothes. There may be such instances but they are the exception not the rule. The Boer is devoted to his home. He loves his wife and children and his conversation with neighbors is largely made up by retailing little incidents of his domestic life. In the dry season when it becomes necessary to trek with the

herds in search of water, his family is loaded into a transport wagon and goes with him. At the end of the dry season the caravan treks back home to take up again its simple duties. For the home life of the veldt Boer is severely plain and simple. He rises at dawn and is among his stock until breakfast when he gathers his family about him and reads them passages from the Bible—usually the Old Testament—and those passages govern his actions during the entire day. After breakfast his time is either given to his herds or spent in hunting, for the Boer will not kill one of his own animals for food when he can obtain game.

Early in the evening, after supper, the religious exercises are gone through at greater length, and the family retire.

Religion dominates the whole life of the Boers. It is his first and last thought. He believes in a personal God, a literal heaven and hell and he believes literally in his Bible. It is the only book he reads, and he reads and re-reads it and draws from it inspiration for his every act. His conversation is liberally supplied with scriptural quotations and for every event he can find a scriptural significance. Once a year he goes to the capital to partake of communion. For those who live in remote sections of the republic it is a long trip, in some cases requiring six weeks, but it is made with the same devotion that the pilgrimage is made to Mecca.

The state church is the Dutch Reformed Church and so thoroughly does religion dominate the people that success in politics is only possible on the part of those who have become conspicuous in religious affairs. Oom Paul is a fine illustration of this fact, he being one of the most powerful preachers in the republic.

Recurring to the character of the Boers, I quote from F. C. Selous, the famous hunter and explorer. Few men, if any, are better qualified to give an unprejudiced opinion of the Boers than Mr. Selous. He knows Africa and its people thoroughly, from the colonist to the native of the jungle. He is held in high esteem by British and Boers, by white men and black. At the beginning of the war he wrote as follows:

“The greater part of the personal charges made against the Transvaal Boers have, I believe, but small foundation, since, taken as a whole, they are an eminently quiet, sober and self-contained people, but little given to brawling or bragging. I have some right to speak on such a matter, as I first went to Africa in 1871, and in the following year came in contact with the Transvaal Boers. During more than twenty years I have never met with anything but hospitality and kindness, and naturally I feel a great deal of sympathy for them.

“Mr. Rider Haggard has told us that he found it impossible to go on living in the Transvaal amid the daily insults of victorious Boers, and he also tells us that Boers look upon Englishmen with contempt and consider them to be morally and physically cowards. I traveled slowly through the Transvaal by bullock wagon shortly after the retrocession of the country in 1881, and visited all the farmhouses on my route. I met with no insults nor the least incivility anywhere, nor ever heard any boasting about Boer successes over our troops, though at that time I understood and spoke the ‘Taal’ (the Boer language) well.

“In common with all who really know the Boers, who have lived amongst them, and not taken their character at second hand, I have always been struck by their

moderation in speaking of their victories over our soldiers. As for the Boers having a contempt for Englishmen as individuals, that is nonsense.

"They hate the British government, and knowing their history, I for one think they have ample reason for doing so, but the individual Englishman whom they know they take at his real value.

"One great source of trouble has been that the Outlander population of Johannesburg is in its sympathies, its mode of life, and all its hopes and aspirations as wide as the poles asunder from the pastoral Boers, with whom it never mixes, and whom it therefore does not understand."

The veldt Boer is not the handsomest man in the world, and many of his detractors have pictured him as lazy, ill-kempt and dirty. In his defense it might be said that the generous South African sun is not conducive to activity; and in a country where water is a scarce commodity, and where there are no barber shops, men are less careful of their toilet than they should be. It is true the Boer is not a cleanly man, but he is much cleaner than he has been pictured.

His clothing is coarse and cheap. It is made up by his "*vrouw*" with little regard to fit. He is satisfied if it covers him and stays on him. The women, however, take more pride in their personal appearance, especially at religious worship; their particular weakness being voluminous skirts. Poultney Bigelow tells a story which illustrates the amplitude of the costume as well as the quick wit of the women of the Transvaal.

Not long after the "Great Trek" the well-known Boer leader Wessels, one of whose grandsons is President Steyn of the Orange Free State, went down to Coles-

burg with his wife to sell produce, traveling in the usual tented wagon, drawn by sixteen oxen. Having sold their load they bought gunpowder with the proceeds and started homeward. At this particular time, on account of native wars, the importation of gunpowder into the Free State had been forbidden by the British government.

While the Wesséls' party were "outspanned"—that is to say, had turned their cattle out to graze for the noon-day meal—they noticed a party of Cape police riding up. With admirable presence of mind the wife took down from the wagon all the bags of gunpowder and piled them as close to the camp fire as possible without producing an explosion. Then the lady calmly seated herself on top of the gunpowder and spread her skirts. "From what I have seen of skirts in the Transvaal," says Mr. Bigelow, "I can readily believe that good Mrs. Wessels was able to conceal from view on this occasion gunpowder enough to blow up the castle of Heidelberg." Then she stirred the fire and welcomed the mounted police to the chops she was assiduously stirring on her gridiron.

The visitors, evidently under urgent orders, searched the big wagon thoroughly, satisfied themselves that this time at least no gunpowder had been smuggled, and thus, baffled, rode away over the veldt. The old lady whose resource was so successful was in the habit of saying to her sons: "You are free men; see to it that you remain free."

The language of the Boers in South Africa is grammatically the language of the people of Holland. They speak Dutch as their forefathers in Holland spoke it and speak it now. They are called Boers, because that is a

Dutch word, which describes them. A knowledge of Dutch would supply an explanation of the odd-looking words that were used in the news reports from the republic. It would also enable one to pronounce these words as they should be enunciated.

Dutch diphthongs are not given the same sounds as their equivalents in English. The double "o" for instance, in Dutch has the same sound as "o" in Rome, while the diphthong "oe" is pronounced by the Dutch as we pronounce "oo" in boot. The English pronunciation of these two diphthongs is the reverse of that given them by those who speak Dutch. And "ou" has the sound of "ow" in owl. The sound of "ui" is nearly like that of the English "oy" in boy. The Dutch "aa" is the same as the English "a" in war. As there is no "y" in Dutch its place is taken by "ij," which is sounded as "y" in defy.

If one, therefore, would pronounce "Oom Paul" properly, he would say it as if it were spelled "Ome Powl." The family name of General Joubert would, for the same reason, be pronounced as if it were spelled "Yowbert." The word Boer is pronounced by the Afrikander as if it were of two syllables; the first long and the second short, thus: "Boo-er." The plural is not "Boers." It is "Boeren," and it is pronounced "Bo-ereh," because the final "n" is slurred.

Here are a few Dutch words most frequently met with in print in connection with affairs of the Transvaal, and their pronunciation and meaning.

Bloemfontein (bloom-fon-tine)	Flower-fountain.
Boer (boo-er)	Farmer.
Buitenlander (boy-ten-lont-er)	Foreigner.
Burgher (buhr-ker)	Citizen.
Burgerregt (buhr-ker-rekt)	Citizenship.

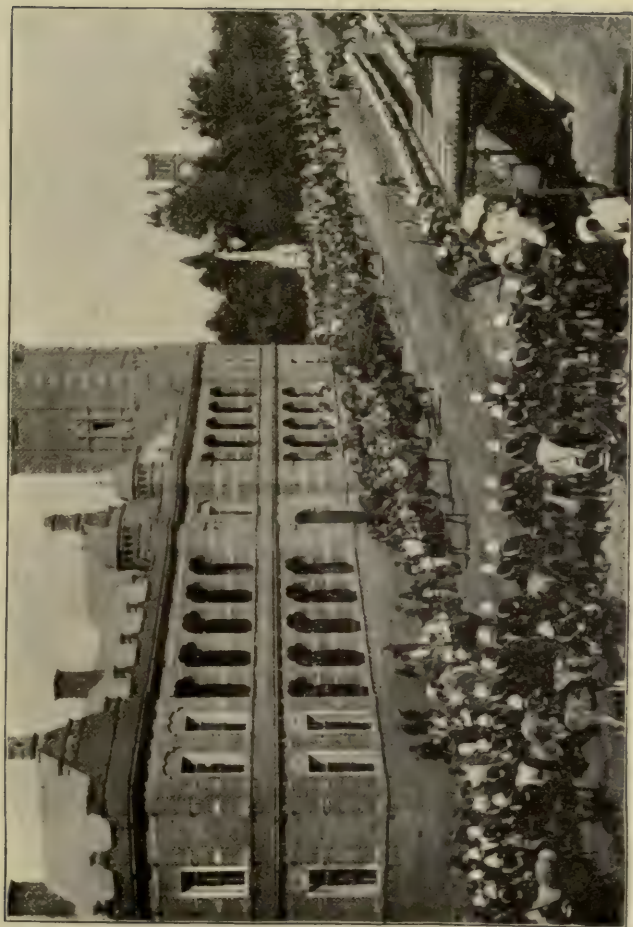
Burgerwacht (buhr-ker-vokt)	Citizen soldiery.
Grondwet (grunt-vet)	Fundamental law of February 13, 1858.
Oom (ome)	Uncle.
Raad (rahd)	Senate.
Raadsheer (rahds-hare)	Senator.
Raadhuis (rahd-hoys)	Senate house.
Rand (rahnt)	Margin; edge.
Staat (staht)	State.
Staatkunde (staht-kuhn-de)	Politics.
Staatsraad (stahts-rahd)	Council of state.
Stad (stot)	City.
Stemmer (stemmer)	Voter; elector.
Transvaal (trans-fahl)	Circular; valley.
Trek (treck)	Draught; journey.
Trekken (trecken)	To draw; to travel.
Trekpaard (treck-pahrd)	Draught-horse.
Uit (oyt)	Out; out of.
Uitlander (oyt-lont-er)	Foreigner.
Vaal (fahl)	Valley.
Vaderlandsliefde (fah-ter-lonts-leef-te)	Love of one's country; patriotism.
Veldt (felt)	Field; open lands.
Veldheer (felt-hare)	General commandant.
Veldwachter (felt-vock-ter)	Rural guard.
Volksraad (fulks-rahd)	Lower house of Congress.
Voorregt (fore-rekt)	Franchise; privilege.
Vreemdeling (frame-de-ling)	Stranger.
Witwatersrand (vit-vot-ters-ront)	Margin of the white water.

Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, is named in honor of its first President, Pretorius, who led the Dutch in the great trek, or journey, out of Cape Colony sixty years ago, and into the Transvaal, to escape the dominion of England. Johannesburg is easily translated into English as Johnstown. The term of "Afrikander" is used to designate the Dutch from the other white people of South Africa.

In the Transvaal three regions are recognized—the Bush Veldt in the north, the Baken (or Terraced) Veldt, lying east of the Drakenberg mountains, and the Hooge (or High) Veldt, forming the major part of the republic. From one side to the other the principal outlines of the scenery are the same; broad, undulating plains, rising sometimes into hills, now low and rounded, now craggy, but of no great elevation—the kopjes—the sandstone rock of which sometimes assumes strange forms. These plains are furrowed here and there by valleys, in many of which the streams run dry in the winter season. They flow on the one side to the Limpopo, on the other to the Vaal River. Pretoria itself stands in a valley commanded by low hills, crowned with batteries, behind which rise some of greater elevation. The stream from the capital flows north, so that the watershed between the Limpopo and the Vaal is a comparatively unimportant rocky region—the Witwatersrand, near Johannesburg.

In scenery the Orange Free State is not very different from the Transvaal—an upland plateau, perhaps rather less interrupted, a little better watered, and much of it from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level. Thus, as has been well remarked, a journey of 2,000 miles in western Europe would afford a greater variety of scenery than twice that distance in the Transvaal; but the clear air produces fine effects of color.

The climate of the High Veldt and the region south of the Vaal River in most places is very healthy. Though these correspond roughly in latitude with Lower Egypt, the heat of summer is mitigated by their much greater elevation, and the winters are rather cold, the winds being very keen and snow falling on the slopes of the Draken-



REVIEW OF BRITISH TROOPS AT PETERMARITZBURG.

berg. The air for most of the year is clear and bracing, but the summers are hot—at Pretoria the January temperature being ninety degrees, or even ninety-five degrees; the winter, forty degrees. But the summer is also the rainy season; storms, with thunder and hail, are frequently severe; floods occasionally occur, as at Pretoria in January, 1891; and the rains which begin in October last intermittently till April, almost the whole fall taking place during these months. The quantity varies. It amounts to about thirty inches a year at Pretoria, increases toward the east, reaching a maximum in the mountain region, and decreases westward, in the direction of the Great Kaahari Desert—a barren and dry land—so that on the frontier it is about twelve inches. Such a climate, obviously, is not favorable to the growth of timber, except in the lowlands along the rivers. Thus, in both states, anything bigger than bushes is not often seen on the veldt; but this frequently supports an abundant herbage. This in the winter becomes dry and brown. But the fresh blades spring up with the first rains.

Had it not been for the discovery of minerals, especially gold, in the Witwatersrand, around Johannesburg, the Transvaal, no doubt, would have remained a pastoral country, like many inland parts of Australia. It has to be farmed very much in the same way. Large games of many kinds and antelopes were once abundant, but they are so no longer. As the pasturage is scanty for half a year, the farms are necessarily large, for the stock sometimes must be driven to long distances in search of fodder. The Veldt is essentially a pastoral district, though where irrigation is possible garden and other produce may be readily obtained. But the greater part is not good for fruit, or even corn, though in one district the latter does well, and

in another fair tobacco can be grown. Thus both states are thinly peopled, the number amounting in the Transvaal to an average of seven to the square mile, and of only four in the Orange Free State—the latter figure, as the influx of miners has been much smaller, giving a better idea of the general distribution. Thus, neither country, once entered, will offer any serious obstacle to the movement of troops. There may sometimes be difficulties about water, and as the cattle will probably be driven away, the commissariat department will not be readily replenished from the surrounding district. On certain routes the kopjes may shelter “snipers,” but otherwise the physical features of the country should not present any serious difficulties to an army advancing in force, especially with light artillery.

Mr. W. H. Forbes-Townsend, an Englishman, furnishes a very concise statement concerning the natural defenses of the Transvaal and Orange Free State:

“I spent eight months there just prior to Jameson’s famous raid, and became thoroughly familiar with the country and its inhabitants, although I cannot say I ever became intimate with any of them, as the Boers are absolutely the most uncommunicative people I have ever seen. I spent a large part of my time in Johannesburg, which is a typical mining town, although it has been largely built up and has some very handsome buildings.

“The Boers themselves are very dull mentally, non-progressive and phlegmatic; this last, however, tells in their favor in battle, as they do not become in the least excited when under fire. It is a mistake to think that they have lost their ability as shots, for they practice marksmanship continually, and are the most expert shots I have ever seen. I myself constantly saw the small

Boer boys practicing shooting on the Veldt, and some of them couldn't have been over six years old.

"I also trekked (pronounced treeked) up to the Limpopo River, which is the boundary line between the Transvaal and Matabeleland, for the shooting, which is the finest for both bird and beast I have ever had. I got a pretty good idea of the lay of the country, and it has the most perfect natural defenses in the world. On the Natal border the few passes there are so narrow and of such a character that forty men can with ease hold themselves against a thousand, and the same is true of all their other frontiers. Then the country from its nature affords natural second lines of defense, for it is made up of successive ranges of mountains, with level plains, or veldts, between, and all the mountains can only be crossed by passes of so difficult a nature as to render it possible for one man to stand off a large opposing force."

The flag of the Transvaal is a very simple affair. It consists of one broad vertical bar of green next the flag pole, and three horizontal bars respectively red, white and blue, the red being at the top. Take, for instance, the simple red, white and blue flag of Holland and sew a vertical bar of green on the flagstaff end of it. That is all.

The Boers speak of their flag as the "vierkleur," the four color, just as the French call their flag the "tricolor." The Orange Free State flag is a simple rectangle of vivid orange.

The motto of the South African Republic, the formal name of the Transvaal, is "Een Draght Maakt Magt," which means, "In Union there is Might."

The dominant feature of their coat of arms is a vulture, on the left hand quarter a lion couchant, on the

right an armed Boer with a rifle, a Boer ox wagon filling the remaining half of the picture, in the center of which is an anchor, typifying the Cape Colonial origin of the Transvaalers. A long time ago a die was made in Holland for a Transvaal government official, but was rejected because the ox wagon was depicted with a pair of shafts instead of a single pole or "disselboom."

An orange tree in full fruit is the most distinctive feature of the arms of the Orange Free State. Beneath the tree are on one side a lion and on the other a number of oxen. An ox wagon similar to that on the Transvaal arms and three suspended horns complete the whole.

To a fellow correspondent who received permission from General Joubert to accompany the Boer forces at the outbreak of the war, I am indebted for the following description of a Boer laager or camp:

"Having secured my permission from the General, I rode over to the Pretoria laager, about a mile away, which I intended to make my headquarters, as I knew I should meet with plenty of acquaintances in it. I was most hospitably received, and, till I could make arrangements for myself, some friends put a share of their tent and a place at their mess at my disposal. There were some 1,800 men, besides innumerable horses, mules and oxen in the Pretoria camp, which had just begun to get more or less into order. The first day or two after arrival the confusion had been very great. There were no tents and no provisions or forage. Some things had been forgotten by the field cornet, others were delayed by the general block of all traffic on the Netherlands line. The real Boers were not so badly off. They are accustomed to camping out, and besides most of them had come up before with their own wagons and pro-

visions. But the well-nurtured lawyers and shopkeepers of Pretoria, who relied on the commissariat and the railway, were in a sorry plight, and spent their first days in the field very uncomfortably, with but little to eat or drink, and with no shelter at night against the cold and the rain. By the time I came down, however, things were settling down. Many people on arriving had telegraphed home for tents, provisions and servants, and these various comforts were now coming in, together with the government stores.

“The arrangements of a Boer laager are very different from those of an English military camp. The chief difference lies in the fact that among the Boers every man is supposed, as far as possible, to look after his own affairs, to bring his own wagon and horses, and, to some extent, his own provisions. The government provides tents, blankets, mackintoshes, forage and provisions for distribution to those who want any of these things, but no one is obliged to take them. On the other hand, there is no limit to what any individual may choose to bring for himself. There are no fixed regulations as to messes, but friends club together as they please and have meals when they like. There were many small parties in the Pretoria laager who had managed to make themselves most comfortable, who had spare tents, abundance of tinned and fresh provisions sent from home, and Kaffir servants to cook their food and mind their horses, and who consequently had very little to do the whole day long, besides eating, talking and sleeping, except perhaps to go out for a ride. There were no drills or field exercises, except a parade on the President's birthday, and even at this attendance was by no means obligatory. Guards, however, were put round the camp

regularly every night, and from each of the camps a detachment of twenty or thirty horsemen was sent every twelve hours to relieve the patrols stationed along the Natal frontier. There was very little discipline or method in the camp, but plenty of willingness and a natural instinct for doing the right thing, which served very well in their place. After I had been there two or three days the whole camp was broken up and shifted a couple of miles to bring it nearer better drinking water and to find new grass for the horses. The whole operation went off perfectly smooth without a single order being given, except the order that the camp was to be moved. Every man looked after his own affairs, and in three or four hours from the time the order to break up was given the new camp was complete and cooking was going on busily.

“In action the operations of a Boer commando are directed by the commandant and the field cornet or field cornets; but in camp the chief work devolves upon the corporals, of whom there were perhaps half a dozen in our laager. The corporal looks after the stores, distributes forage, rations and ammunition, supervises the removal of baggage, the erection of tents, the drawing up of the wagons on the sides of the laager, the tethering of the horses—in fact, most of the operations of camp life. He has also disciplinary power to the extent of imposing small fines or strokes with a stirrup leather for contravention of his orders, though the power is not often exercised.

“The Pretoria laager was specially interesting owing to its composition. Only half of it consisted of Boers properly so-called, the farmers of the Pretoria district; the other half was composed of the citizens of Pretoria

itself — lawyers, clerks, shopkeepers, and government officials. Between the two there was a great difference. The townsmen of Pretoria are in most ways very much more like English than Dutch in their life, their thoughts, and not least, their language. Many, too, among the Pretorians in the camp were English-born burghers who had been commandeered and could not well refuse, and still more were originally from Cape Colony. The ordinary language of conversation in the town-half of the camp was English, though efforts were made by many to keep up Dutch for patriotism's sake, especially when some of the real Boers were near. At night, while the Boers chanted interminable psalms in Dutch, the Pretorians whiled away the time by singing comic or sentimental songs in English. Many of the younger men among the Pretorians are fine athletic fellows and reputed to be good shots, but the real strength of the Transvaal lies not in them or in any of the miscellaneous Hollander and German or Irish volunteer corps, but in the old back-country Boers the men who took part in the rising of 1881 and who learnt their shooting in the days when game was plentiful and cartridges too expensive to be lightly wasted. . . . The State Artillery detachment consists of 16 Krupp guns of the latest pattern and some 300 men. The Boers have taken some trouble with their artillery since the Jameson raid. The artillerymen are certainly a fine body of men and excellent riders. The older Boers look upon artillery as a dangerous innovation."

In the war of 1879-80 the Boers displayed deadly accuracy with the rifle, but their weapon then was very different from the arm they use at present. The rifle of twenty years ago was built on lines of the British Martini. It was a hammerless arm of about nine pounds weight,

with a 30-inch half octagonal barrel and a shotgun butt stock. The calibre was .45, with a bullet weighing from 405 to 450 grains. The powder charge was 90 grains in a brass drawn cartridge case. The rifle was sighted up to 2,000 yards. Besides the usual stationary sight it had a reversible front—that is, a sight capable of being used as an ordinary front sight, and, by a single motion, it was changed into a fine pinhead sight covered with a ring to prevent it from being knocked off. On an occasion, when particularly fine shooting was demanded, this front globe was further covered with a thimble-shaped hood, shading it perfectly. The usual standing rear or fixed sights were on the barrel, while on the gun's grip was a turndown peep that was regulated by a side screw to an elevation of 2,000 yards. The peep and globe were never used under 700 or 800 yards.

“I was very much interested in the Boer riflemen and their weapons,” said Archibald Forbes, who was with Sir Evelyn Wood's column in South Africa in 1879-80. “They are marvelous rifle shots. They shoot their antelope and other game from the saddle, not apparently caring to get nearer to their quarry than 600 or 700 yards. Then they understand the currents of air, their effect upon the drift of a bullet, and can judge distance as accurately as it could be measured by a skilled engineer. They can hit an officer as far as they can discern his insignia of rank. Sir George W. Colley, the commander in South Africa, was killed at a distance of 1,400 yards at Majuba Hill. We lost terribly in officers at the fight mentioned and also at Laing's Nek and Rorkes' Drift from the deadly rifles of the sharpshooting Boers.”

The Boer weapon of the present is the sporting model of the Mannlicher, a German arm, perhaps the most



ALONG THE LINE AT COLENZO.




WAR BALLOON.

powerful weapon of its calibre and weight in the world. The military Mannlicher is used in the armies of Austria, Holland, Greece, Brazil, Chili, Peru and Roumania. The ideal Mannlicher is a sporting rifle known as the Haenel model. It is a beautifully finished arm, weighing about eight pounds, and costing in South Africa 200 German marks. The rifle barrel is 30 inches long, the carbine 24. It has a pistol grip and sling straps, and is hair triggered. Its calibre is 30. This rifle has an extreme range of 4,500 yards and a killing range of 4,000. At that distance the bullet will go through two inches of solid ash, and nearly three inches of pine, quite enough force to kill, if the bullet struck a vital part. At 20 yards it will shoot through 50 inches of pine. The bullet for war is full mantled, with a fine outer skin of copper or nickel. That for game shooting is only half mantled, leaving the lead point exposed so that it opens back or mushrooms when it strikes. For deer, elk and bears there can be no better arm. Though the bullet makes but a small orifice where it enters, the expansion causes it to tear a hole as large as a man's finger when it makes its exit. Traveling at the rate of 2,000 feet a second, the force of this bullet's blow is tremendous. There has been much discussion over the dum-dum bullet. It is a soft-pointed missile, but by no means so deadly or destructive as is this Haenel-Mannlicher bullet which the Boers are using. If it strikes at close range, of 1,000 yards or under, and does not flatten, the Mannlicher bores a hole through a bone without splintering. But when it upsets the shock is terrible. The bullet literally smashes the flesh and bone into fragments. It has been charged that the Boers used the soft-pointed bullet in their deadly Haenel-Mannlichers.

CHAPTER V.

MAJUBA HILL AND THE JAMESON RAID.

Great Britain's Last Two Attempts to Annex the Transvaal Result in Disastrous Defeats—Death of Sir George Colley.

HRICE has Great Britain annexed the land of the Boers. The first annexation was in 1848, and included the land occupied by the Boers between the Vaal and Orange Rivers. This was followed by the seizure of the territory between the Vaal and the Upper Caledon. The Boers rebelled and were driven into the wilderness beyond the Vaal.

Great Britain's second attempt to wrest the land of the Boers from its rightful owners began in 1877 and culminated in the famous battle of Majuba Hill, whereby the Boers regained their independence. The history of the great battle and the events which led to it are as follows:

In May, 1864, the Boers, who previously had organized governments of four separate republics, decided to unite in one great Boer Republic. Marthinus Wessels Pretorius—who has been called the George Washington of the Boer nation—was elected president and S. J. P. Kruger commandant general of the army.

Shortly thereafter the Barampola tribe of natives, incited by Europeans, rebelled. This was followed by outbreaks on the part of other natives. Through British interference the trouble was submitted to arbitration and the British governor of Natal awarded the rebellious tribes

their independence with certain lands claimed by the Boers. As a result Pretorius was blamed by his burghers and compelled to resign. His successor was Thomas Francois Burgers, a clergyman and lawyer, but Burgers had no better success with the natives than had his predecessor. The big Bapedi tribe rebelled and gained a decided victory. The levying of heavy war taxes led to a division of opinion among the Boers as to whether or not the war should be continued, and this feeling became so intensified that civil war was threatened.

At this juncture Sir Theophilus Shepstone of Natal was sent as a special commissioner by Great Britain to the scene of the trouble. Against the protest of a large majority of the Boers he declared the republic to be a possession of the British Empire. This was on April 12, 1877. President Burgers protested but was removed from office and Shepstone became the head of the government he himself had established. It was Shepstone who gave the name of "Transvaal" to the country. Paul Kruger and General Pietrius Joubert were sent to England to protest against annexation. They found many sympathizers, and a huge mass meeting was held in London which declared against the action of Shepstone and remonstrated against annexation. But England refused to recede from her position, giving as a reason for annexation that the projected Boer railroad to Delagoa Bay (a project started by President Burgers with capital obtained from Holland) threatened to divert Transvaal trade from English hands. There was a financial as well as a political crisis in the affairs of the Transvaal at the time, and Germany was making overtures to furnish the money wherewith to build the proposed road, and thereby control it.

In 1879 Sir Owen Lanyon was appointed administrator of the Transvaal to succeed Sir Theophilus Shepstone. He had none of Shepstone's tact and was intensely anti-Boer in feeling. The Boers were keenly disappointed by the failure of Kruger and Joubert to secure a recession of their country and were ripe for armed rebellion. It would have begun earlier than it did but for the fact that Mr. Gladstone had just been elected premier of the English government, and the Boers had great faith that he would do them justice, particularly in view of the fact that he had previously expressed himself in their favor. But Gladstone failed to give the expected relief, and then the Boers resolved to strike the blow for independence.

At a meeting held where Krugersdorp now stands the Boers elected S. J. P. Kruger, M. W. Pretorius and Pietrius J. Joubert a triumvirate to conduct the affairs of the Transvaal government.

The war began in the winter of 1880-81.

A short, sharp, and for Great Britain, a most inglorious campaign, it put the Boer before the world as a fighting man in a light totally different to that in which he had previously been regarded. Sir Owen Lanyon, the British administrator of the Transvaal, had the greatest contempt for the Boers, regarding them as "mortal cowards;" and he wrote home that the agitation against British rule, which all through 1879-80 had been carried on by Kruger, Pretorius and Joubert, would come to nothing. He was destined to be most disagreeably undeceived. On December 16, 1880, several thousand Boers met near Heidelberg, a Transvaal station now some 43 miles southeast of Johannesburg, which latter city had not then been founded, declared their independence of

Great Britain, and hoisted the Vierkleur, as the red, green, blue and white flag of the republic is termed.

A manifesto was sent to Sir Owen Lanyon setting forth the contentions of the Boers, but the messengers were received with curses.

The British authorities were totally unprepared for war. A few days later a strong party of Boer horsemen entered Potchefstroom, the old capital of the Transvaal for the purpose of having their declaration of independence printed. They forced the British civil officer, with his guard of 120 men of the Twenty-first Regiment to surrender, and then printed the Declaration of Independence. The next thing was a message to Sir Owen Lanyon, summoning him to surrender in the name of the provisional government and the gathering of commandos on the borders of Natal.

Still, Sir Owen Lanyon did not believe that war was intended, and the few British troops the authorities had available were moved from point to point with leisurely indifference. It required bloodshed to open the eyes of the government. This was provided for them on December 20, through the agency of Alfred Aylward, an Irishman who had acted as agent for the transmission of Irish funds to Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius to assist them in the agitation of 1880, and who later became Joubert's secretary. Aylward had the confidence of some of the British officials, who never for a moment suspected his real character. Through them he got to know that 250 men of the Ninety-fourth Regiment were to take stores in ox wagons from Lydenburg to Pretoria. He at once informed Joubert, Nicolas Smidt, and Cronje of the intended movement, and the Boers laid their plans accordingly. At Broncker's Spruit a Boer patrol sud-

denly appeared before the astonished soldiers, who knew nothing of the hostile demonstration at Potchefstroom, and gave their colonel two minutes to surrender the arms and stores.

The demand met with prompt refusal and the Boers opened fire on the troops, who had no time to deploy or retaliate effectively, and in seven minutes two-thirds of the whole force were stretched out wounded or dead. The colonel in command being mortally wounded gave the order for surrender, and the Boers seized the arms and stores.

In January, 1881, a few troops were sent from England, the authorities still assuming that to crush the rebellion would be an easy task, and Sir George Colley, appointed Governor of Natal in 1880, took command. General Joubert, with 700 men, had crossed the border on January 3, and occupied Laing's Nek. Sir George Colley with his force, consisting of twelve companies of infantry, 120 half-trained mounted men, and 100 blue-jackets, advanced to meet him. The engagement took place on January 28, the British troops attempting to storm the heights on which the Boers were ensconced in such a way behind rocks and boulders that they could hardly be seen. The result was a disastrous check to the British arms. The Boers fired steadily at the climbing troops, who were crowded together, and who were forced to retire in confusion, the Fifty-eighth Regiment alone losing seventy-three killed and having one hundred wounded, the other regiments suffering in similar heavy proportion.

After this repulse General Colley resolved to wait for the reinforcements which had been ordered up under Sir Evelyn Wood. His camp at Mt. Prospect, however,

was menaced in the rear by bodies of Boers, and in order to keep the road open to Newcastle he made a reconnaissance in force to the Ingogo River on February 8, and stumbled into a carefully set trap. He had with him 280 rifles and two big guns, and this force was suddenly attacked on three sides at once. The fight lasted till nightfall, the British, as before, being picked off by Boer marksmen hidden in the kopjes or mounds near the river. The British again had to fall back utterly beaten, just saving the two guns, but leaving 132 killed and wounded on the field behind them.

On February 17, Sir Evelyn Wood arrived at Newcastle with reinforcements, and on the night of February 26, General Colley, with a force of twenty officers and 627 men of the Fifty-eighth, Sixtieth and Ninety-second regiments, and the naval brigade, marched and occupied Majuba Hill, a flat-topped eminence overlooking the Boer camp at Laings' Nek, 2,500 feet below. Colley's troops ascended by a narrow path, which they believed to be the only means of access to the summit, and on the morning of February 26 (which was Sunday) they looked down upon the Boer camp, which they believed to be at their mercy.

The Boers were at religious worship. Some of them were singing psalms of praise, others were kneeling in prayer. When the presence of the English was discovered on the hill, Old Testaments were put aside for the rifle and active preparations began for assaulting the British position. The British misconstrued this activity for consternation, and thought the Boers were getting ready to retreat. They laughed and joked and shook their fists at the bearded foe, and speculated upon how easy it would be to kill them off as they came up the narrow path.

But the Boer method of climbing hills and mountains differs from the British method.

The attack by the Boers began at 10:30 A. M., under the personal direction of General Joubert. One hundred and fifty Boers volunteered to storm the hill. They divided into two parties, one party keeping up a withering fire on the British at the top of the hill to cover the other body that, taking advantage of the numerous jutting rocks and big stones as cover, climbed to the attack. They were five hours in reaching the summit. The British, who had not already fallen before the splendid marksmanship of the assailants, had retreated to a little plateau about thirty yards from the summit. It was the intention of the British to charge when the Boers reached the top, but before the command could be given the second party of Boers took them upon the flank. The fresh troops from England became panic-stricken and fell easy victims to the Boers' rifles. Sir George Colley, Captain Romilly, of the naval brigade, and seven other officers died facing the foe and refusing to retire. Fifteen other officers were wounded and captured. The total loss of all ranks was 230, besides fifty-nine prisoners. The Boers' losses were one killed and five wounded. It is said that not a shot was wasted by the Boers in that famous battle. Every shot that left a rifle aimed by a Boer either killed or wounded an English soldier. After the battle an examination of the dead showed that nearly every English soldier had been shot in the head, which is considered one of the best evidences in the world of superior marksmanship. There was no pattering of bullets on the rocks about the English on Majuba hill, no whistling of showers of bullets as they flew past them; simply dull thuds, as here and there a soldier fell back-



ADVANCE COLUMN OF GENERAL BULLER'S FORCES.

ward dead or wounded. The smallest part of the head above the rocks was a sufficient target for the unerring riflemen of the Boer army.

This defeat ended the war. Sir Evelyn Wood received orders from home to oppose the Boers no further, and on March 6 an armistice was declared.

On March 22 peace was proclaimed. This was exactly three months and six days from the time of the first hoisting of the Boer flag at Heidelberg. The terms of peace gave Great Britain suzerain powers, but a later modification of the treaty left the republic wholly independent in all matters relating to its internal affairs. Ratification of the peace took place on August 8, and the Transvaal Volksraad met on September 21 as the legislative chamber of the republic to confirm the treaty.

The third attempt of the British to forcibly take possession of Transvaal territory was in the winter of 1895-96 and is known in history as the Jameson raid. Cecil J. Rhodes was Premier of Cape Colony at the time and was the chief instigator of the plot. Whether his object was to secure absolute control of the gold fields at Johannesburg as he had done with the diamond mines at Kimberley, or whether he was only inspired by lust of empire, cannot be said; but certain it is that he planned and plotted the Jameson raid, and its failure resulted in his downfall as Premier of Cape Colony.

It was not until 1884 that England took an active part in the development of the gold fields in the Witwatersrand, but from that year until the present time a steady stream of British subjects has poured into the Transvaal El Dorado. As usual, in new mining countries, the first comers were not the best element. Among them were adventurers of the worst type—reckless,

lawless men, who at once assumed an antagonistic attitude towards the Transvaal government and began to formulate grievances.

Cecil Rhodes turned an eager and willing ear to all complaints and made every effort to secure the intervention of the British government. He did not hesitate to recommend war as the proper solution of the trouble and offered to share half of the expense.

In the meantime President Kruger attempted to conciliate hostile sentiment by the passage of mining laws that would meet the demands of the Outlanders, and it is generally conceded by mining men everywhere that the Transvaal mining laws are the best in the world. But the Outlanders did not want to be conciliated. They wanted trouble and they got it. They formed what they called the Transvaal National Union, and through the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines called a mass meeting in November, 1895, at which they freely made revolutionary threats.

Mr. Rhodes from the safe retreat of Kimberley sent rifles, ammunition and three Maxim guns to the revolutionists, and the secret drilling of Outlander military companies was carried on for some time preparatory to an uprising planned by Mr. Rhodes. This was to take place on December 28, 1895.

To insure the success of the revolution Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, commanding the troops of the British South African Company, was to cross the border and re-inforce the revolutionists in Johannesburg. Accordingly on December 29, Dr. Jameson at the head of 600 men crossed from British Bechuanaland into the Transvaal. Feeding stations had been established along the road to Johannesburg, under pretense that they were to

be used by a stage line, and everything seemed to favor the expedition. Jameson sent men ahead to cut the telegraph wires, so that no news of the raid might reach the outside world until he had accomplished his purpose. Unfortunately for the raiders they did not cut the wire to Pretoria, and before they were well advanced on the way the Transvaal government had full information concerning their numbers and purpose.

When Jameson started he supposed that the uprising planned by the Outlanders in Johannesburg had taken place and that the city was in their hands. But the expected uprising had not taken place. The Transvaal government, fully aware of the plans, had merely withdrawn its local police and trained the guns of the fort on the town. A division of opinion prevented unanimous action on the part of the Outlanders. Those who were not British subjects saw through the plot to raise the British flag and annex the Transvaal to Great Britain, and they refused to be a party to it. The Johannesburg revolutionists were also disconcerted by a report that Dr. Jameson's advance had been postponed. However, they were in possession of Johannesburg, because no opposition had been made. The next step was to move on Pretoria. It so happened that the annual communion (or nachtmaal) was being held in the capital, and when the revolutionists saw from 1,200 to 1,500 armed Boers in attendance they quickly returned to Johannesburg. For a few days the revolution was in a state of chaos.

On January 1, the revolutionists learned that the Boers were assembling troops just without the town and pathetic appeals were sent to Cape Town for help. The next information was that Jameson was close by and coming

rapidly to their assistance. As a matter of fact, Jameson did get within eighteen miles of Johannesburg. At Dornkoof he encountered a Boer force under Commandant P. A. Cronje, was incontinently whipped and forced to surrender.



CHAPTER VI.

TWO GREAT BOER GENERALS.

P. J. Joubert and P. A. Cronje the Military Leaders of the Transvaal Army
—Their Victories Over the British.



THE second man of importance in the Transvaal is Pietrus Jacobus Joubert, (pronounced Yowbert) vice-president and commandant general of the army. Without the addition of some polish he is a typical Boer. He comes of an old French Huguenot family, long settled in South Africa, with a strong infusion of Dutch blood. He was born at Congo, Cape Colony, in 1831. He was bred on a farm and began life as a farmer. But his innate ability soon lifted him into public life. He became state attorney to the South African Republic and afterward vice-president. He has long been ambitious to be president, and in 1893 came within 881 votes of winning this honor from the great Kruger himself.

In the late seventies, during the troubles with England that culminated in the war under the memory of which England has smarted ever since, Joubert became a very prominent figure in Transvaal affairs. He accompanied Kruger on his memorable visit to England, when the demand for the independence of the republic was formulated. He was the hero of the war of 1881 and personally conducted the battle of Majuba Hill.

Nothing is written about Joubert that does not comment on his fairness. The Boers, in their ambition to

possess outlying lands that England seized before them, raided Bechuanaland in 1884. The movement was a popular one. The Boers were flushed with victory. They believed the land was more theirs than England's, for they had broken the ground before England possessed it. But Joubert stopped it.

"I positively refuse," he declared, "to hold office under a government that deliberately breaks its covenants, and we have made covenants with England."

He meant it. He would have resigned and gone back to his farm, and the Boers knew it.

Joubert organized the army of the Transvaal. He divided the country into seventeen military departments, and each department again and again into smaller divisions, with commanders, field cornets and lieutenants of various ranks in charge. Every man in the Transvaal became a trained soldier without leaving his farm. Every man had his complete equipment ready at home. Every man was pledged to appear at an appointed spot at the summons.

To mobilize the entire force of the republic, Joubert had to send only seventeen telegrams. The word passed down the line, and in an incredibly short time hundreds of post riders carried the summons from farm to farm. Within forty-eight hours the entire nation would be in arms, fully equipped and provisioned for a month, awaiting only the command to assemble.

In the old days of Majuba Hill the army thus assembled was an army of sharpshooters. Then Joubert's proud boast was true—"Forty bullets per soldier, and a man per bullet." The army of 1899 was much the same, reinforced by artillery in the hands of Germans and Frenchmen.

Once Joubert and President Kruger were in Paris together, and a lady questioned the general on the training of the Boers when they were youngsters. Joubert thus explained it.

"The Transvaal Boers," he said, "are hereditary marksmen. In past generations, they were particular, whether Calvinists or Arminians, to have their children taught to read as a necessary part of religious instruction. Homesteads were at great distances from schools and churches, and wild beasts and hostile Kaffirs infested the country.

"Still, to school the children had to go. Each boy was provided with a gun and a pouch filled with ammunition. He was expected on his way home to keep his hand and eye in practice as a marksman, and showed he did so by bringing home a bag filled with game. The Kaffirs stood in awe of these Transvaal children, who were taught not to be aggressive or to provoke attack."

While Joubert was saying all this the president sat near by quietly smoking a big pipe and not interrupting with a word. Joubert roused him.

"Is not that so, President?" he asked.

"Yes," responded Mr. Kruger; "we try to make our youngsters understand that the meek shall inherit the earth."

Reverting for a moment to the Jameson raid, a story is told of Joubert which gives us a pretty good idea as to what would have been the fate of the doctor and his comrades if the general had had the settling of it.

When they surrendered, the raiders were marched off to prison, and outside the prison walls there were gathered 10,000 Boers engaged in speculation as to what would happen to those within. A story came over the wires

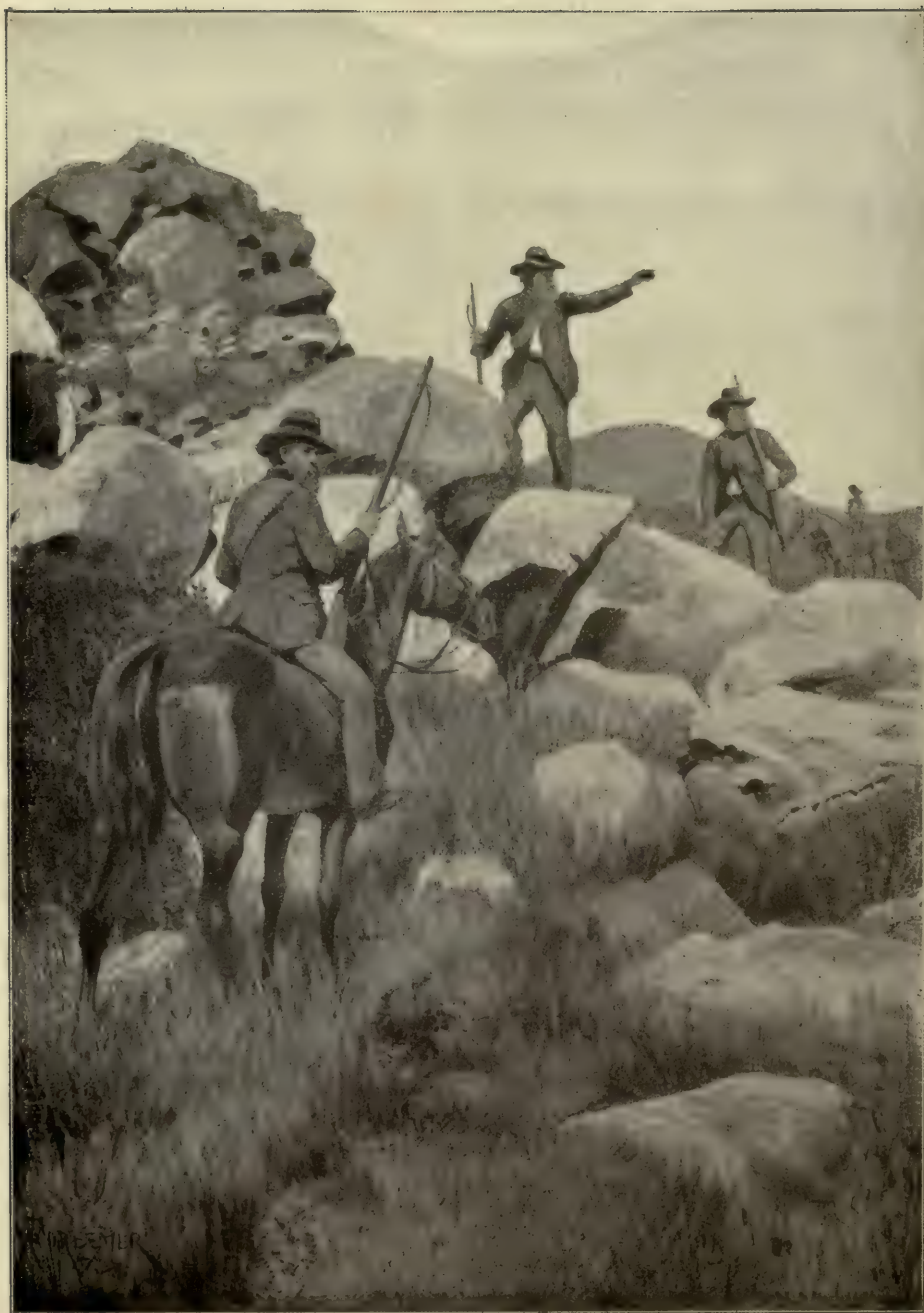
stating that opinion was in favor of cutting off their ears. Others wanted immediate execution, and, according to all accounts, Joubert was one of them. He sympathized in part with the Outlanders, but with such practices as the raiders had been guilty of he had no sympathy whatever.

But President Kruger was anxious that no such extreme and drastic measures should be enforced, and he took Joubert in hand with a view to winning him over to his way of thinking. The two shut themselves up in a room and remained there in anxious talk and argument the whole night through. When they rose Oom Paul had triumphed, and Joubert was now for mercy.

The crowd outside had to be told of the decision, and Joubert told them, and told them skillfully.

"Fellow burghers," he said, "if you had a beautiful flock of sheep, and a neighbor's dogs got into the pasture and killed them, what would you do? Would you pick up your rifle and straightway proceed to shoot those dogs, thus making yourself liable to greater damage than the sheep destroyed, or would you lay hold on those dogs and carry them to your neighbor, saying: 'Now, here are your dogs. I caught them in the act. Pay me for the damage done, and they shall be returned to you'?"

At this he paused for a moment, waiting for his meaning to go home to the minds of the crowd. Then he slowly and quietly added: "We have the neighbor's dogs in gaol here. What shall we do with them?" Joubert gained his point. Almost every one was for asking the "neighbor" to pay for the damage, and the result was the Transvaal's bill of costs to Great Britain, with the remarkable request for a million sterling extra for "moral and intellectual damage."



BOER SCOUTS LOCATING THE ENEMY.



DEPARTURE OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS FROM DURBAN.

Joubert and Kruger have never been very good friends.

They are both strong men, and, although in public and in the councils of state they have always appeared to be on the best of terms, it was an open secret in Pretoria for many years past that their personal relations were not of the most cordial.

This may be accounted for in many ways. The two men have little in common, save strength of character and love of their country.

Kruger admires Joubert's ability, shrewdness and education; Joubert envies Kruger, his place, his power and his money.

The Kaffirs have a saying, "Indonga ziwelene," meaning "the walls have knocked together." This saying they apply when two important personages come into collision. It has often been used in connection with the two protagonists of the South African Republic.

Piet Joubert is nicknamed "Slim Piet," which he takes as a great compliment. Slim, in the common Dutch parlance, means something between smart and cunning; the American expression "cute" is the nearest equivalent.

Joubert is an honest man. He never has swindled any one; but, being a man of business first and a farmer or a generalissimo afterward, he takes the keenest delight in getting the best of a deal, whether it be in mining shares, gold claims, water rights or oxen. It is this pride in the conscious sentiment of "smartness" that is such a prominent feature throughout the Boer character.

One of Joubert's foibles is being photographed. Probably he is the most camera'd man in the Transvaal. Owing to this harmless little peculiarity his features are thoroughly well known, and may be critically examined as typical of the highest class of Boer intellect.

A broad, straight, furrowed brow, from which the whitening hair is carefully brushed back, overhangs a pair of powerful, clear, and honest gray eyes, which look the stranger straight in the face, and are not shifty and furtive as are those in the head of the average Boer. The mouth is cold and hard, with no trace of a smile; the corners droop slightly, and the general expression is not amiable. The nose is the striking feature; it inspires respect, for it is built on strong, commanding lines, and broadens out at the base into powerful but sensitive nostrils. The face as a whole has dignity, repose, almost a certain nobility of its own.

Twice has he attempted to wrest the presidency from Kruger and in 1893 came near to success. There were three candidates in the field: Kruger, Joubert and Kotze. The last-named had no chance, only polled 76 votes; but between the other pair it was a neck-and-neck race, and Mr. Kruger only won by 872 out of a total poll of nearly 15,000, the actual figures being: Kruger, 7,881; Joubert, 7,009. By the time the elections came on again last year the situation had altered greatly, and Mr. Kruger was a hot favorite. There were again three contestants, and the general came out last, the result being: Kruger, 12,858; Schalk Burger, 3,753; Joubert, 2,001.

Joubert is personally popular with the Boers, and aside from the admiration they bear him on account of his military greatness they like him for his hatred of the British. Here is what he said in 1897 to an English correspondent in Pretoria, which shows the origin and causes of that hatred:

“Have not you English always followed on our heels—not on us here only, but all over the world, always con-

quering, always getting more land? We were independent when you came here. We are independent now, and you shall never take our independence from us. The whole people will fight. You may shed blood over all South Africa, but it will only be over our dead bodies that you will seize our independence. Every Dutchman in South Africa will fight against you. Even the women will fight. You may take away our lives, but our independence—never."

While Joubert is the cunning schemer of the Transvaal army, Cronje is its rough and burly fighter. Of the two he is the more representative Boer. Joubert, possibly from his French ancestry, is a man of a certain polish, and can be indirect when policy requires. Cronje is blunt and always to the point. His craft is that of the hunter, and thinly disguises the force that awaits only the opportunity.

General Cronje is greatly admired by the Boers. They think Joubert is a wonderful tactician and organizer, but they love Cronje, the silent man, of sudden and violent action. He is no man's friend. His steel gray eyes peer out from under huge, bushy brows. He never speaks unless necessary, and then in the fewest words. He never asks a favor. When time for action comes he acts, and that with the force of fate and with no consideration for himself or his men.

This is the way he handled the Jameson raid. He saved the republic then, in the opinion of the republic. He is a man after the Boers' own heart.

Cronje is a soldier and nothing else. He hates form. He hates politics, though a born leader of men. He was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for the presidency in 1898, but he would not. He will have none of any rule

but that of the rifle. He despises cities. He is a man of the veldt.

Wily and farseeing as is Piet Joubert, no man of them all can handle troops in the field as Cronje. He has the eye of a hawk for position, the nose of a jackal for signs of weakness in an enemy. His manœuvring of Jameson was that of an Oliver Cromwell.

Cronje was commandant at Potchefstroom, seventy miles to the south of Krugersdorp, when Jameson crossed the border. He co-operated with Malan and Potgieter, but the conduct of the fight lay with the cool head of Cronje.

Any one who has visited the scene of Jameson's defeat must have realized how much of the hunter there is still in the Boer fighting man. No mere soldier would have herded his enemy so patiently into a position as did Cronje into the fatal corral at Doornkop.

All through the night succeeding Jameson's attack on Krugersdorp, Cronje kept warily hustling his enemy into the place of death. The brave, foodless troopers, heavy with sleep, were driven like sheep into a shambles.

When the morning broke, to the right, to the left and in front of them Boer marksmen kept their rifles trained upon the raiders. Escape there was none. But the battle was won in the night hours, while Jameson was helplessly blundering on in front of his remorseless enemy. Cronje could afford to wait until the troopers came within a hundred yards before he gave the mercy blow.

And yet there was a time in the darkness when Jameson almost escaped from his hunters. Cronje's son was badly wounded in the early skirmish. For the moment the father's instinct overcame the general's discretion. He bore his boy back to Krugersdorp, and left him with Dr.

Viljoen there. It was a father's act, and one strangely unlike the rough farmer's exterior of the man who mastered Sir John Willoughby.

The lesson learned that pitiful night dictated Cronje's courteous assurance to the defender of Mafeking that the Red Cross was safe from him and his.

While Cronje was gone, somebody blundered ; and the troopers in their blindness very nearly wandered round the flank of the beaters into safety. But it was not to be, and long ere daylight Cronje was back to repair the damage and arrange his final battle.

That drizzly, misty night made Cronje a war god among the Boers.

And yet these stolid veldt men give little demonstration of their admiration. The Boers are not a grateful nation as the Americans were with Dewey or the British with Kitchener. Days after the battle Cronje rode heavily down the Kerk straat in Pretoria, a heavy, big-boned peasant upon a shaggy, tripping pony. No man touched his hat to him, few accosted him.

And yet it is significant that Cronje, among the Boers, is always known as "Commandant" Cronje. There is a rude dignity about the man that compels so much of respect. Other men are known by their Christian names, "Slim Piet" Joubert, "Oom Christian" Joubert, "Oom Jan" Hofmeyer—occasionally, but rarely nowadays, "Oom Paul" Kruger. In a place apart stands "Commandant" Cronje.

So far as my memory carries, Cronje was not even specifically thanked by the Volksraad for his great services to the state at Doornkop. He was a burgher; it was his duty to repel the invader; he repelled him—and there the matter rested.

They would have censured him had he failed; they refrained from comment when he succeeded.

Cronje, riding back to Pretoria, had no guard of honor to receive him, no great civic function to fête him, no sword of honor to adorn him. He was plain Peasant Cronje, returning, heavy hearted, from his wounded son's pallet in Krugersdorp Hospital, somewhat weary in the bones from those long hours in the steaming saddle, nowise elated, nowise altered from his everyday demeanor.

Since then Cronje received a seat in the Executive Council, and was made a personage with a substantial state salary; but the man was in no way changed. He was thought to be a supporter of the president's when he joined the Executive Council, but neither Kruger or Joubert found him amenable. He is not of the race that makes the party man.

He is as individual as Kruger, as strong in the faith of his own generalship as Joubert.



CHAPTER VII.

CECIL JOHN RHODES.

Remarkable African Career of England's Empire Builder—Description of the Famous Diamond Mines at Kimberley.



WHO is Cecil Rhodes ?

He is known as the Diamond King. He is counted among the wealthiest men in the world. He is a former and famous premier of Cape Colony. He is reputed a schemer. He is condemned as the plotter of the Jameson raid. But he is not popularly spoken of as a statesman and no one ever heard of him as a patriot. Cecil Rhodes is more criticised than admired. Yet there are some who predict that this South African magnate will, if he lives to complete his natural career, go into history as one of the greatest statesmen England has ever produced.

Though beginning life poor and with weak lungs, Cecil Rhodes has made himself a gigantic fortune, and has practically founded Great Britain's enormous empire in South Africa. Yet he was not born until 1853.

He was the younger son of an English clergyman. His father sent him to Oxford, but signs of consumption necessitated a change of air. An older brother was farming in Natal, and Cecil was sent to join him.

Kimberley was then becoming famous, and Herbert Rhodes caught the fever and went there. After a year,

Cecil, greatly improved in health, followed, and there and then began his famous career.

He and his brother staked out claims and worked them. They were lucky. They amassed little fortunes. Then Cecil threw over his work and his prospects, went home, re-entered college and got his degree. Poor again, he at once returned to the diamond fields, got into his overalls and went to work.

It was now that his high talent began to tell. He was skillful in working his mine, but he was more skillful in selling his wares. He made splendid profits and loomed up as a successful man at a time when competition was cutting throats and ruining prices.

Rhodes saw the root of the trouble and the remedy. Supply for the time exceeded demand, or rather, the possibility of profitable distribution. After several years of argument he succeeded in getting the jealous miners to combine for mutual protection and the common interest. The great De Beers Company was the eventful result, and Cecil Rhodes controlled it. A united Kimberley rules to-day the diamond world. The capital of the company is \$40,000,000 and it pays a dividend averaging 40 per cent.

The story of how he effected the great diamond trust is worth repeating. He was a very young man at the time, and when he once had his plans perfected he went to London and placed his scheme before the Rothschilds. Even those powerful capitalists were staggered by such an enormous proposition, especially as it came from such a youthful person. They said they would take time and consider it, and asked him to call later. To which Rhodes haughtily replied that his time was too valuable to wait so long. He announced that he would be back in



A DASH FOR KIMBERLEY.



BARNEY BARNATO, THE LATE DIAMOND KING.

an hour for his answer, and if it were not favorable he would go elsewhere.

The result was that his proposition was accepted and he returned to Kimberley to execute his plans by the millions of the Rothschilds.

What he did in African diamonds Rhodes repeated on a smaller scale in African gold. His consolidated gold field is not a monopoly. It has many vast rivals, but its average dividend is 25 per cent upon an enormous capital.

So much for Cecil Rhodes, the diamond king and multi-millionaire. Now began his career as a statesman, a career that his admirers say is only in its cradle. He was the Cræsus of South Africa. He aimed to be its Bismarck.

Years ago—one version puts it in 1881—he was in the office of a Kimberley diamond merchant and the map of Africa was before him. He swept his hand over the great central region from the Cape to Lake Tanganyika. Then he turned and said impressively:

“All that for England. It is the dream of my life.”

When his time came, when his vast wealth and immense business prestige made him the power of Africa, there were no difficulties for him. He ignored the Boers, the Germans and the Portuguese. He forgot Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill. He had the brain to conceive and the genius to work out. He believed in the imperial idea and the British flag, and he won.

He determined to acquire for England that vast central district north of the Transvaal which is now known as Rhodesia, named, of course, for him. He went to England and organized the Imperial British South Africa Company, with the Duke of Abercorn as chairman, the Duke of Fife deputy chairman and himself as managing

director. Certain half-forgotten concessions granted by King Lobengula of the Matabeles served as the pretext. Of course Lobengula repudiated them when pressed, for the men to whom he had granted them were dead and forgotten.

The black man denied the Englishman his "rights." The black man was punished. The British flag presently floated over Lobengula's ancient forests. Rhodesia came into existence. The British empire in South Africa was established and Cecil Rhodes was the greatest power in the Dark Continent.

All this was not accomplished, of course, without war and bloodshed. The ancient tribes of Africa were trampled under foot, and what was more, the Boer power, which had already been reaching anxious hands toward Matabeleland, with its fertile valleys and mountains of mineral wealth, was checked and confined by hard and fast boundaries. England was supreme.

Meantime Rhodes had also been acquiring vast political power. He had been made a member of the Cape House of Assembly in 1883, and at the age of 28 was treasurer-general of Cape Colony. In 1890, when the Sprigg ministry was defeated, there was but one vote for the Cape premiership, and that pronounced the name of Cecil Rhodes.

As premier he not only vastly increased his power and fame, but accomplished that Napoleonic deed just described, the acquisition of Rhodesia. It was then said that Rhodes had reached the highest point of power and honor possible, though his friends knew that greater schemes were forming.

But in 1896 came Cecil Rhodes' first setback, and it is one from which he has not yet recovered. It was the

Jameson raid—that startling expedition into the heart of the Transvaal that proved so huge and so costly a blunder to all concerned.

The truth dawned shortly that it was Cecil Rhodes who planned it, or at least gave it inspiration and encouragement, and Mr. Rhodes has not denied it. His defiant attitude toward the committee of inquiry in London was regarded as an admission. He is reported to have told the Kaiser in Berlin that this raid was the only mistake of his life, and that it was a mistake only because it failed.

At all events Mr. Rhodes resigned the premiership in consequence of this fiasco, and has since kept out of politics. He lost enormous prestige at home and throughout the world, but he lost nothing of his enormous popularity in South Africa, and is to-day as close to the English heart there as always.

A history could be written of the great diamond fields at Kimberley that would fill several volumes. For the purposes of this narrative the following facts will suffice :

Nobody knows just how much the diamonds kept in store at Kimberley are worth, but the sum certainly is gigantic. Quite possibly it is \$100,000,000. The company has offices in London, but its headquarters are in the South African city, where in a building resembling a bank the gems are kept stored away in vaults. If only a fraction of them were offered for sale at once the price of diamonds promptly would tumble ; but the great corporation, owning deposits which produce 90 per cent of the world's entire yield of these precious stones, controls the market by disposing of only a limited number of carats a year.

The yield of the mines is 5,500 carats every twenty-four hours. The diamonds are sent daily, under armed

escort, to the company's headquarters, and delivered to the appraisers in charge. First they are cleaned by boiling them in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, and then they are carefully sorted in respect to size, color and purity. In one room are kept on exhibition 60,000 carats, and the spectacle they afford is most striking. Beneath large windows runs a broad counter covered with sheets of white paper, upon which are laid out glistening heaps of diamonds of all shades, from deep yellow to blue white, from deep brown to light brown, and in a great variety of blues, greens and pinks.

Only a dozen years ago the Kimberley mines included over 3,000 separate claims, each thirty-one feet square, separated from each other by narrow roads. In 1893, however, Cecil Rhodes brought about a consolidation of all these properties into a single corporation, which now practically monopolizes the diamond production of the world, with a capital of \$19,500,000. Two of the mines, the Du Toits Pan and the De Beers, are the largest holes ever sunk in the earth, the mouth of the former being nineteen acres in extent while the latter has a yawn of thirty-five acres. They are lighted by electricity, and the machinery used is of the most ingenious and powerful description.

From the central shaft of each mine runs a system of galleries at various levels, like so many burrows, in which miners dig out the diamond-bearing earth and load it upon handcars that are hauled to the surface with the help of machinery. This earth is a bluish clay. It is spread out over the ground for some weeks, and though hard and tough at first becomes friable and crumbly through exposure to sun and moisture. The process is helped by going over it with harrows. When it has

reached a satisfactory condition the earth is loaded into handcars and taken to the huge revolving washing machines.

The concentrate, when removed from the washing machines, is placed on tables, where it is sorted while wet by white men, and again after it is dry by Kaffirs. The sorters work with small trowels, and not a diamond the size of a pinhead escapes their notice. There is no great difficulty in this task, for the gems in their natural state are by no means the dull pebbles they are commonly described as being. On the contrary, they are bright and sparkling. After being conveyed to the company's headquarters, they are valued and sold in parcels to local buyers, who represent the leading diamond merchants of Europe. The size of a parcel varies from a few thousand carats up; in one instance a few years ago nearly 250,000 carats were disposed of in one lot to a single purchaser. The stones are taken to London to be cut.

Geologists think they know just how the diamonds of the South African fields were made by nature. The surface layer of the earth thereabouts ages ago was a carbonaceous shale. Carbon in its pure state is the sole material of the diamond. By and by volcanic stuff from the bowels of the earth was vomited up through the shale, and the enormous heat thus generated caused the carbon in the shale to crystalize in the form of diamonds. As a result, there is a vast body of blue clay, through which gems are scattered like plums in a pudding, and so evenly that 100 tons of the material can be counted on to yield about 100 carats of the precious stones. The deposits, apparently, are inexhaustible.

The discovery of diamonds in South Africa was purely accidental. A stranger "trekking" through the country

stopped overnight at the house of a hospitable Dutch farmer, who showed him as curiosities some bright pebbles found by his children, which the latter used as play-things. The visitor suspected that they were diamonds, and being an honest man, suggested the idea to his host. The latter took them to the nearest city, and sold them for a sum sufficient to make him rich for life. Later on, many valuable stones were found in the gravel of the Vaal and Gong-Gong rivers, but it was not until 1870 that prospectors came upon the real source of supply from which these accidental gems had been washed out by the streams. Even then, only the yellowish surface earth was worked, and when the miners got down to the blue clay, which later proved to be the true matrix of the stones, they imagined that the deposits were exhausted.

The Kimberley mines yield 2,500,000 carats annually, representing a value of \$25,000,000, of which two-fifths is clear profit. During the last quarter-century they have added to the world's wealth ten tons of diamonds, worth \$300,000,000 uncut and \$600,000,000 after cutting.

These mines employ 1,500 Europeans and 6,600 Kaffirs. The utmost precautions are taken against thefts, yet the company reckons on a loss of ten to fifteen per cent of its product in this way. The business of purchasing stolen gems occupies many enterprising persons, and the methods devised by the "I. D. B.'s," as the illicit diamond buyers are called, exhibit an ingenuity worthy of a more honorable calling. Laws framed to put down this offense are exceedingly strict—so much so that a presumption of guilt stands against an accused person unless he can prove his innocence—and sentences of from five to fifteen years are commonly imposed in cases of conviction. The thief, if caught, is whipped with

extreme severity, or else set to breaking rocks for a term of years.

Exceptionally good wages serve to attract the Kaffirs to the mines and to reconcile them to certain conditions of servitude with which white men hardly could be induced to put up. These relate to the prosecutions against thieving. Every evening the laborers are obliged to strip themselves to absolute nudity and hang their clothes—usually the latter consist of breechclout merely—upon pegs on the wall. Then they are subjected to an elaborate examination, even their mouths and ears being inspected. Then they go to the quarters where they pass the night, blankets being provided for their comfort, and the clothing they have left behind is carefully looked over. Customarily they are engaged for a period of three months, and may resume the contract as often as they desire; but during the term of employment they are not permitted to leave the enclosure, which is surrounded by a wall miles in length and of considerable height.

The man who controls this vast industry, Cecil Rhodes, is known as "the laziest man in South Africa." His principal estate is at Groote Schuur, near Cape Town, just beneath the shadow of Table Mountain, and from which one can look out upon the Atlantic and Indian oceans. Here he has a great mansion and one of the finest botanical and zoological gardens in the world.

While he has untold wealth, and spends money recklessly to further his ambitions, his personal tastes in food and raiment are simple. He knows all races in South Africa and has been most democratic in his dealings with them. He detests society and formalities and is a pronounced woman hater—which accounts for his being a bachelor. He is a silent, uncommunicative man, and

prides himself upon the fact that he has never scored but one failure—the Jameson raid.

He has never ceased in his efforts to make Great Britain absolute in South Africa, and while the British government has at times apparently turned him the “cold shoulder,” it has never disowned or discarded him. He is still privy councillor to the queen, and with British absolutism in South Africa may become officially vice-king of that great section.

In his book “Following the Equator,” Mark Twain says of Cecil Rhodes: “I admire him; I frankly confess it, and when his time comes I am going to buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake.”





GENERAL GATACRES NIGHT MARCH



ROYAL MARINES IN BATTLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Biographical Description of "Oom Paul," the Head of the South African Republic—A Warrior and a Statesman—His Home Life.



STEPHANUS JOHANNES PAULUS KRUGER is the full name of the President of the South African Republic, although he so uses it only when signing State papers. To his burghers he is Oom (uncle) Paul, and many of his admirers have given him the title of the "Lion of Rustenburg"—Rustenburg having been his residence previous to his election to the presidency.

The history of Paul Kruger is the history of the South African Republic. He was born October 10, 1825, near the present town of Groff Reinet, in the Colesburg division of Cape Colony. He was a motherless lad not much more than 10 years of age when he went with his people in the Great Trek. His family had for some generations held a leading position among the Cape settlers. Like many of the founders of Dutch families in South Africa, the original ancestor, so far as South Africa is concerned, of the President of the Transvaal went to the Cape in the service of the Dutch East India Company. Jacob Kruger, the son of Frans Kruger (whose name in his will was spelled "Cruger"), was born in Berlin in the year 1686, and his widowed mother, whose maiden name was Hart-

wigs, was still living at Sadenbeck, in the Pottsdam district, in 1726. It was in 1713 that Jacob Kruger took service with the Dutch East India Company, in what capacity does not appear. It seems, however, to have been the policy of the company to attract into its service capable men, irrespective of nationality—France, Portugal, Holland, Germany, and even Scotland contributing toward the consolidation of the little colony under the shadow of Table Mountain—a colony regarded by the Dutch then as it has been regarded by the English since, as forming a convenient half-way house on the route to India.

Four years after the arrival of Jacob Kruger at the Cape he married, and a year later—that is, in 1718—he successfully claimed from the company the right of burghership and a grant of land. Five sons and three daughters were born to Jacob Kruger, and one of these, Hendrik, the sixth child and fourth son, married into the Cloete family, still one of the oldest and best known families in the neighborhood of Cape Town. Hendrik's eldest son, Johannes Jacob, born in 1748, had an eldest son, Hendrik, whose second son, Casper Jan Hendrik, born in 1796, married one of the Steyn family (to which the President of the Free State belongs), and became, in 1825, the father of Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger. Some time before the close of last century the several families of Kruger were living far away from Cape Town, in what was then the extreme northeasterly district of the colony, where, according to existing records, they occupied a position of considerable social and political importance. Three families of Krugers were included in the second party of "Voortrekkers," consisting of farmers from the Tarka and Colesburg districts of the Cape Colony, who,

in 1836, made a start into the wilderness under the leadership of Commandant Andries Hendrik Potgieter.

Proceeding more cautiously than the Trieckard party, which preceded them, and which had hurried on toward the semi-tropical regions that now form the northeastern districts of the Transvaal, the Potgieter party were more disposed to study the resources of the tableland which is now known as the Free State. Here, in return for a grant of land, they formed an alliance with the chief Makwana, who saw in these newcomers valuable allies against the oppression of the great chief of the Matabele, Mosilikatze, by whom the whole country had recently been laid waste and whose headquarters were then not far from the modern town of Zeerust, in the western part of the Transvaal. In their ignorance of the paramountcy claimed by Mosilikatze, the new settlers took no trouble to secure his good will. The consequence of this neglect was speedily felt in the massacre by the Matabeles of two entire hunting parties, while another detachment of the emigrants, including, there is reason to believe, the boy Paul Kruger, only succeeded in repulsing a Matabele attack after six hours of hard fighting.

When Paul was about seventeen years of age, his father, sister and he went with the bullock team some distance into the Orange Free State. The senior Kruger was forced to remain, and told Paul to take the team home and to look after his sister.

"I'll take care of her, father," was the reply.

Everything went well until Paul and his sister were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The jolting of the crude wagon threw the sister from the seat into the roadway, where she was

completely at the mercy of the panther. Paul at once realized her danger, and, though he was unarmed, ran to her rescue. The panther by this time stood with gleaming eyes over the girl. Paul tackled the panther in a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce struggle, and, as Kruger himself says, he believed once or twice that the panther was going to prove too much for him. But finally he got a hold on the animal's throat and literally choked the creature to death. With the grit of a bulldog, Kruger held his grasp on the panther's throat, and only released it when the animal gave up its struggle in death.

An American who has known President Kruger for twenty years, says of him:

"It was in the latter part of 1879 that I first had the pleasure of meeting Paul Kruger. He was then a man over fifty years of age, but as strong, erect and robust as the average man of thirty-five. He seemed to possess the strength of a giant. The Boers at that time were on the verge of a war with the British. When I was introduced to Kruger he was suspicious of me, and it was only when assured that I was an American that he became at all talkative. In those days Kruger would talk English, but since the visit of Sir Henry Lock to Pretoria, in 1893, the Transvaal President has positively refused to utter one word of English.

"The Kruger of 1879 was a poor man, he had difficulty in supplying his family with the necessities of life, for besides his wife he had ten children to care for. He lived then in a humble farmhouse, but he left the farm to care for itself, for he had a more important matter to attend to—the creation of a revolution against the English. General P. J. Joubert, the now commander of the

Boer forces and Vice-President of the Transvaal, young Pretorius, son of the country's first President, and Kruger, were planning for the Boer uprising, which came the following year, resulting in the independence of the Boers in 1881.

“The next time I met Kruger was in 1894. Although he was now the President of a nation, and reputed to be worth \$5,000,000, I found him as simple and as democratic as he was in the days of 1879, when he was unknown to fame and had hard work to support his family. It was on this occasion that I realized the great qualities of this man. He cordially invited me to become his guest during the short time that I was to remain in Pretoria, an invitation which I readily accepted. He would not talk English to me on this occasion, so I had to carry on my conversation with him through other members of the family.

“The old President never tired of talking about the United States, designating this republic as his big brother, and wishing that he were in a position to make a treaty with America in order that he might favor our merchants in trade.

“‘I can trust Americans,’ he would say, ‘for I know that they do not want my country.’

“Before I left his residence he said to me through his secretary: ‘When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty, idolizing the American flag and the free institutions of your country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles established by her founders is my earnest wish.’ As he finished talking a tear was seen running down the old man’s cheek.

“He often talked of the days when he drove his father’s old bullock team, and now prides himself on the fact that he is still able to crack a thirty-foot whip over sixteen bullocks.”

It would be impossible to find a man who is a better judge of human nature than Kruger. His likes or dislikes are spontaneous with him, and it generally turns out that his first impression is the correct one. He scrutinizes a stranger to a degree that is embarrassing, as he does all Britishers. If there is anything about a person which meets with the old President’s disapproval, his Secretary is told to close the interview.

The home life of Kruger is the most charming imaginable. What is here written of it is from experience. Kruger is devoted to his wife, children, grand and great-grandchildren; while they in turn adore him. He lives in a modest house, which sets back from the sidewalk about fifteen feet. There is a grass plot in front and a sentry box inside of the iron railing. This house was presented to him by a syndicate. When the Volksraad is in session a soldier is stationed in front of the President’s house, and no one, excepting officials, is permitted to enter the residence during the day, unless the Secretary authorizes the sentry to pass some especial person. After 7 o’clock in the evening, however, all are welcome to the Chief Executive’s home.

Every morning at 6 o’clock a negro servant takes a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the President’s room. As soon as he has drank the coffee Kruger rises and smokes the pipe while he is dressing. He is downstairs at 6:30 o’clock, and is ready to read the family papers at 7 o’clock. Breakfast is served about 7:30 A.M. His morning hours are taken up with matters

of state and the dictating of letters. The dinner hour is 1 o'clock. At all the meals Kruger says grace before bread is broken. He takes a short nap after the noon meal, and is ready promptly at 3 o'clock to receive callers. The supper is served at 6 o'clock, and the conclusion of this repast ends all the worriment of the day for Kruger. Many writers have told how hot cups of thick black coffee are served at frequent intervals. Every person received is served with coffee. Besides his salary of \$40,000 a year, Kruger is also allowed \$10,000 annually for coffee money. There is a two-gallon kettle of coffee always hot in the kitchen. Kruger drinks large quantities of it. Most of his day is spent in the front parlor. He always has a big cuspidor at his feet, and a pouch of Transvaal tobacco and a pipe by his side.

Since Oom Paul was elected President in 1881 he has been confronted with some trying times. In 1883 his country was in a bankrupt condition. There was but one English shilling in the treasury, and the salaries of all officers, from the President down, were one year in arrears. At this time Kruger found it extremely hard to get along. There was no credit to be had for the country, and Kruger did not know what to do. It looked as if a famine was going to overtake the land, but at the most critical period gold was found in the Barberton district. A messenger from the gold fields took a sack of gold containing twenty ounces to the President, presenting it to him as the first yield of gold from the Transvaal. Kruger was astounded when he saw the gold. It was said by those present that his eyes doubled in size. He asked where it came from, and was informed that it was from the Barberton district.

"Is there any more left?" asked Kruger.

He was told that the country was rich in gold ore, and that millions of pounds could be secured where that came from.

"Thank God! My country is saved," was the reply.

President Kruger has been twice married. His first wife was a Miss Du Plessis, and his wife at this writing is a niece of the first Mrs. Kruger. "Tante" (Aunt) Kruger, as she is called, is a sturdy Dutch housewife of the old stamp—one of the stock who in the old laager days loaded the rifles, handing them to the men who fought—yet womanly withal.

In appearance, "Tante," who is ten years younger than her husband, reminds one of a motherly housekeeper of the good old-fashioned style. There is no attempt at "show" or "fashion" in the cut of her clothes. She hates the intrusive Outlander like a true Boer, and can't think why he can't stay at home and "mind his own business." "We don't want them—tell them to trek!" she has been heard to exclaim defiantly on more than one occasion.

When recently some one was telling "Tante" all about the "dum-dum" bullets, and the long distance the modern rifles could reach—"falling right behind the kopjes and exploding there"—"Tante" was silent and thoughtful for a moment. She soon regained her usual cheerfulness, replying, in brisk tones: "Well, then, if they fire behind the kopjes, the only thing will be for us to sit in front."

On returning from his memorable visit to England, the President brought with him, among other European articles, a pair of pajamas! The first time "Tante" saw him attired in these new-fangled garments she queried sharply, "What's that?" "Sleeping clothes from Eng-



DR. JAMESON.



THE GUN THAT DEFENDED LADYSMITH.

land," responded Mr. Kruger. "Then take them off! and come to bed in your veldtshoen," quoth "Tante," in tones that brooked no remonstrance on the part of her spouse, and since that night pajamas have not been seen or mentioned at the Presidency. Veldtshoen are the boots or shoes some of the old-fashioned Boers still sleep in, a survival of the old "trek" days.

"Oom Paul" and "Tante" Kruger have had sixteen children, seven of whom are living at this writing. One of the President's sons acts as his father's secretary.



CHAPTER IX.

SAVAGE WARS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Dingaan, the Great Zulu, Defeated by the Trekkers—The Cittiwayo and Lobengula Rebellions—How the Black Warrior Fights.

NO HISTORY of the Boer-British troubles in South Africa would be complete without at least a general reference to the wars between the savages and white men and between the savages themselves, but to recount them in detail would require many volumes.

Both Boer and British have been called upon at intervals to face the fierce black tribes, from the date of their occupation of the country until now. The most powerful native tribes in South Africa are the Zulus, Kaffirs, Matabeles, Basutos and Bechuans. From 1833, which marked the first exodus of the Boers from Cape Colony, down to the Matabele rebellion of 1893 the natives have seen their territory wrested from them by both Boer and British. To the credit of the white men, be it said, that they often sought the territory by purchase, but to their great discredit it must be recorded that they took by force all which they failed to obtain by fair means.

The story of "the Great Trek," when the Boers journeyed to their present lands, is one long series of bloody battles with the natives. One of the first great chiefs to succumb to their power was Mosilikatze, whose naked army was utterly routed in 1837.

The Boers' victory over the great chief, Dingaan, gave them the colony of Natal, and inasmuch as Dingaan's Day is a Boer holiday equivalent to the American Fourth of July, a brief history of this conquest is worth narrating. Dingaan's people had been a prey to neighboring tribes, which had stolen many of his cattle. The Boers, upon entering Natal, recovered these herds and drove them to Dingaan's Kraal. The chief received his white visitors with every evidence of hospitality and friendship. Dingaan ceded them all the territory from the Tugela to the Uru-zimvubu River and from Dragon Mountain to the sea.

While the treaty was being signed, the treacherous savage chief gave a signal to his warriors—"Slay the white devils"—and the entire party of Boers was massacred. The chief then set out to annihilate all of the Boer settlers and many bloody conflicts ensued.

The most spectacular feature of the Dingaan war was enacted when a little party of fourteen Boers were besieged in the Dragon Mountains by a large war party of Zulus. Their ammunition became exhausted, and they were on the point of falling into the hands of their savage foes, when a Boer by the name of Marthinus Oosthuyse rode upon the scene, realized the situation and decided upon a plan of rescue. He rode back to the abandoned Boer wagons, loaded himself and horse with ammunition and rode straight through the Zulu ranks to his besieged brethren in their hastily constructed laager. It is a story that parallels the ride of Paul Revere, and was much more hazardous than the latter.

In the spring of 1838 a considerable Boer force was sent against Dingaan. A disastrous battle to the Zulus was fought near the King's Palace, but the final blow was not struck until December 16 of the same year. On that

day Dingaan's army of 12,000 was almost annihilated by the deadly rifle fire of the Boers, who had him surrounded.

It was the end of Zulu and the beginning of Boer supremacy in Natal, and December 16 was made a national Boer holiday and is celebrated to this day.

The principal savage wars of recent date were the Zulu uprising of 1878 and the Matabele war of 1893.

The former was led by the Zulu chief, Cittiwayo (sometimes spelled Cetewayo). He rebelled against British suzerainty and waged one of the bloodiest campaigns ever made by the blacks against the whites. Toward the close of the contest his warriors absolutely annihilated a British regiment at Isandula in 1879. The same year he was defeated and captured.

The British South African Company secured permission from Lobengula, a son of Mosilikatze and King of the Matabele, to settle in Mashonaland and exploit its gold mines. Accordingly, a fort was built, named Fort Salisbury, and supplied with men, arms and ammunition. When all was secure (in 1893) the British deliberately provoked the Matabeles to war, in order to seize their territory. The natives were mowed down like grass by the Maxim guns of the white enemy, and their retreating impis were cut to pieces by the cavalry. The decisive battle of the war was fought on October 23, about thirty miles from Buluwayo, Lobengula's capital. The losses were: Matabeles, 500; British, 1. The British captured the Matabele capital and Lobengula fled, but the wily savage in his flight set a trap for his pursuers and killed an entire detachment.

In fighting, both Boer and Britisher had an immeasurable advantage over the native, by possessing repeating

firearms. The only natives in South Africa who can use the rifle effectively are the Basutos, and they are by far the most intelligent and advanced Negroes living in that country. The "assegai" (spear) and stabbing knife are the South African natives' weapons. Usually they are combined, the Kaffir, at close quarters, snapping the handle of his assegai about a foot from the blade, thus transforming it into a dagger. The native, when he gets as close as this, is by no means an enemy to be despised, nor is he to be contemned when further off. Trained from infancy to the use of the assegai, he becomes, when matured, singularly adept.

Let us look at the Zulus' mode of fighting for a moment. I have to state, in passing, that the most perfect specimens of humanity are to be found among the Zulu race. A young Zulu man or girl taken at random would serve for a sculptor's model. In constant activity, living almost entirely in the open air, emulating his comrades in athletic exercises and feats of daring, tall, supple, sinewy and muscular, the young Zulu warrior is the ideal of manly vigor and symmetrical form. He rejoices in his manhood and prides himself on his color. Ask a Zulu which he considers the most beautiful complexion, and he will proudly answer, "Black, like myself, with a little red." This combative Adonis was at one time the terror of South Africa.

The Zulu dynasty was founded by Chaka, who came with his followers from the interior of the continent. Had he been white, he would go down to history side by side with Cromwell and Napoleon. He overran and completely subjugated every tribe in Southern Africa. His name is still spoken with deep reverence by the Zulus and with trembling awe by the other natives. Chaka

was extremely liberal to bravery among his followers and inexorable to cowardice. When he ordered his warriors to charge, no matter against what odds, there was no choice but to press onward. There was a chance of life, however small, in advancing, but retreat meant certain death; if the wavering Zulu was not immediately speared by the warrior behind him, he would most inevitably meet death by command of his king after the battle. For showing the white feather, Chaka has been known to order a whole regiment to execution at the hands of their comrades. This enforced intrepidity made the Zulus perfect fire-eaters, and their repeated successes so intimidated the tribes they had not engaged with that most of them surrendered at discretion. A Zulu fights with a hide shield and assegais, having in his possession perhaps twelve of the latter, which he throws in such rapid succession from opposite directions, springing with wonderful agility from side to side as he throws, that the air seems literally full of the glittering spears.

It was against this foe that both Boer and Britisher fought in 1878-79, and it has always been England's contention that the Boers would have been annihilated, except for the British victories of Lord Chelmsford over the Zulus and their allies the Kaffirs.

In the history of South Africa the Basutos share honors with the Zulus. The two races are termed the Normans of the south. Yet in power, ferocity and cruelty, the Basutos are no match for the Zulus. They owe their honors more to intelligence and craft than force. They are weaker, yet the harder enemy to beat.

They arose from the remnants of the many tribes dispersed and nearly obliterated by the Zulus in a fierce carnival of outrages and slaughter in the beginning of the

century. Nothing in history compares with the ferocity and cruelty of those early Zulu wars. For hundreds of miles in all directions the forests were cleared of inhabitants. The few who escaped were driven north and south to meet new enemies and fly back upon the assegais of the Zulus. Out of hundreds of thousands, hundreds only escaped, and these hundreds, the survivors of many tribes, were the beginning of the Basutos.

They found refuge at Thaba Bosigo, and there a young man of humble birth, Moshesh by name, organized them, ruled them, brought them through danger and death, not by force but by cunning, and eventually made them a great and powerful tribe. The name of Moshesh is revered to-day. When in doubt the chiefs of the Basutos meet and solemnly ask, "What would Moshesh do if he were alive?" And wisdom generally rules.

When the Boers entered Natal and there made a stand against English interference, the Basutos were a factor in the quarrel. Pretorians were beaten and Natal seized by the British. The Boers refused to stay and retreated to the Orange River country, where they again set up their republican government. This gave great offense to England, and it was determined to erect a barrier of native tribes between them and civilization, with the purpose of forcing their return. Moshesh and his Basutos were the principal of these native states. Sovereign rights were granted him over a large tract north of the Orange River, and he was paid a subsidy. He was thus in control of the new land occupied by the Boers.

But the plan failed. The Boers laughed at native sovereigns. They remained where they were and governed themselves. Wars sprang up. The whole situa-

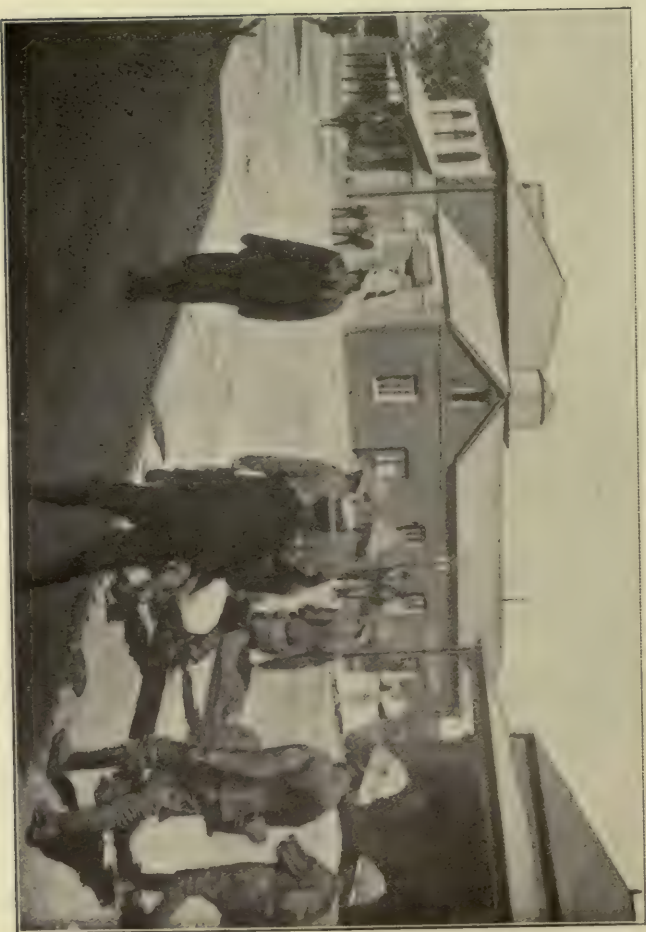
tion was impossible, and when Sir Harry Smith arrived he determined to break up the native states. Incidentally he annexed the Orange River district, Boers and all, to the British dominions. And thus do we get a glimpse of that early hounding of the Boer by the Briton that bore fruit in 1881 and 1899.

Moshesh agreed and the farmers fought and were beaten. Again, rather than submit to British rule, many of them retreated "trans-Vaal," across the Vaal. The English did not follow the trans-Vaal emigrants, but they held sway in the Orange River territory until the Basutos took a hand. Moshesh had never been satisfied with the relinquishment of sovereignty forced by Sir Harry Smith. He now resolved to get it back. To this end he made war—not with the British, but some neighboring tribes. The British took the bait and sent a force to compel order, an offense not only to Moshesh but to the Boer farmers who still remained. Moshesh was very shrewd.

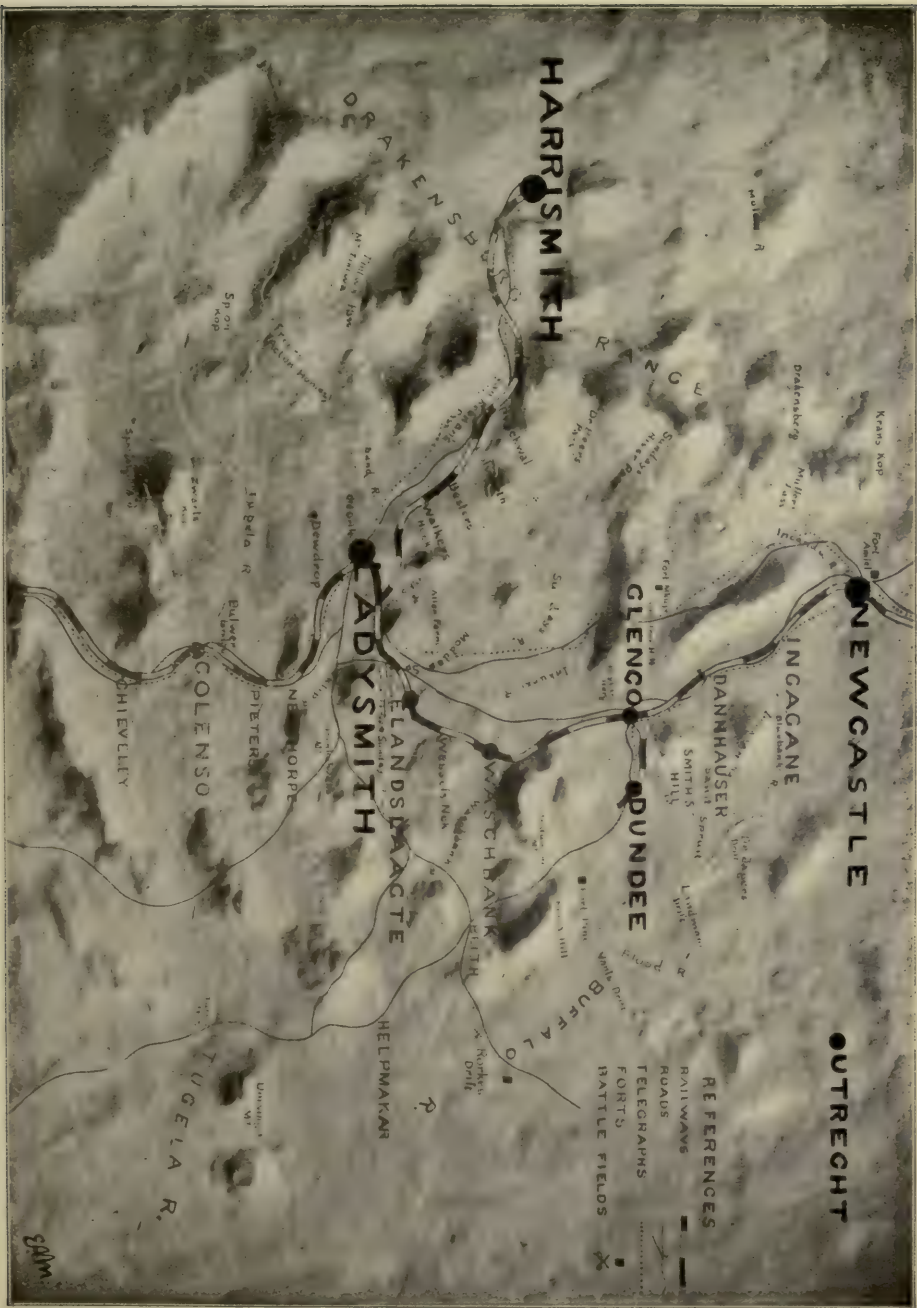
The Boers sent for Commandant Pretorius, who had gone across the Vaal with a price on his head, and the Basutos made common cause with them. The British were beaten, and in 1852 the Boers, with the help of the Basutos, forced a treaty (the Sand River Treaty referred to in Chapter I.) with England, acknowledging their independence.

Beaten by the Boers, the British pushed the war against the Basutos. Sir John Cathcart led an army against Moshesh. The Basuto chieftain retired to his stronghold and left a great herd of cattle on a convenient plain as a bait. The British drove off four thousand head and found themselves in an ambush. They were badly defeated with great loss.

Then Moshesh proved his genius. He sent a note to



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED AT LADYSMITH.



OUTRECHT

NEWCASTLE

INGAGANE

DANNAUSER

GLENCOE

DUNDEE

REFERENCES
RAILWAYS
ROADS
TELEGRAPHS
FORTS
BATTLE FIELDS

HARRIS SMITH

ELANDSMAKTE

LADYSMITH

COLENZO

CHIEVELLY

TUGELA R.

BATTLE GROUNDS OF LADYSMITH.

the defeated British commander in which he deferentially begged peace.

"You have captured our herds," he said. "You have chastised us. Let it be enough. I entreat peace from you." The British army marched triumphantly home and the Basutos celebrated with much feasting.

But the victory of the Basutos decided the English about that troublesome Orange River country. With wily Moshesh holding the balance of power they were overmatched. The Boers saw their position and pressed their independence. In 1854 England acknowledged their independence, and the Orange Free State of to-day came into existence. The Basutos did it.

Four years later the Boers and the Basutos warred. The question was one of boundary. The Basuto horsemen made frightful ravages among the Boer farms. Battles were fought, ambushes laid. But in the end the Boers conquered, and the Basutos lost much splendid farm land. But the victory was won only with British aid, and in the end the Basutos found themselves British subjects.

And so they remain at this writing, prosperous, civilized, self-governing in a large measure, and envious of those fair acres that once were theirs, and now are the property of the republics.

Their present chief is Lerothodi, a brave man and skillful warrior. His home is a mountain cave, whose walls are pictured with hunting scenes and battles. No small skill is shown in these drawings, in all of which the Basuto warriors are pictured as shapely men and their enemies hideous impossibilities. Their mountains are full of great caves, utilized as armories, forts and hiding-places. Their capital is Thaba Bosigo, an impreg-

nable mountain stronghold, often assaulted but never taken. There is no securer retreat in all Africa than this.

The Bechuanas are darker, less tall and brave, but more progressive than the Zulus.



CHAPTER X.

FIRST SHOT IN THE WAR OF '99.

Kraaipan Siding the Scene of the First Engagement—Boers Capture an Armored Train—The Battle of Glencoe.



THE EXPIRATION of President Kruger's ultimatum on October 11 found England unprepared to wage aggressive warfare.

The position of the two combatants in South Africa at that time may be summed up as follows: In Natal England had about 10,000 regulars, the greater number of whom had recently arrived from India, and who were, therefore, in no state to undertake immediate movements; horses and men required a week to get into good condition. In Cape Colony were from 3,000 to 4,000 British regulars, very much scattered. At Mafeking was a British irregular force under Colonel Baden-Powell, numbering about 2,000; at Kimberley a certain number of Cape volunteers and local troops; and in Natal from a thousand upwards of volunteers and Colonial troops. Against this force the Transvaal had some 8,000 men, with artillery, close to the northernmost angle of the Natal frontier, and the Orange Free State from 4,000 to 5,000 men—if so many—close to the passes which lead through the Drakensburg range into Natal. At Komati Poort, on the Delagoa Bay Railway, the Transvaal had a small commando—probably not over 1,000 men. On the western frontier was Cronje, threatening Mafeking with a

force which may have been anything from 3,000 to 6,000, and thence southward, along the vast sweep of western frontier, between Mafeking and Bethulie, were small bodies totalling at the outside 3,000 or 4,000 men. The combined armies of the Orange Free State and Transvaal would then amount to about 20,000, if we accept the lower estimates.

On October 11 Laing's Nek, the famous scene of Boer-British hostilities in 1881, was occupied by Transvaal Boers.

On the following day the Boers crossed the western border in force about 40 miles south of Mafeking. On the evening of that day the first shot in the Boer-British war of 1899 was fired. It came from or was directed at—it matters not which—an armored train carrying two 7-pounder guns and some ammunition from Vryburg to Mafeking. At Kraaipan—where the Boers crossed the western border—they tore up the rails and retiring placed guns to command the gap in the line. The armored train was commanded by Lieutenant Nesbitt with a force of about twenty Colonial troops and refugees. It was derailed in due course, and made an artillery target by the Boers. Lieutenant Nesbitt's little party responded bravely, but continued resistance was, of course, hopeless, and ultimately the Boers rode in and captured the men and ammunition, the engine-driver alone contriving to escape into the veldt.

The train had run from Mafeking to Vryburg as protection for a relief train, which was conveying 300 women, children, and other non-combatants to safety. The soldiers on board were of Colonel Baden-Powell's command, with headquarters at Mafeking.

At Vryburg the relief train was turned over to the Cape

railway officials, who assumed responsibility for the safety of the refugees. It was thought at first that this was the train that had been destroyed, but it subsequently reached Kimberley without mishap.

Separately considered this engagement is of trifling importance, but it has the historical value of being the first engagement of the war and was significant as marking the isolation of British Bechuanaland and Rhodesia.

This action was followed on the part of the Boers by the investment of Mafeking in Bechuanaland, Kimberley in Cape Colony and Ladysmith in Natal, the British having evacuated Newcastle, falling back on Dundee.

There were numerous skirmishes along the frontiers and sorties from the besieged points, but the first actual battle was fought at Glencoe. One Boer column, under Joubert, with Vilgoen commanding the center, and the artillery came from the north, while troops from the Orange Free State poured into Natal through Van Reenen's and Tintwa passes.

Gen. Sir George Stewart White, commanding the British forces in Natal, had advanced a column from Ladysmith under Gen. Sir William Penn Symons, who established his little army of 4,000 men half-way between Glencoe and Dundee in order to protect both towns.

The night of October 19 was a busy one for General Symons' troops, and his pickets were exchanging shots all night with the pickets of the Boer commandos. During the night the Boers intrenched themselves on Talana Hill overlooking Glencoe camp. The seizure of this position was a surprise to the British, who did not discover the Boer movements until a shell boomed into their camp at daybreak. Then the shells came fast. The hill

was positively alive with the swarming Boers, still the British artillery got to work with magnificent energy and precision. The batteries from the camp took up positions to the south of the town, and after a quarter hour's firing silenced the guns on the hills.

Shells dropped among the Boer pieces with remarkable accuracy and tremendous execution. By this time the Boers held the whole of the hill behind Smith's farm and the Dundee kopje, right away to the south, in which direction the British infantry and cavalry moved at once.

The fighting raged particularly hot along the valley beyond Glencoe. Directly the Boer guns ceased firing, General Symons ordered the infantry to move on the position.

The weather was fine and clear, the sun was shining bright and it was warm. The men cast aside their heavy clothing and prepared for the hot work ahead.

The Boer army, massed on the hill, was sheltered behind a slope from the artillery fire, but as soon as they saw the preparations for an advance they formed in extended line of battle. The ground between the camp and the hill is a rolling plain, which offered no shelter for the British as they dashed across.

Under the cover of a heavy artillery fire the British troops marched out of the camp. The King's Rifles and the Dublin Fusiliers led the way in extended order.

They had to pass over an open plain 800 yards wide, and then got into the forest belt, which is 200 yards deep. They advanced by rushes to the edge, where, only 750 yards from the summit beyond, they found a wall and a donga, along which meanwhile the Boer rifle fire was fiercest. The march across the open was deadly, the Boer musketry doing deadly execution at every step.

To assist the stormers the infantry, cavalry, and Maxims from the near forest on the right opened fire upon the Boers crowning the crest. The batteries were still pounding away at them at 8 A. M. when General Symons and his staff rode over the open plain, and when the whole Boer fire was apparently directed against them. General Symons bade the infantry push ahead, directing their movement. By rushes about 150 of the King's Royal Rifles got within 150 yards of the summit, securing cover behind the stone wall. To this the advanced party beckoned to the others to come up, but some delay occurred. Finally, at 10:30, they were reinforced by 150 comrades.

At 12:15 P. M. the British guns opened fire from the northeast of Dundee upon Talana. After one hour's shelling of the crest a small body of mixed infantry charged upon the summit among the Boers, who retreated. Several of the British soldiers were struck down by one of their own shells.

Thereafter the whole position was carried, but the Boers retreated in such good order that only eleven prisoners were taken upon the hill top, two of whom were Englishmen.

The Boers got away their guns, but left behind some ammunition, a number of horses and saddlery, and a few stores.

Whilst in an open part near the edge of the wood Major-General Symons fell, shot through the stomach, and later died of the wound.

When General Symons fell, Brigadier-General J. H. Yule took command. Only two officers of General Symons' staff escaped injury.

The Boers losses in killed and wounded were about

200. The British lost 41 killed, 188 wounded, and a squadron of the Eighteenth Hussars and a number of officers of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and King's Royal Rifles captured.

The capture of the Hussars was made after the battle and at a time when the British were claiming a victory. The following is the official account of the capture, as related by Captain Hardy:


After the battle three squadrons of the Eighteenth Hussars, with one Maxim, a company of the Dublin Fusiliers, a section of the Sixtieth Rifles, and the mounted infantry, Colonel Moeller commanding, kept under cover of the ridge to the north of the camp, and at 6:30 moved down the Sand Spruit. On reaching the open the force was shelled by the enemy, but there were no casualties. Colonel Moeller took his men round the Talana Hill, in a southeasterly direction, crossed the Vant's Drift road, captured several Boers, and saw the Boer ambulances retiring. Colonel Moeller, with the B squadron of the Hussars, a Maxim, and the mounted infantry, crossed the Dundee-Vryheid railway and got near a big force of the enemy, who opened a hot fire, and Lieutenant M'Lachland was hit. The cavalry retired across Vant's Drift, 1,500 Boers following. Colonel Moeller held the ridge for some time, but the enemy enveloping his right he ordered the force to fall back across the Spruit. The Maxim got fixed in a donga (water hole). Lieutenant Cope was wounded, three of his detachment were killed, and the horses of Major Greville and Captain Pollok were shot. The force re-formed on a ridge north of Sand Spruit and held it for a short time. While Captain Hardy was attending to Lieutenant Crum, who was wounded, Colonel Moeller retired his force into a defile, apparently with the intention of returning to camp round the Impati Mountain, and was not seen afterwards,

Although the British had captured the Boer position on Dundee Hill, they were compelled to evacuate it after the battle of Elandslaagte.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLES OF ELANDSLAAGTE AND REITFONTEIN.

They are Fought to Cover the Retreat of the Dundee Garrison to Ladysmith
—Gallant Charges Result in Heavy British Losses.

 HE BOERS had planned an enveloping movement to capture Glencoe, and operated in three columns. One fought the battle of Glencoe, another appeared during the battle and fell back, while the third took up a strong position at Elands-laagte near the railway from Glencoe to Ladysmith. This latter was about 1,000 strong, composed of Johannesburgers, and commanded by General John N. Kock, second in command of the Transvaal army.

General White resolved to give battle and engaged General Kock's commando on October 21, 1899. The British troops in action at Elands-laagte were as follows:

Cavalry—Fifth Lancers, a squadron of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, the Imperial Light Horse and two squadrons of Natal Carbineers.

Artillery—Twenty-first Field Battery, Forty-second Field Battery and the Natal Field Battery.

Infantry—The Devonshire regiment, half a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders and the Manchester regiment.

The whole force was under Major-General John H. B. French, with Colonel Ian Hamilton commanding the infantry. General White was present in person from 3:30

P. M. to 6:30 P. M., but did not assume direction of the fight.

Although desultory fighting took place earlier in the day while British reinforcements, sent out later on ascertaining the Boers' strength, were arriving from Ladysmith, the real action did not begin until 3:30 P. M. At that hour the Boers held a position of very exceptional strength, consisting of a rock hill about a mile and a half southeast of Elandslaagte station.

The British artillery was on the right, the infantry in the center, and the cavalry on the left. This order was maintained till the attacking force was about 4,000 yards from the Boer position.

The British guns opened fire and the Boers replied promptly and effectively. After an artillery duel at long range the British guns advanced, and the Gordon Highlanders and the Imperial Light Horse made a detour with the object of taking the Boers on their right flank. The Devonshire and Manchester regiments then began the frontal attack, and the engagement became general. Thrice were the Boer batteries silenced, but the Boers fought with great pluck and determination, returning each time and raining shrapnel and Maxim bullets against the advancing foe. The Boers concentrated their fire on the frontal advance of the infantry, and both the Devonshire and Manchester men suffered severely. Meanwhile the Gordons and the Light Horse got round the Boer right flank and had driven them in on their main position. Two separate charges were then made with great brilliancy.

At 4 o'clock a tremendous artillery duel was in progress. Two Boer guns, splendidly placed, were stubbornly fought for two hours and a quarter, while mounted

Boers endeavored to come into contact with their assailants on the left and on the right.

Then, at 6:15 P. M., the Devonshire regiment, half of Gordon Highlanders, half the Manchester regiment and the Imperial Light Horse advanced on the position and stormed the Boer front. A bayonet charge was sounded as the roar of artillery on both sides suddenly ceased, and the British, with the Devonshires leading, made a superb dash against the main body of the Boers, undaunted by facing a fearful fire.

Twice were they checked by the terrible fusillade. Once the advance quivered for a moment, but then, with ringing, roaring cheers, the whole force hurled itself forward like an avalanche and swept over the kopjes, capturing the Boer position and the two Boer guns which had made such stubborn resistance.

The conduct of the Gordon Highlanders was particularly brilliant, but they suffered terribly. They entered the fight 425 strong and lost 115. Only three of their officers escaped. The Light Horse entered with 240 and lost 48, including their colonel, Scott Chisholme. The Highlanders testified to the bravery of the Boers, saying that the storming of Dargia Heights was child's play compared with Elandslaagte.

The battle was in its details a repetition of Glencoe. There was the same artillery duel; the same infantry assault; the same cavalry pursuit. The British losses were 35 killed and 222 wounded. The Boer loss was unknown, but the British claim it reached 300 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

General Kock, the Boer commander, was among the prisoners. He was severely wounded when captured, and died soon thereafter. Another important capture was

Colonel Adolf Schiel, a former German officer who commanded the Boer artillery. A son of General Joubert was captured; like Kock, he was badly wounded and died soon after he had been made a prisoner.

As historians have had to rely almost wholly upon English reports and newspapers for the details of engagements, the following account of the battle of Elandslaagte by a Dutch volunteer who was taken prisoner is of special interest:

PIETERMARITZBURG, October 25, 1899.

This letter having to be read by the authorities, I only tell you what has happened to me since Friday, October 20. On this day about 600 men arrived at Elandslaagte, about two hours from Ladysmith. The day before we took a train with provisions and a military escort, and now I had to go with nine others, amongst them the lawyer, Dr. Coster, to break up the railway at three different places. The destruction of the railway was close near the station at Modder Spruit, the first station from Ladysmith, where the chief forces of the enemy were gathered. We did this dangerous work without being disturbed. The following day being Saturday, October 21, being still nine in number, we still received no reinforcements; nevertheless we broke up the communication between two strong divisions. At seven o'clock in the morning we saddled our horses, as the enemy was noticed, and the first shells began to fall between us, doing no harm. I was glad to see that all the men kept extremely calm. All the shells fell in the laager of the Dutch Volunteer Corps, which numbered then ninety-eight men on horseback. Only our two guns answered, and as we advanced the enemy disappeared. We removed afterwards our laager a little. Two cars with our luggage and tents had just arrived. Immediately we saddled again, as the enemy was seen advancing in great numbers. We drove up a kopje, dismounted on a place where the horses were safe, climbed the hill, and there we waited—viz.: 60 Germans, 98 Dutchmen, 300 Afrikaners from Fordsburg and Johannesburg—on the enemy, numbering 4,000 men. The enemy brought on two batteries with twelve guns, three regiments infantry, 3,000

men, one regiment lancers, one regiment light and one regiment heavy cavalry. I can't tell the strength of the mounted men, but the infantry amounted to 3,000 men. The artillery began with shelling heavily our two poor guns, and from time to time a shell burst in our neighborhood. After twenty minutes one of our poor guns was disabled; in the meantime we opened our musketry fire on the advancing infantry, which fired heavily. In these moments the greater part of the men of Fordsburg and Johannesburg retreated, notwithstanding our commander shouted out: "Stay, fellows, stay; all my Dutchmen are still here." The advancing infantry opened a heavy fire on our remaining 300 men. I fired lying down on the ground, and resolved, as I lost view of the advancing enemy, to wait till I should see them again, and had a sharp look round. I saw nothing but killed men, the others having retreated without my perceiving it, through the heavy noise of the bursting shells. The only men in my neighborhood were lying behind me. I kept waiting, while some shells covered me with mud. At last the artillery stopped firing, and I understood that the infantry had reached the top of the hill; again I heard the whistling of the rifle-bullets. I saw the infantry at 200 yards' distance, and began to fire my last cartridges. I saw Gordon Highlanders, and it seemed that they fell by two or three at one shot. I heard some more shooting from other places, which rejoiced me, as I thought myself quite alone. My cartridges being at an end, I retreated, and now the bullets flew around me, and I heard nothing else but the striking of them against the rocks! At last! After two minutes I reached the slope. That I remained unhurt in these two minutes is most wonderful. Reaching the top again, I met another regiment of English infantry, and all was over, our men retreating in the valley below, surrounded by cavalry. I had nothing to do but sit down and wait. The English were with me in a moment, and took off my gun. Nine of us were taken prisoners with me (three Dutchmen, one artilleryman, one German, and five Afrikanders), who all held their position to the last moment. The Dutch Volunteer Corps suffered badly in this obstinate struggle—thirty-four were taken prisoners while retreating, and three in the battle, while on the whole 188 men were taken prisoners. Among the dead are Dr. Coster, shot

through the head; De Jonge, two lance-wounds and two revolver shots; Bodenstein, Citters, shot in stomach; Rummelink shot in the head. Most men of the corps were shot or wounded on the retreat.

The English soldiers treated us like gentlemen. They gave us to drink and shared their bread with us. In Pietermaritzburg things changed, and we were treated as criminal prisoners. In Transvaal the prisoners of war are much better treated.

On October 22, 1899, General Yule, who had succeeded to the command of General Symons, found his position on Dundee Hill untenable. A column of Boers under General Joubert threatened him, and their shells were dropping unpleasantly near. When the fire became too hot he fell back upon Glencoe. This was the beginning of his retreat to Ladysmith.

In order to facilitate the retirement of the Dundee garrison, General White, accompanied by General Sir Archibald Hunter and General French, proceeded, on October 24, with a force toward Modder Spruit, intending to bivouac there. The troops employed were the Gloucesters, Devons, Liverpools, King's Royal Rifles, three batteries of field artillery, and a mounted battery, the Hussars, and the Lancers, the mounted infantry of the Liverpools, the Natal Carbineers, the Durban Mounted Rifles, and the Border Mounted and Imperial Light Horse. Early in the morning the Nineteenth Hussars and Lancers came in touch with the Boers below Modder Spruit Valley, where they were posted along a strong ridge. The Boers opened fire at ten or twelve hundred yards, hitting several of the Hussars, who retired. The British scouts on the spur to the right meanwhile fired, and an advanced party of Carbineers, on moving through an opening in the rear right spur, were shelled by a Boer

gun from Matowan's Hoek. Some of the Light Horse, leaving their horses at the base of the ridge, advanced, and took the crest of the first position then vacated by Boer skirmishers, and exchanged shots. The Boer artillery had the range, but their shells were bad. Their guns were silenced and the whole British force advanced to the first ridge. The Boers were disposed all along the high land of Matowan's Hoek. The British artillery opened fire from the ridge, sending shell after shell wherever a clump of Boers showed itself along the line. A shell dislodged the men and made them run to cover. Meanwhile the Gloucesters and Devonshires played under cover of the guns into the valley and a hot fire was opened on them by the Boers along the left of the kopje. The British Maxims rattled out, and for half an hour the rifle fire was incessant. The infantry steadily advanced, the Boers replying with great coolness. The British finally cleared the center of the line by well-directed artillery fire.

The center of the position having been cleared, their guns were still engaged shelling Tinlanyoni to cover the Boer fire on the advancing infantry. It was there, in ascending an almost impregnable position, that a company of the Gloucesters was suddenly confronted by a strong party of Boers, who, at a distance of 200 yards, poured in a hot fire with destructive effect, wounding thirty.

At two o'clock General White succeeded in communicating with General Yule and withdrew his forces. As he neared the main road, his forces seemed to come into the range of another Boer gun, evidently a second one brought up, which sent a couple of shots into his ranks. One of the hottest parts of the fight raged round the base of a kopje up from Pepworth and Reid's farm. There the Natal Volunteers, under Colonel Roy-

ston, and some of the Light Horse, ran a gauntlet of fire. Boers were everywhere, and for some time the Light Horse and Volunteers had to face a perfect hail of bullets. The Boers, seeing the force in which the attack was being made on the last position, and which also afforded them, from its rocky and bushy character, typical cover, started shelling from Matowan's Hoek, but the British artillery again dislodged them. The matter thus resolved itself into a rifle duel between the Volunteers and the Boers. The losses were as follows:

British — 13 killed (including Lieutenant-Colonel Milford of the Gloucestershires), 93 wounded, 3 missing. Boers—6 killed, 9 wounded.

The engagement was successful in covering General Yule's retreat, and the battle-scarred garrison of Dundee reached Ladysmith October 27.



BRITISH CAMP—BAKERY.




PRESIDENT KRUGER AT LADYSMITH.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGES OF MAFEKING AND KIMBERLEY.

Isolation of British Garrisons under Colonels Baden-Powell and Kekewich
—Numerous Unsuccessful Sorties.

HILE the events described in the foregoing chapter were taking place, the British garrison at Mafeking, commanded by Colonel Baden-Powell, was making strenuous efforts to raise the siege at that place.

At daybreak on the morning of October 14 the entire garrison stood to arms, as the Boers were reported to be advancing from the south. At 5:25 a sharp rifle fire was heard from the north, and a galloper reported that the patrol under Lord Charles Cavendish Bentinck was in action. The firing lasted only a few minutes, and then an armored train, under Captain Williams of the British South African Police, and Lieutenant Nore, of the railway section, was ordered to move out and engage the Boers. Within seven minutes of Lord Charles Bentinck's engagement all the outposts had reported having heard his firing, and about twenty minutes to six Captain Wilson was dispatched to ascertain what had actually happened. It was found that the Boers had retreated, and the alarm flag was hauled down and the town guard retired.

The armored train came into action soon after six.

The scene inside it was perhaps unique in the annals of modern warfare. The crew of the leading truck, "Fire-fly," consisted of a detachment of the British South African Police and Railway Volunteers. The second truck was in charge of Lieutenant Nore, an engineer on the Bechuanaland Railway. No. 1 truck was armed with a Maxim, and its crew mostly with Lee-Metfords. Truck No. 2, which carried another Maxim, rejoiced in the name of "Wasp." A third truck, the "Gun," carried a Hotchkiss. The crew of the trucks numbered fifteen in each.

About two miles beyond Lord Charles Bentinck's men, the Boers about 500 strong were sighted to the right front of the trucks, and the leading truck immediately opened fire with the Maxim at 300 yards. The Boers replied with quick-firing guns and a Maxim, and in a minute or two both sides were raining bullets.

The train advanced steadily, and as the Dutchmen now and again discovered the range and began to drop shells too close it kept on the move up and down the line.

The fire finally became so hot that Colonel Baden-Powell sent an order to recall the train and dispatched Captain FitzClarence with a squadron to cover the retreat. At first his advance was not opposed, but after occupying a Kaffir kraal the Boers attempted to outflank him, and a heavy and determined engagement ensued. The armored train was unable to assist Captain FitzClarence, as the Boers were attacking his front and still trying to turn his flank. The sortie was a failure and both the train and Captain FitzClarence's squadron were driven back to Mafeking. The British lost two killed and fifteen wounded.

By October 23 the Boers had concentrated a considerable force around Mafeking, and the bombardment

of the town was begun after the women and children had been given ample time to leave, but it was ineffectual.

On October 25 an attack upon the town was repulsed, and on October 27 the British Captain FitzClarence made a gallant bayonet charge upon the Boer intrenchments, but was forced to retire with a loss of six killed and nine wounded. Bombardment with sorties and repulses continued to be the order of the day during the month of November. Colonel Baden-Powell, who held out so strongly against the besiegers, deserves special mention. When he was given the rank of colonel he was actually the youngest colonel in Her Majesty's army, and, so being, he possibly excited the envy of another member of his family, who for a long time was the oldest subaltern in the service. When, a matter of four months ago, he was dispatched to South Africa for the purpose of raising a military force on the spot and drilling it into efficiency, he was interviewed on his departure by an old army man, who wished him "Godspeed." "It will be all right," Baden-Powell responded. "All I hope is that they will give me a warm corner!" The Boers obliged him with the first "warm corner" there was about.

The colonel's father was the late Professor Baden-Powell, and he is descended on his mother's side from a family which achieved distinction in the naval service. He was educated at Charterhouse, and at the age of nineteen he joined the Thirteenth Hussars, serving as adjutant with his regiment in India, Afghanistan, and South Africa. Thus he made the acquaintance of the Cape very early in his career, an acquaintance to be resumed on more than one memorable occasion afterwards. He was dispatched to Cape Town again in 1887 as assistant military secretary to General Sir Henry Smith. He held

this appointment for two years, and during that period he served in the Zuzuland operations, and came in for mention in the dispatches—always an honor, but even more so in those days than now.

Then he was appointed military secretary to the Governor of Malta, who, though he had no power to do so, gave him the local and temporary rank of major. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was Commander-in-Chief at the time, and by his command Baden-Powell had to substitute two stars for the one crown on his shoulder-cords.

The firmness of his character and the fact that he was a born leader of men were already apparent. A little anecdote is told of his sojourn at Malta, which, though trivial enough in its way, shows how he sometimes stepped in where others in authority feared to tread. A carnival ball was held at the Palace, and the festivities were kept up till an early hour. By and by the distinguished host and all those about him began to desire heartily that the guests would go, for at half-past three in the morning, though they occasionally, in the manner of guests, remarked that they were "going," they looked good enough to remain for another hour or two. The Acting Director of Ceremonies didn't know what to do, and consequently did nothing; but Baden-Powell dealt with the situation. He went out into the corridor, lit a cigarette at a gas-jet, and then, with some of the guests observing him, significantly turned it out. It was a delicate, but firm and effectual, hint. The visitors speedily took their departure, and, thanks to Baden-Powell, the Palace was soon in repose.

After this he returned to Africa, charged with the special service of raising and commanding the native levies in the Ashantee operations. This was a test of the

man. This part of the coast was new to him, but, fortunately, he obtained the assistance of Captain (now Major) Graham, of the Fifth Lancers, who was very well acquainted with the country and its people. The pair began operations at Cape Coast Castle, and very speedily organized a considerable force, which, in the way of pioneering, scouting, and performing outpost work, did service of a quality which much astonished the numerous critics who had sworn that the West Coast tribes were good for nothing of the kind. Baden-Powell made soldiers of them, and when he came home he came with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

His motto during this campaign against Prempeh was, "Don't flurry; patience gains the day," and it had its origin in the native saying, "Softly, softly, catchee monkey," which he laughed at, but the truth of which he realized. He would remark at that time that a smile and a stick would carry you through any difficulty in the world, and it was because of this disposition and of these tendencies of character that he established such an influence over the natives, and got so much work out of them.

When in 1896 the Matabele rose for a second time, General Sir Frederick Carrington, who was in command of the British forces, selected Baden-Powell as his chief staff officer. Being already well acquainted with the country and the people, the selection was a very wise one, and it was amply justified by results, for in this campaign he achieved his greatest distinction, was again mentioned in dispatches, and received more promotion.

Though his official position was that of chief-of-staff, actually he seemed to be everything that it was possible for a soldier and a man to be under the circum-

stances. One day he would be going through papers and returns in his office at Buluwayo, then he would ride alongside the general as principal staff officer, next place himself in command of a detached column, and would vary these duties by going off on a scouting expedition with a few native trackers, and run great risks by spying out the places of the Matabele impis in the Matoppos strongholds.

As if this were not enough, he played the part of war correspondent and artist as well, and became "special" for one of the London dailies during this war, whilst for another of them, an illustrated, he frequently sent home sketches. It is rumored that while carrying on this work he was for a short time placed in a very delicate position. He was, curiously enough, appointed Press Censor, and it became his duty to examine all the "copy" of the correspondents, and cut out any remarks which he thought should not be cabled home. Of course, his discretion in regard to his own "copy" could be depended upon, but it was an odd situation.

He was promoted from the Thirteenth Hussars to the command of the Fifth Dragoon Guards in 1897, and it was on his return from India a little while ago that he was sent off to where he is now. Such is the career in brief of this first-class fighting man.

But though brilliant all round as an officer, and renowned for his splendid courage and determination, he has earned fame for himself for one particular branch of work as no other officer has, or, it is safe to say, will do, in the present generation. He is by a long way the finest scout in the army. He revels in the work, looks upon it as grand sport, and is never so happy as when running all manner of risks in pursuit of it.

He says scouting is like a game of football. "You

are selected as a forward player. Play the game; play that your side may win. Don't think of your own glorification or your own risks—your side is backing you up. Play up, and make the best of every chance you get. Football is a good game, but better than it, better than any other game, is that of man-hunting."

As to what scouting really means, he himself can tell us. "It is comparatively easy," he says, "for a man in the heat and excitement of battle, where every one is striving to be first, to dash out before the rest and do some gallant deed; but it is another thing for a man to take his life in his hand to carry out some extra dangerous bit of scouting on his own account, when there is no one by to applaud, and it might be just as easy for him to go back; that is a true bit of hero's work, and yet it is what a scout does continually as 'all in the day's work.' It is his own pluck and ability that enable him to do his work with success. For these reasons the scout on service is looked up to with the greatest respect and admiration by his comrades."

To be a good scout a soldier must be a detective of the Sherlock Holmes pattern, and that is just what the colonel is. On one very misty day he was riding with the staff at the Berkshire manœuvres, when on a neighboring hill four parties were seen. One officer declared that they were squadrons of cavalry, whilst another was willing to wager that they were guns. Colonel Baden-Powell watched them closely for a minute, and observed that one individual crossed over from one party to the next. He made a deduction, and promptly offered to bet that they were sheep! An orderly was sent out to see what they really were, and when he returned his report was "Sheep!"

Another time when in Matabeleland he had suddenly noticed that the grass had been recently trodden down. He followed up the track, and found it to be the "spoor" of several women and boys going in the direction of the enemy. There were no trees for miles about, but he noticed a leaf lying a few yards off the track, and he convinced himself that the party had come from a village about fifteen miles away where leaves of this kind grew. As it was damp and smelt of beer, he came to the conclusion that, according to their custom, they had been carrying pots of native beer on their heads, the mouths of the pots being stopped with bunches of leaves, and as the leaf was ten yards from the track it showed that there was a wind blowing when they passed.

This was at seven in the morning, and though there was no wind blowing then there had been about two hours before. The sum total of the colonel's deductions was that this party had been taking beer from the village to the enemy on the hills, and would arrive there about six o'clock. The men would start drinking at once, and by the time he could reach them would be getting sleepy from it, and so he could reconnoiter their position without difficulty. He followed the track, found the enemy, and got away with excellent information. Everything had happened as he had deducted! No wonder the Matabele called him "Impeesi," or wolf, and the man who never sleeps.

Kimberley was in much the same situation as Mafeking. The capture of the latter, however, could have no appreciable effect on the war, while the capture of the former would be a great loss to the British, not only from a military point of view, but on account of the immense wealth that would fall into the hands of the Boers.



THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY.



BRITISH ARTILLERY AT COLENZO.

It is estimated that Kimberley was besieged by a Boer force of at least 5,000 men under Commandant Cronje. The garrison was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Kekewich.

All through October and November of 1899, the besieged troops made ineffectual sorties and withstood an intermittent bombardment. The most brilliant of the sorties was on October 24, when Colonel Scott Turner of the Second Black Watch attacked the besiegers at McFarlane's farm. Although regarded as a victory by the British, who behaved gallantly, especially the Lancashire regiment, which carried a kopje at the point of the bayonet, Colonel Turner was finally forced to retire. This sortie illustrated very vividly the up-to-date character of present warfare. Almost for the first time since the American Civil War, the supports to the troops engaged were conveyed by railway to the actual scene of the fighting, and instead of the wounded coming back in springless carts they were brought in comfortable saloon carriages. Although Colonel Turner had a free hand, Colonel Kekewich from his point of vantage on the conning tower was able to see what was going on six miles distant, and he was guided by this in the dispatch of reinforcements. During the later phases of the engagement an armored train was in communication by telegraph with the conning tower, and several reports were transmitted to Colonel Kekewich in this way, in addition to the heliographic dispatches.

Among the reported Boer losses it was claimed that Commandant Hans Botha, a grizzled veteran fighter, was killed.

Seven miles from the scene of this skirmish the De Beers company had stored thirty-five tons of dynamite,

valued at \$17,000. This was discovered by the Boers on November 1, who immediately exploded it with a shell from one of their guns. On November 2, and again on the sixteenth, the British made sorties, losing slightly in killed and wounded.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

Sir George Stewart White and a British Garrison of 12,000 Penned Up—
Fierce Battles and Capture of British Troops.



THE most critical situation during October and November was at Ladysmith, the British military headquarters in Natal. Ladysmith is to Natal what Aldershot is to England, and a large force garrisoned the place under command of Sir George Stewart White.

The Boer force besieging Ladysmith was under command of General Joubert. General Yule's column from Dundee reached Ladysmith on October 26, 1899, and General White decided upon a sortie in the direction of Lombard's Kop. The Boers withdrew without giving battle, but on October 28 they began mounting heavy guns overlooking the town.

The scouting operations disclosed the fact that several of the Boer laagers, including that of Lucas Meyer's column from Dundee, lay behind Lombard's and Bulwan Kops to the number of 7,000 men, with two batteries. At daybreak on Saturday General French, with 4,000 men, prepared to assault the positions with the bayonet and lance, but was recalled.

The Free Staters and General Joubert joined hands to the south of Modder's Spruit and west of the railway. Their central laager was well selected, from a tactical

point of view, upon the rough hills south of Matawan's Hoek. The Boers advanced in lines over a wide circuit of more than ten miles, extending from west of Acton Homes to east of Bulwan.

Early on Monday morning, October 30, the Boers opened fire with a big French gun, which they had named "Long Tom." The British field guns replied, aided by the guns of a naval brigade, which had been brought up from H.M.S. "Powerful" at Durban.

General White had previously determined upon a reconnoissance in force, and a spirited battle terminating in disaster to the British column was the result. The purpose of the movement, which was to roll back the Free Staters, was not achieved. Yet the British soldiers individually showed themselves fully a match for the Boers, both in shooting ability and in pluck, although the latter had been posted upon rough ground which had been previously prepared for defense and to resist a cannonade.

The Boers had been drawing their coils closer around on the west, north, and east sides of the town, their forces being composed of the Free Staters, General Joubert's column, and that of Lucas Meyer.

General Sir George White's plan included the fighting of three simultaneous actions.

On Sunday-Monday night, before daybreak, the British troops marched out a distance of several miles from camp and succeeded in securing certain points unseen by the Boers.

The Boers began the battle at ten minutes past five o'clock in the morning by firing with their 40-pounder guns from a ridge situated about four miles out to the east of the railway, dropping shells into the town. The

action soon became general, and White's left, center, and right engaged the Boer positions. At first his batteries seemed unable to silence the Boer artillery, which was handled with indomitable energy and pluck, the British gunners having to contend with the difficulty of being on low ground.

General White's right and center gained some initial successes, but the Boers arrived in force, and his right and left were attacked with tremendous vigor. His left became partially hemmed in, and his right was driven in steadily. The general retirement began about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and was executed with coolness.

The details of the action were substantially as follows:

General White detailed Major Adye, with a mountain battery of seven-pounders and part of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and Gloucestershire Regiment, to hold the neck and hills north of the old camp, thus menacing the Free Staters' line of retreat and securing Ladysmith from a westerly attack.

General Sir Archibald Hunter, with Colonel Grimwood, two batteries of artillery, the Leicestershire and Liverpool Regiments, and the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Rifle Brigade were sent to operate against Lucas Meyer, passing beyond Lombard's and Bulwan Kops.

The battery and the Liverpools lost their direction in advancing. They retraced their steps, but were not able to render assistance in the action until late.

The remaining infantry brigades—Colonel Ian Hamilton's, comprising the Gordon Highlanders, the Devonshire Regiment, the Manchester Regiment, and the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade; and Colonel Howard's, consisting of the 1st and 2nd Battalions King's Royal Rifles, the Dublin Fusiliers, and six field batteries—were sent to the

center on the Newcastle roadway, Colonel Howard's brigade being on the right.

They halted in the darkness behind a low kopje to the right of the roadway and about two and a half miles out, the guns and Colonel Howard's men making a detour by the right in order to turn what was thought to be the Boer left.

General White sought to thrust forward his center, whilst Major Adye on the left and Colonel Grimwood on the right held the opposed commandos in check. Major Adye, going along Walker's Hoek road, found a big force of Free Staters, and the fighting soon grew desperate, and the exposed kopje which he occupied was at an early hour assailed from all sides.

Practically three actions were raging simultaneously. General White was with his center, where an artillery duel was proceeding from 5:20 A. M. until 6:30 A. M., and so adroitly had his soldiers occupied their positions that the Boers had no idea where the troops securely lay. The boom of the big guns reverberating along the lines, with the screech and crash of the shells, drowned every other sound.

About 7 A. M. his right center advanced to turn the Boer left. All went well for a time, his troops gradually wheeling round towards the northern slopes of the Tintwanyona ridges. The Boer leaders upon the hills for hours courageously directed their men and guns, and to relieve the pressure mounted Boers streamed from their laagers, attacked Major Adye's column and regained the ground they had lost in the center.

The chief incident of the battle and one that caused great excitement at the time was the capture of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Gloucestershire Regiment and Moun-

tain Battery No. 10 by the Boers. Major Adye, of the staff, who had fought so gallantly, was also captured.

This disaster to the British forces was reported by General White in the following manly telegram wherein he assumed all the blame for the affair:

LADYSMITH, October 30, 11:30 P.M.—I have to report a disaster to a column sent by me to take a position on hill to guard the left flank of the troops in these operations to-day. The Royal Irish Fusiliers, No. 10 Mountain battery, and the Gloucester regiment were surrounded in hills, and, after losing heavily, had to capitulate. Casualties not yet ascertained. A man of Royal Irish Fusiliers employed as hospital orderly came in under flag of truce with a letter from the survivors of the column, and asked for assistance to bury the dead. I fear there is no doubt of the truth of the report. I formed the plan in carrying out which the disaster occurred, and am alone responsible for that plan. No blame whatever attaches to the troops, as the position was untenable.

WHITE.

He also sent the following official description of the battle:

LADYSMITH, October 31.—I took out from Ladysmith a brigade of mounted troops, two brigade divisions of Royal Artillery, Natal Field Battery, and two brigades of infantry to reconnoiter in force enemy's main position to the north, and if opportunity should offer to capture the hill behind Farquhar's pass, which had on the previous day been held in strength by the enemy. In connection with the advance a column, consisting of Tenth Mountain battery, four and a half companies of the Gloucesters, and six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the whole under Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton, with Major Adye, D.A.A.G., as staff officer, was dispatched at 10 P. M., the 29th ult., to march by night up Bell's Spruit and seize Nickolson's Nek, or some position near Nickolson's Nek, thus turning enemy's right flank. The main advance was successfully carried out, the objective of the attack being found evacuated. An artillery duel between our field batteries and the enemy's guns of position and Maxims is

understood to have caused heavy loss to enemy. The reconnoissance forced enemy to fully disclose his position, and after a strong counter attack on our right, the infantry brigade and cavalry having been repulsed, the troops were slowly withdrawn, two camp pickets being left in observation. Late in the engagement the naval contingent under Captain Lambton, H.M.S. *Powerful*, came into action and silenced with extremely accurate fire the enemy's guns of position.

The circumstances which attended the movement of Colonel Carleton's column are not yet fully known, but from the reports received the column appears to have carried out the night march unmolested until within two miles of Nickolson's Nek. At this point two boulders rolled from a hill, and a few rifle shots, stampeded the infantry ammunition mules. The stampede spread to the battery mules, which broke loose from their leaders, and got away with practically the whole of the gun equipment. The greater portion of the regimental small arm ammunition reserve was similarly lost. The infantry battalions, however, fixed bayonets; and, accompanied by the *personnel* of the battery, seized a hill on the left of the road, two miles from the neck, with but little opposition. There they remained unmolested until dawn, the time being occupied in an organized defense of the hill and constructing stone sangars and walls as cover from fire. At dawn a skirmishing attack on our position was commenced by the enemy, but made no way until 9:30 A. M., when strong reinforcements enabled them to push the attack with great energy. The fire became very searching, and two companies, and the Gloucesters, in an advanced position, were ordered to fall back. The enemy then pressed to short range, the losses on our side becoming very numerous. At three P. M. our ammunition was practically exhausted. The position was captured and the survivors of column fell into the enemy's hands. The enemy treated our wounded with great humanity, General Joubert at once dispatching a letter to me offering safe conduct to doctors and ambulance to remove wounded. Medical officer and parties to render first aid to wounded were dispatched to scene of action from Ladysmith last night, and ambulance at dawn this morning. The want of success of the column was due to the misfortune of the mules stampeding and consequent loss of guns and small-

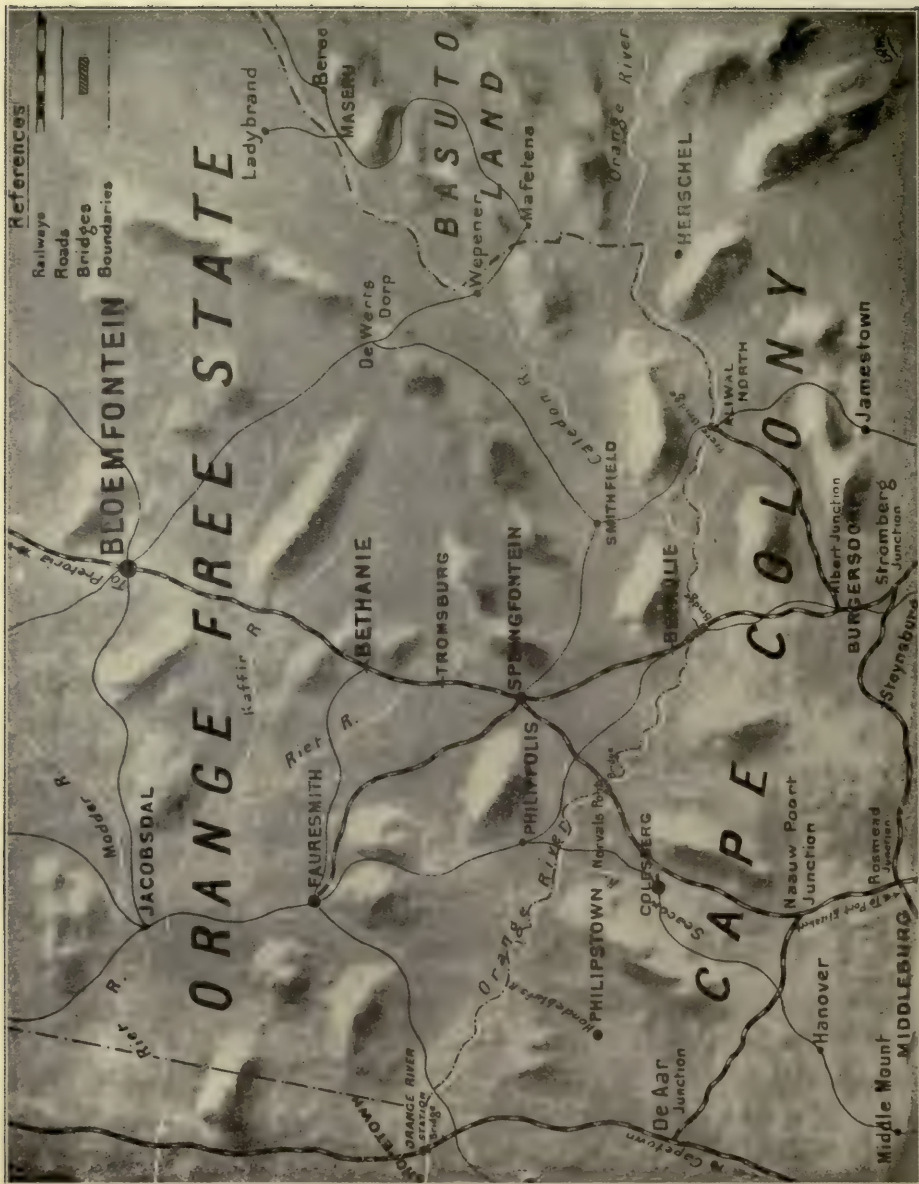
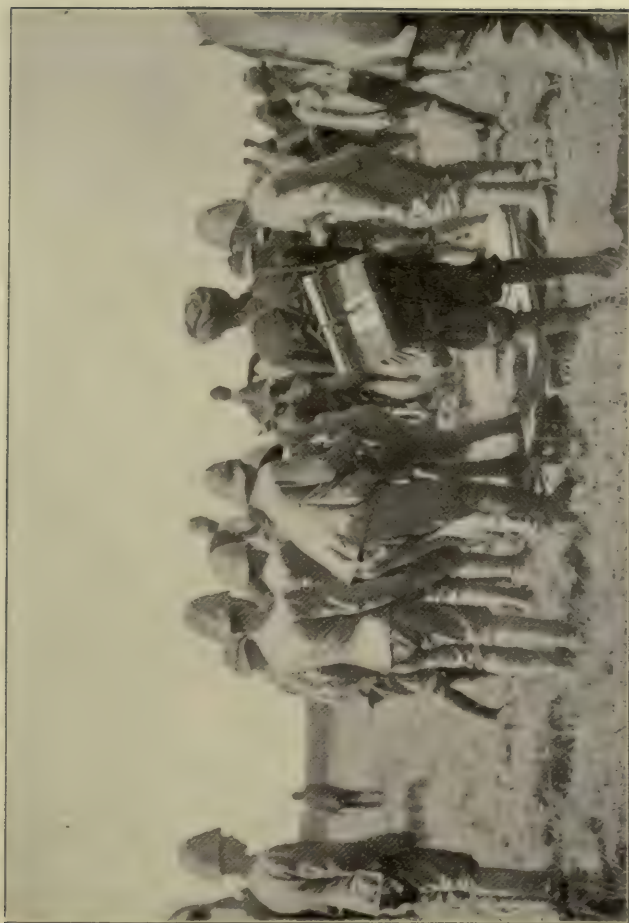


CHART OF GENERALS FRENCH AND GATACRE'S POSITIONS.



GATHERING THE DEAD AFTER THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

arm ammunition reserve. Official list of casualties and prisoners will be reported shortly. The latter are understood to have been sent by rail to Pretoria. The security of Ladysmith is in no way affected.

WHITE.

The captured numbered 843. Thirty-two of the Gloucesters, ten of the Fusiliers and ten of the mountain battery were found dead on the field, while 150 wounded were taken to Ladysmith. The Boers lost three killed.

Father L. Matthews, chaplain of the Irish Fusiliers, who was captured at Nickolson's Nek, October 31, gave the following account of the disaster:

We were sent out to occupy the position with the object of preventing the two Boer forces joining. We started at 8:30 on Sunday night, marched ten miles, and got to the hill at 1 A. M. The first mishap was that the mountain battery stampeded and scattered the whole lot of mules. We formed up again and gained the top of the hill. The guns were gone, but not all the ammunition. I do not know what stampeded the mules. The mules knocked me down. It was pitch dark. We had one hour's sleep. Firing began just after daylight. It was slack for some time, but the Boers crept round. Then the firing became furious. Our men made a breastwork of stones. After twelve o'clock there was a general cry of "Cease fire" in that direction. Our fellows would not stop firing. Major Adye came up and confirmed the order to cease fire. Then the bugle sounded the cease fire. In our sangar there was a rumor that the white flag was raised by a young officer, who thought his batch of ten men were the sole survivors. We were nine hundred alive, having started perhaps a thousand. I think that many of the battery men escaped. Our men and officers were furious at surrendering. The Boers did not seem to be in great numbers on the spot, but I heard that the main body had galloped off. The men had to give up their arms. The officers were sent to Commandant Steenchamp. The officers then ordered the men to fall in. The officers were taken away from the men and sent to General Joubert. On the same day the officers went in mule

wagons and slept at some store *en route*, and next day took train at Waschbank for Pretoria.* The officers are very well treated, and so, I have heard, are the men. There has been no unpleasantness at Pretoria. The officers are in the Model School, and are allowed to walk as they please in the grounds. I think that the surrender was a great blunder, and was caused by a misunderstanding. Major Adye was much put out. The white flag was not hoisted by the Irish Fusiliers.

The battle-field was one of the most interesting ever seen, and it would be hard to beat it for a panoramic view of military operations. The scene was a superb plateau interspersed with kopjes and surmounted by hills, the chief of which are Lombard's Kop and Culvara Mountain, the two most prominent eminences east of Ladysmith. Between them passes the high road to Helpmakaar. The battle-field lay below them, and the camp and town of Ladysmith were plainly visible in the distance. The landscape was bathed in the bright morning sun. Every detail stood out sharply in the clear atmosphere, and the view was closed in the far distance by the noble range of the Basuto Mountains.

A British correspondent who witnessed the battle, pays the following tribute to the bravery and dogged determination of the men on both sides:

The Boers made much use of their Maxims, but they did not do much execution with them. One of our Maxims was disabled by the Boer artillery. The men in charge of it fought with most dogged bravery and tenacity, working the gun amidst a shower of shell as long as it was workable, and finally dragging it with their own hands out of range, and so saving it from falling into the hands of the enemy. Every one of the mules with this plucky detachment was either killed or disabled.

Our Field Artillery were in evidence all the day. Over and over again a battery would expose itself to the fullest fire of the

enemy while a battalion in temporary difficulties got out of range.

Equal gallantry was displayed by the Boer gunners. Through field-glasses I diligently watched for some time a Boer battery splendidly posted on the top of a high ridge. Our men had got the range of this battery to a yard, and planted shell after shell right upon it, and mowed down the Boers serving it. But the enemy kept their guns firing to the last, fresh men running out of cover and taking the place of their dead or wounded comrades. About half-a-dozen Boers stood upon the very crest of the hill and calmly watched our batteries at work, and there they remained, with shells flying all round them.

The disaster at Nickolson's Nek was followed by two smart engagements on November 2 and 3, in which the British had a decided advantage, but without perceptibly weakening the Boer investment of Ladysmith.

General White forced the pace on November 2. During the night of the first his guns were quietly moved to a better position. The most important movement was carried out by the Naval Brigade, which managed to get three of their powerful quick-firing guns to the top of a high ridge close to the town on the western side. The Boers had also been busy. They dragged one 40-pounder into an excellent new position, and they replaced their disabled and damaged guns by fresh ones, which they mounted in the old positions. They also erected a new battery on a hill southwest of the town and situated about four miles distant. The Naval Brigade opened fire early on the morning of the second and the Boers replied promptly and fiercely.

All this artillery work occupied the attention of the Boers and enabled Sir George White to achieve his main purpose of the day, which was the capture of the Boer camp just behind Bester's Hill.

Joubert's main force was occupying two positions to the east of the town, one on the old site on the ridge above Pepworth's Farm, where the 40-pounder was still sullenly replying to the British fire, and the other on Umbulwani (Simbulwana) Hill.

The field artillery were supporting the cavalry and infantry, the latter not yet in action. The Naval Brigade's guns were engaged with the big Boer gun at Pepworth's Farm, and the heaviest field guns were replying to the Boers' battery on Umbulwani (Simbulwana) Hill.

At the time mentioned there was a temporary cessation of the artillery fire all round, but the artillery of the Free State Boers could still be heard in the direction of Bester's.

The British troops comprised the Lancers, the Hussars, the Natal Carbineers, and the Natal Border Rifles, and they left at dawn. A field battery was also sent out, and unmolested took up a good position.

General French, who was in command, got his force within striking distance before the Boers were aware of his movements.

The Boers were in a well-chosen position, and the camp—a large one—was surrounded by the usual laager of wagons and other obstructions to a direct attack. Bester's Hill itself was well fortified, and good guns were in position there.

The first intimation the Boers received was about 9 o'clock, when the British guns opened fire upon their camp. Their guns replied with some spirit, but they were badly served and they did little damage. Our gunners, on the other hand, rained shell upon the enemy's camp. During the artillery fire the cavalry, which had been

steadily working up to the Boer camp, suddenly burst upon it, stormed over the laager, and drove everything irresistibly before them. The casualties on both sides were small.

On November 3 General Brockelhurst captured the Boer position on Grobler's Kloof by an infantry charge with a flank attack by cavalry. The movement was made for the purpose of relieving the Colenso column which had been attacked by the Boers.

No definite advantage was gained by the British in these sorties, for so soon as the British would fall back upon Ladysmith, the Boers would reoccupy their old positions and the bombardment and siege continued.



CHAPTER XIV.

BULLER TAKES COMMAND OF BRITISH FORCES.

His Plan of Campaign—Sending Relief Columns to Kimberley and Ladysmith—Sketch of His Career—Estimate of Boer Forces.



SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa, arrived at Durban on October 31, 1899, and immediately took command.

Great things were expected of Buller, and inasmuch as the events which followed were the result of his plan of campaign, the following biographical facts concerning him are worth knowing:

Major-General Buller at this writing is sixty years of age. He comes from a good old Devonshire stock. He is a son of the late Mr. J. W. Buller, and his native county may well be proud of him. He has filled practically every position in the army except that of Commander-in-Chief.

Sir Redvers Buller was fortunate at the outset of his military career, inasmuch as he received what Napoleon the Less called his "baptism of fire" within two years of the date of his first commission. This was in the China War of 1860. In 1870 he took part in the Red River Expedition, which first brought him under the notice of Lord Wolseley. Three years later he was Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General in the Ashantee War, in which he was badly wounded. He was in South Africa in 1878,

and played an active part in several actions against the Gaikas and Galekas, and commanded the column in the affair at Buffalo Range. In the more serious campaign against the Zulus, he commanded the Mounted Troops of Sir Evelyn Wood's column. He had charge of the Intelligence Department in the Egyptian War in 1882, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, also at El Teb and Tamai, and was Chief of Staff in the Gordon Relief Expedition in 1884-85.

Here is the story of how he won his Victoria Cross, the most coveted decoration in the British army:

It was on March 28, 1879, at which time he was in command of the mounted troops—strictly they were not cavalry—of Sir Evelyn Wood's column in the Zulu War. He had been dispatched by his commander to clear the Inhlobane Mountain. The task had been accomplished in the face of stupendous difficulties and some opposition, when enormous Zulu reinforcements were observed coming up and threatening to cut him off. He was by sheer force of circumstances compelled to retreat by making a descent by the precipitous sides of the mountain. His force lost heavily, but his calmness and magnificent self-devotion saved it from the absolute destruction which seemed imminent. The much prized decoration was won not by a headlong rush against a foe, nor yet by a sudden impulse of gallantry, but by three unaffected acts of unselfish devotion, involving almost certain death.

First, when the pursuit was hottest, he saw Captain D'Arcy of the Frontier Light Horse dismounted, his horse having been killed under him, and retiring on foot. Colonel—as Sir Redvers then was—Buller, though he himself is a big, heavy man, quite a load for a horse, especially after a fatiguing morning, promptly took Captain

D'Arcy up behind him and carried him out of reach of the foe. A little later on the same day, under similar circumstances and in the same manner, he rescued another officer of the Frontier Light Horse, Lieutenant Everett. He finished—also on the same day—by carrying out of danger a trooper whose horse was completely exhausted. When he took this man up behind him, the Zulus were within eighty yards of them. Three separate and distinct actions in one day, each of which would have gained the famous bronze cross for any man !

Such is the man England selected to pit against Joubert.

With the troops already assigned, many of them at that moment *en route* to South Africa, he would have an army corps of about 90,000 men.

His departure from England was the occasion of a great public demonstration, and he was received at Durban with great manifestation of delight. In the minds of many the war was as good as over, but they soon discovered that Sir Redvers had to cope with a foeman worthy of his steel. They wore no gaudy trappings or decorations, but they knew how to shoot and were commanded by men who excelled in strategy.

Two forward movements were imperative. Ladysmith, with its garrison of 12,000 troops and \$5,000,000 worth of stores, was completely invested and the cordon was growing tighter and stronger every day. Sir George White had made a gallant defense, but unless he were given relief there could be but one end to the siege—the surrender of Ladysmith to General Joubert. Obviously Ladysmith must be relieved. This would require a strong column, as the Boers were in force as far south as the Orange River.



MARKET SQUARE, SOUTH SIDE, SHOWING NATIONAL BANK
AND CHAMBER OF MINES, JOHANNESBURG.



SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER.

A Macedonian cry for help was ascending from Kimberley. The garrison under Kekewich was in daily conflict with the besieging Boers, and aside from its priceless treasure in diamonds it was reported that \$25,000,000 in gold was stored there. Besides it had for a principal guest Cecil Rhodes, the dominating figure in British South Africa, whose capture would gratify the besiegers more than the capture of the town. Obviously, Kimberley must be relieved.

The relief of Kimberley would be followed by the relief of Mafeking, where Baden-Powell was "sitting tight" with very little to eat. Far north in Rhodesia, Colonel Plumer was "holding the fort," surrounded by a cordon of Boers, but his situation was of no immediate consequence.

The Orange Free Staters were preparing to invade Cape Colony, which they did two days later, and their presence was certain to have its effect upon the Cape Dutch. As a matter of fact, the latter were restless and only awaiting a favorable opportunity to join their friends and kindred, the Boers. The battles of Dundee, Glencoe, Elandslaagte and Reitfontein and Nickolson's Nek had been fought, and the Boers were flushed with victory. The effect was depressing upon the garrison troops and stimulated the Boers to renewed aggressiveness. They pressed south of Ladysmith and interrupted the lines of communication. The British garrison at Colenso evacuated that place under the artillery fire of the Boers, and fell back toward Estcourt. The garrison at Stormberg was withdrawn, because it was seen to be impossible to defend the place. Simultaneously with this the Boers issued a proclamation annexing the Upper Tugela district of Natal to the Orange Free State.

The scene of the invasion of Cape Colony was the

Colesburg district, which was in the center of Afrikaner disaffection in the Colony, and where a rising had been expected to take place any moment after hostilities commenced. The enemy had been concentrating their forces at Bethulie and Springfontein. On November 1 they crossed the frontier at Norval's Pont, by means of the railway bridge across the Orange River and the old stage coach road bridge. From Norval's Pont the Free Staters advanced, using the railway and the highway, and occupied the town of Colesburg. The enemy did not meet with the least resistance, nor was it expected that their advance would be opposed. The only force in Colesburg was a small squad of police, under a sergeant. They yielded to superior force, and were made prisoners of war.

Such were the conditions confronting Sir Redvers Buller when he began the work of mobilizing his forces and putting his plan of campaign in action. British affairs had reached a crisis and London did not attempt to conceal alarm over the situation, which was increased by the discovery that the Boer army was much larger than had been at first estimated.

The estimate of a military expert showed the following:

Around Ladysmith, including 5,000 at Colenso . . .	25,000
In Zululand	4,000
In Cape Colony advancing on Burghersdorp	5,000
In Colesburg	3,000
Around Kimberley	5,500
Mafeking	4,500
On Northern Transvaal border	2,000
Total	49,000

Although General Buller's force was nearly double, it required about half of it to protect lines of communication.

Under these circumstances he did what would have been done probably by nine out of ten generals placed in his position. He divided his forces into three columns. One under General Lord Methuen was sent to the relief of Kimberley, another under General Sir W. F. Gatacre was to constitute the center of his advance, ultimately going to the reinforcement of Methuen; the third and largest was under General Cornelius Francis Clery and, accompanied by the commander-in-chief, was intended for the relief of Ladysmith.

While these preparations were going forward there was much activity around Ladysmith and along the line of communication with Kimberley. On November 11, Colonel Gough of the Ninth Lancers, with two squadrons of his regiment, a small force of mounted infantry, two companies each of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and the Royal North Lancashire Regiment, and a half battery of Royal Field Artillery, under Major Lindsay, encountered a Boer force of 700 at Belmont. The Boers were commanded by Vandermerwe. They were in a position of great natural strength, with a firing line of over a mile. Colonel C. E. Keith-Falconer of the Northumberland Fusiliers and two lieutenants were killed and about half a dozen men wounded. The skirmish is worth narrating, as it shows the tactics practiced by the Boers, whether operating in large or small bodies. The scouts of the Lancers saw a number of mounted Boers, who fled and the Lancers gave chase. The main body of Boers was concealed and they allowed the British to come very close before opening fire. One account of the fight says: "The Boer bullets spat up sand amongst the horses' feet, and it is really remarkable that our casualties were so few. The hottest

corner was the spot where Colonel Keith-Falconer fell. He was shot full in the chest, and dropped fronting the enemy with a smile on his face. His death was instantaneous, but Lieutenant Hall lingered for a few hours after receiving a wound which it was seen from the first must be mortal. The Boers took advantage of every kind of shelter, and were practically in ambush when they suddenly opened fire. The British troops were simply wild at seeing their officers fall, and they were held in check with difficulty. One man claimed with grim pride to have shot the man who killed the colonel.

This action should not be confused with the battle of Belmont. It was simply a preliminary skirmish to the battle of Belmont, the first battle fought by Lord Methuen when he began his advance for the relief of Kimberley.



CHAPTER XV.

METHUEN'S KIMBERLEY RELIEF COLUMN.

The Battles of Belmont, Gras Pan or Enslin and the Stunning Reverses at Modder River—Bloody Engagements and Severe Losses.



S GEN. LORD METHUEN'S column was the first of the relief columns to come in contact with the Boers, we will deal first with its operations. On November 21 the entire division under Lord Methuen, about 7,000 men, moved out from the Orange River and bivouacked at Witte Puts. This movement at once drew the fire of the Boer artillery, the Boers being intrenched at Belmont immediately north. On November 22 there was an artillery skirmish, the British capturing the Boer position at a place called Fincham's Farm. On Thursday, November 23, the real battle was fought, and while the British succeeded in gaining the Boers' position they did so at a fearful cost, having had 294 killed and wounded, while the Boers retired in an orderly manner, taking all of their guns with them, although they lost 40 prisoners.

The battle began at 3:56 o'clock in the morning, and the following description conveys a general idea of how it was fought:

The Boers were intrenched behind three sets of ridges or kopjes. The Scots Guards and the Grenadiers attacked the first position after a five-mile night march. The Boers

reserved their fire until their assailants were within 250 yards. Then they opened a withering fire, to which the British did not reply, although it staggered them for a moment. With fixed bayonets, and with drums beating and fifes playing, they went steadily up until the Boers were forced to take refuge behind their second line of defense. It was one of the finest achievements in the history of the brigade, and one that called for the highest form of bravery.

The Ninth Brigade then moved forward in extended order, and the Boers started a terrible cross-fire from the surrounding hills. The Coldstreams, supported by the Scots, Grenadiers, Northumberlanders, and Northamptoners, stormed the second position in the face of a constant and effective Boer fire.

The Ninth Brigade then advanced the artillery, in the meantime maintaining excellent practice. The British infantry never wavered, and when a tremendous cheer notified them of the charge, the Boers fled and succeeded in gaining a range of hills in the rear, in spite of the Lancers' flanking movement.

The infantry again gallantly faced the fire, and the naval brigade came into action for the first time at a range of 1,800 yards. The infantry was well supported by the artillery, and the Boers, unable to withstand the death-dealing volleys, retired, leaving the position in the hands of their assailants.

Had the British been supplied with sufficient cavalry, they might have won a decisive victory by following up the Boer retreat. As it was, it was really a check to Methuen, who nevertheless claimed a victory, for he lost heavily and captured no guns.

The following is his official report of the battle:

BELMONT, November 23.

Attacked enemy at daybreak this morning in strong position.

Three ridges carried in succession, last attack being prepared by shrapnel.

Infantry behaved splendidly, and received support from Naval Brigade and artillery.

Enemy fought with courage and skill.

Had I attacked later I should have had far heavier losses.

Victory was complete.

Have taken 40 prisoners, and am burying good number of Boers, but the greater part of the killed and wounded have been taken away by their comrades.

Have large number of horses and cows. Have destroyed large amount of ammunition.

METHUEN.

Especial gallantry was displayed in the battle of Belmont by Major Milton, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. At the close of the action the Mounted Infantry, which he was leading, fell into an ambush and fled. He supplied a trooper whose horse had been killed, with his own and then walked away under heavy fire. Chaplain Hills also showed absolute carelessness of personal danger.

After the battle Lord Methuen made the following address to the troops: "Comrades, I congratulate you on the complete success achieved by you this morning. The ground over which we have to fight presents exceptional difficulties, and we have as an enemy a past-master in the tactics of mounted infantry. With troops such as you are, a commander can have no fear as to the result. There is a sad side, and you and I are thinking as much of those who have died for the honor of their country and of those who are suffering as we are thinking of our victory."

Lord Methuen's column left Belmont Friday afternoon,

November 24, marched six miles in a northeasterly direction and bivouacked for the night. On Saturday, the twenty-fifth, he fought the battle of Gras Pan, or as it has been officially designated, the battle of Enslin. Lord Methuen had ascertained the Boers' position the night before. The British attacking force comprised the Naval Brigade, the Ninth Brigade, the cavalry and two batteries of artillery.

The Boers occupied a horseshoe-shaped position upon the kopjes which encircled the hills. The fight again opened in the early morning, but on this occasion the British guns were brought into play before the infantry advanced. The shell fire was continuous and terrific.

The Boer position, a strong one upon the kopjes, was shelled to such an extent that the Boer fire slackened and died away, and not a man was to be seen on the line of hills in front.

Then it was that Lord Methuen gave the order for the force to advance and occupy the kopje which formed the center of the position and the stronghold of the Boer defense.

This was the great feature of the day.

The men advanced to the charge with a brilliancy that could not be surpassed. They all believed that the attack would probably be a safe one, and that the position would be theirs with a trifling loss. The naval men led the way, and when they started there was no sign of an enemy. It looked as though the hot shell fire had been too much for them, and that they had fallen back from their line of defense. They had a sudden and a rude awakening.

Whilst the naval men were 200 or 300 yards from the enemy's line they were met by one blaze of fire from right



GENERAL METHUEN.



LAW COURTS, JOHANNESBURG.

round the kopje. It was so murderous and well sustained that no troops could live before it.

Commander Ethelston, R.N., was among those slain at this point.

The men fell back for a few moments for cover. Then the charge was again sounded, and this time, rushing from point to point, taking all the shelter the ground afforded, the men reached the foot of the kopje. What that run was will be realized when it is said that the shower of bullets striking the ground gave all the appearance of a raging sandstorm.

At the foot of the kopje the men halted for an instant only. Then with a wild yell they went for the hill, burning to revenge themselves for the loss of officers and comrades.

The Boers could not stand it. The few that held their ground were killed. The great majority fell back rapidly.

The fight was somewhat of a revelation. How the Boers lay low under their defenses without making any sign during the terrific shelling of the artillery was regarded as a marvel by military men. It was a feat scarcely expected of them. On the other hand, the coolness of the British under fire, the determined work of the sailors and marines, and the persistency with which all arms worked for the one result was praiseworthy.

The fight was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme.

Though the Boers suddenly retired, their retreat was by no means a rout. Relying also upon their superior mobility, every man of them being provided with a horse, they hung on the outskirts of Methuen's column and continually harassed it.

The British loss was 198 killed and wounded, the

Naval Brigade being the heaviest sufferer. All of the officers of the brigade but two were killed.

An English correspondent who rode over the battlefield noted the following interesting facts:

Our men were for the most part hit in the abdomen and legs, the Boers following their customary plan of firing low. Several were wounded in the head and a few in the back, the latter being accounted for by the severe cross-fire to which our fellows were at one period of the action exposed.

I found in a lonely bit of veldt the body of a stalwart young private of the Scots Guards. The soldier lay on his side still clutching his rifle. Not far off was a Boer with a pallid face, a grotesque smile over fine teeth, and eyes glazed in death, a type of scores of dead Boers reverently interred on the field by our burial parties.

Many were the instances of individual gallantry and patient endurance of suffering which the special correspondents noted during and immediately after the battle on the part of both officers and men. A wounded officer of the Guards rode calmly to the field hospital in the rear on his own horse in order that the bearer companies might attend to his men. He received my bottle of crystal water at Fincham's Farm with manifest pleasure. It was a satisfaction not less keen to me to see him drink. The day was fearfully hot, and a mouthful of water was veritable nectar to the few fortunate enough to obtain it. Over and over again I replenished my bottle at the farm and distributed its welcome contents amongst the wounded and the panting, toiling officers and men. Two brothers, both belonging to the Northumberland Fusiliers, were brought in together. They had fought in brotherly emulation side by side, and each was badly wounded in the thigh by a Boer bullet.

Sergeant Holmes and Privates Longdon and Williams, of the Northampton Regiment, deserve conspicuous mention even on a day which produced heroes by the score. They were told off to look after the wounded, and throughout the fierce hail of bullets from the Boer marksmen, hidden on the two biggest kopjes, they did their work as coolly as though at a St. John's Ambulance

class. One of the men of their regiment to whom they ministered had been struck three times in the back but did not seem to be mortally hurt, and numerous miraculous escapes of the same kind have been reported to me.

A Northampton man said to me that "the Boers were as thick as hornets." A Guardsman remarked, "Omdurman was child's play to this." He had helped to storm the big kopjes. I saw the Guardsmen perform that particular bit of work with the Northampton men. They charged over natural breastworks of formidable boulders on the Boer flank in a manner which it is doubtful if any other troops in the world could have equaled.

After Saturday's battle, General Methuen's column rested on Sunday. It advanced fifteen miles northward on Monday and at night the column halted close to the Modder River. In front of it lay a Boer army of equal strength and strongly intrenched.

General Methuen's account of the battle which followed is concise, but it was some days before his casualties were made known. His official dispatch is herewith given:

MODDER RIVER, Tuesday, Nov. 28.—Reconnoitered at 5 A.M. enemy's position on River Modder and found them strongly intrenched and concealed. No means of outflanking, the river being full. Action commenced with artillery, mounted infantry and cavalry at 5:30.

Guard on right, Ninth Brigade on left, attacked position in widely extended formation at 6:30, and, supported by the artillery, our force found itself in front of the whole Boer force, 8,000 strong, with two large guns, four Krupps, etc.

The naval brigade rendered great assistance from the railway.

After desperate, hard fighting, which lasted ten hours, our men, without water or food, and in the burning sun, made the enemy quit his position.

General Pole-Carew was successful in getting a small party across the river, gallantly assisted by 300 sappers.

I speak in terms of high praise of the conduct of all who were engaged in one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British army. If I can mention one arm particularly, it is two batteries of artillery.

METHUEN.

The Boer forces were commanded by Cronje, with Colonel Richard Albrecht, a former Austrian officer, an expert artillerist and strategist, in charge of the artillery.

The Boers occupied a strongly intrenched position, their front extending five miles along the bank of the stream. They were well supplied with artillery and fought desperately.

The British force consisted of the second battalion of the Coldstream Guards, the first battalion of the Scots Guards, the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, the first battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the second battalion of the Yorkshire Light Infantry (the King's Own), a part of the First Regiment, the Ninth Lancers, the mounted battalion of the Royal North Lancashire Infantry, three batteries of field artillery and the first battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's).

The latter reinforced the column from General Wauchope's brigade and arrived just in time for the fight. The battle started at daybreak, the British guns shelling the Boers' left.

The Boers replied with artillery, Hotchkiss and Maxims, and the artillery duel lasted some hours. Then there was a brief lull in the operations. The British infantry advanced across the plain toward the river in two brigades. The Guards, on the right, were met by an awful hail of bullets from the enemy's sharpshooters, posted close to the river on the opposite bank. They

had no cover whatever, and were simply mowed down. It seemed impossible to live through the terrible fire, but the brave fellows did not retreat an inch. The Boer fire was fatally accurate.

The Scots Guards advanced 600 yards before they were fired on. Then they had to lie down to escape the deadly fusillade, which lasted without intermission throughout the day.

The Highlanders made several attempts to force a passage of the river, but they were exposed to such a murderous enfilading fire that they had to retire after they had suffered terribly.

Subsequently a party of the Guards got over and held their own for hours against a vastly superior force. The general opinion of the staff was that there had never been such a sustained fire in the annals of the British army as that which Methuen's troops had to face. The men fell in dozens while trying to rush the bridge.

Among the many heroic deeds one of the most conspicuous was that of Lieutenant-Colonel Codrington of the Coldstream Guards, Captain Sellpein of the Queensland Contingent, and a dozen members of the Coldstream Guards, who jumped into the river and swam nearly to the other side in the face of a steady fire, but who were forced to retire, and, joining hands, swam back, two of their number being nearly drowned in the retreat.

The British guns kept up a heavy fire all day and considerable damage was wrought on the Boer position. Night put an end to the terrible bloodshed. The infantry brigade was dreadfully cut up.

The Boers retreated at night, taking their guns with them, and the British occupied their position. The battle was conducted with unprecedented stubbornness on

both sides. There was one continuous roar, like the explosion of countless cannon-crackers. There was no flinching on either side, and not a moment's pause.

For five hours the British batteries poured tons of shrapnel and shells into the Boer positions. Lord Methuen had twenty-two guns, and each fired an average of 200 rounds. The Boers had an almost equal number of guns, which, it is reported, were mostly served by French and German artillerists.

The Boers had occupied the position seven weeks before, and had spent the interval in fortifying and rendering it, as they considered, impregnable. They did not seem to fear to spend their ammunition, and their guns were well and smartly handled.

Owing to the bend of the river on the right, the Boers had an opportunity of cross-firing on the British attack. A Boer Hotchkiss was directed with marvelous accuracy against a British Maxim, killing the sergeant in charge, wounding an officer and disabling the gun. This occurred quite at the beginning of the engagement. Whenever the Boer fire was silenced in one direction it was immediately reopened in another.

Owing to the terrific fire, nobody on the plain was out of reach. Stretcher-bearers found it impossible to go forward in the few cases they were called upon to attend, and the wounded were compelled, if possible, to crawl out of the lines. No quarter was given on either side.

On the following morning at daybreak the British fired a few shells into the village. Getting no response, a patrol of cavalry crossed the river and found the Boer camp deserted.

The British casualties were 475.

Among the distinguished officers killed, were Lieuten-

ant-Colonel Henry P. Northcott, deputy-assistant adjutant general on Lord Methuen's staff, and Lieutenant-Colonel Horace Robert Stoford of the Second Coldstream Guards.

Among the wounded were Lord Methuen (slight), Major Count Gleichen, a son of the late Prince Victor Hohenlohe and a grandnephew of the Queen; Lieutenant the Honorable Edward Lygon, brother of Earl Beauchamp, and Viscount Acheson, eldest son of the Earl of Grosford.

Lord Methuen lost between Witte Puts and the Modder River, nearly, if not quite, 1,000 men, or one-seventh of his command in traversing a distance of fifty-five miles. The bridge across the Modder had been greatly damaged by the Boers, and it was necessary to repair it before an advance could be made. The weakened condition of his column demanded reinforcements. Accordingly, Methuen awaited the needed reinforcements while he repaired the bridge.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF STORMBERG.

Second Division of General Buller's Army Corps under General Gatacre
• Meets with a Surprise and is Forced to Retreat.



ON DECEMBER 10, the second division of General Sir Redvers Buller's army corps, under command of General Sir William Forbes Gatacre, met with a bloody repulse at Stormberg Junction in Northern Cape Colony. The Boers were commanded by Swanepoel and Olivier, and numbered 2,500.

Stormberg has few superiors as a place of strategical importance in Northern Cape Colony. It is a railroad junction, fifty miles northwest of Queenstown and eighteen miles from Burghersdorp. The Stormberg Mountains which surround the town are great masses, with many precipices and covered with bowlders, making a favorable stronghold for fighting under the Boer tactics. The ascent to the town is made by zigzag trails, which for a great portion of the distance wind between precipitous declivities, offering exceptional opportunities for ambuscades.

During the early weeks of the war Stormberg was occupied by the British forces, but on November 2 General Buller, learning that the Free State Boers had crossed the border from Smithfield in strong force, ordered the town evacuated, the troops retreating to Queenstown.



THE BATTLE OF STORMBERG.



STREET SCENE, DURBAN.

On Sunday, November 26, the Boers in force occupied Stormberg, thus cutting railroad communication between General Gatacre, with 6,000 troops at Queenstown, and General John H. B. French with a smaller force at Naauwpoort. Immediately after the occupation of the town the Boers commenced fortifying the place, and the move, which was generally considered another evidence of aggressive Boer tactics in Northern Cape Colony, had a great moral effect on the dissatisfied Dutch residents.

In the last week in November, General Gatacre, having been reinforced, moved north and occupied Bushman's Hoek, about half-way between Queenstown and Molteno. On December 2 he moved on to Putter's Kraal.

The advance of General Gatacre from Putter's Kraal, which ended in disaster at Stormberg, had a two-fold motive. His intention was to 'administer signal defeat to the Boers in order to check the spread of disaffection among Dutch residents in Northern Cape Colony. This disaffection had been increasing at a rate alarming to the British, and military authorities in London agreed the quickest curative lay in aggressive warfare. General Gatacre was so instructed.

His second motive was to clear the way for his advance to join Methuen's column should such a course be deemed necessary. *En route* his plan was to unite his forces with those of General French.

General Gatacre's column left Putter's Kraal at noon, December 9, and arrived by train at Molteno the same evening. At nine o'clock at night he began his march toward Stormberg, expecting to surprise the Boers by an early morning attack. It was a memorable march over rocks and veldt. There was no sound save the tramp

of the men and no distinguishing lights whatever were given.

The column arrived safely within a couple of miles of its destination, the only incident of the march being an occasional sudden call of "halt," under the belief that the Boers were near.

Suddenly a terrific fire opened simultaneously on the British front and right flank. The Royal Irish Rifles, which formed the advance, sought shelter behind a neighboring kopje, and were speedily joined by the remainder of the column.

It was soon found, however, that this position was also covered by Boer guns, which were more powerful than had been supposed. The troops, therefore, sought a safer position about half a mile away, two batteries in the meantime engaging the Boers and covering the troops in their withdrawal.

The action now became general at long range, and a detachment of mounted infantry moved northward with a view of getting on the enemy's right flank. Suddenly a strong commando was seen moving from the north, and the Royal Irish Rifles and the Northumberland Regiment were sent out to meet it.

It was soon discovered, however, that the Boers had machine guns well placed, and the British were compelled to face a terrible fire.

Not only did the two regiments suffer heavily in killed and wounded, but the major part of their force was taken prisoners.

While there has never been a report in detail of the Stormberg battle, possibly on account of the panic among the invaders and their hasty and disorderly retreat, certain facts in connection therewith are obvious. Gatacre,

expecting to surprise the enemy, was himself taken by surprise.

Finding himself completely entrapped, he collected his force and had a running fight from ridge to ridge for nine miles in the retreat, losing two guns, and the excellent handling of the field battery alone enabled the main body to escape.

The Fusiliers and the Irish Rifles were probably captured in small groups at different times, and many of them were unable to join the column when the retreat was begun.

The Boers brought their guns on the tops of the kopjes and followed the retreating troops on the road below for miles, sending shell after shell down into the valley.

General Gatacre's first report of the battle was contained in a few words, and was as follows:

Deeply regret to inform you that I have met with serious reverse in attack this morning on Stormberg.

I was misled to enemy's position by guide, and found impracticable ground.

GATACRE.

He reported as his casualties, two killed, twenty-nine wounded and 605 missing. These were all augmented by later reports, which showed that the Boers had captured 672 prisoners. The Boer casualties were exceedingly small, as they were intrenched and took the British completely by surprise. Gatacre's second report, dated December 11, is as follows:

The idea to attack Stormberg seemed to promise certain success, but the distance was underestimated by myself and the local guides. A policeman took us around some miles and consequently we were marching from 9:30 P.M. till 4 A.M. and were landed in an impossible position. I do not consider the error intentional.

The Boers commenced firing from the top of an unscalable hill and wounded a good many of our men while in the open plain. The Second Northumberlands tried to turn out the enemy, but failed. The Second Irish Fusiliers seized a kopje near and held on, supported by the mounted infantry and Cape police.

The guns under Jeffray could not have been better handled. But I regret to say that one gun was overturned in a deep nullah and another sank in quicksand. Neither could be extricated in the time available.

Seeing the situation, I sent a dispatch rider to Molteno with the news. I collected and withdrew our forces from ridge to ridge for about nine miles. The Boers' guns were remarkably well served. They carried accurately 5,000 yards.

I am holding Bushman's Hoek and Cyphergat. Am sending the Irish Rifles and Northumberlands to Sterksstroom to recuperate. The wounded proceed to Queenstown. The missing Northumberlands number 366, not 306, as previously reported.

GATACRE.

The following report of the battle of Stormberg was sent out by President Steyn of the Orange Free State:

The British, with six cannon, attacked the Boers under Swanepoel and Olivier and stormed the Boers' entrenched positions on the kopjes. After a severe fight they were compelled to surrender.

The prisoners are Majors Sturges, six officers and 360 non-commissioned officers and men of the Northumberlands, and two officers and about 310 non-commissioned officers and men of the Irish Fusiliers.

It is impossible to state the number of dead or wounded British. The Boers captured three cannon and two ammunition wagons.

General Gatacre's disaster at Stormberg has been blamed for lack of knowledge of the country, but when the war began there were no official maps available at

Cape Town, and therefore it is probable that General Gatacre is still without them.

On December 12, General Gatacre fell back to Sterks-strom.

The following official dispatch from General Forestier-Walker, dated at Cape Town, shows that it was impossible to obtain a correct list of the killed and wounded:

The Boers decline to furnish the names of the killed or wounded. They say they buried the dead and are sending the prisoners to Bloemfontein.

General Gatacre's defeat was the most serious that the British had sustained up to that time. Its effect was to increase the disloyalty of the Cape Colony Dutch and to dampen the spirits of the British at home. Much had been expected of Gatacre. He was a soldier of proved courage and ability. In Burmah he soon won the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order. He fought bravely in the Soudan, and has always evinced great ability in handling large bodies of men.

Sir William, at the time of the Stormberg battle, was fifty-six years old, but was remarkably young looking for that age. His first regiment was the Seventy-seventh foot, commonly known as the "Die-Hards." He spent some years in India previous to the Burmah campaign, and then returned to England to receive his promotion to the office of a major-general at Aldershot. The general was known among the soldiers as "Bill Backacher."

His chief characteristic was tremendous energy, and although he made great calls on those he commanded he never spared himself. He made a record ride in India under adverse circumstances, and his advance in the Chitral campaign contributed much to its success. It

was due to the constant work to which he put his men that in the Soudan campaign he was able to make the wonderful forced march he did and to arrive at the battle of Atbara in the very nick of time.

In appearance he is middle height and spare but wiry form, and his face is tanned a dark brown from exposure to all sorts of climates. He wears a very black mustache. He has a very abrupt manner, speaks but rarely, and when he does goes straight to the point.



CHAPTER XVII.

METHUEN WHIPPED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

After Receiving Reinforcements at Modder River, again Attempts a Forward Movement to Relieve Kimberley and is Repulsed.



WHILE the events narrated in the preceding chapter were transpiring, General Methuen was repairing the bridge at Modder River, awaiting reinforcements and making general preparation for another advance on the forces of General Cronje.

The Boers in the meantime had not been inactive, but had intrenched themselves at Magersfontein just north of the river.

On December 11, his reinforcements having arrived, General Methuen, with about 11,000 men, attacked the Boer position in front, and met with a worse repulse than Gatacre had received at Stormberg. In some respects the battle resembled that of Stormberg, the assailants having been led into a trap and having attacked at the wrong point.

On Saturday, December 10, the kopjes occupied by the Boers were heavily shelled by the naval brigade, and the next day, with the object of demolishing the Boers, the whole of Lord Methuen's artillery poured a hot fire into the laager and the kopjes.

The Boers made but a feeble attempt to reply with the twelve guns at their disposal, and at midnight Lord Methuen sent Major-General Wauchope to move on the Boer position with troops of the Highland brigade, con-

sisting of the First Highland Light Infantry, the First Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Second Sea-forths.

They were led by guides through the night, the darkness of which was intensified by a heavy rainfall. At 3:20 o'clock, while still in quarter column, they ran into an ambushade and encountered terrific fire from trenches at the base of the kopjes in occupation of the Boers. Although not yet daylight, the burghers' volley did such tremendous execution at a range of three hundred yards that the British troops were compelled to retreat.

The brigade suffered a heavy loss, and the Royal Highlanders in particular met with terrible punishment, only 160 men being mustered on re-forming the battalion.

Nothing more could be done until the rest of the main body had come up. Then, at daylight, the British artillery, consisting of thirty-one guns, began a bombardment which lasted throughout the day, the howitzers, as before, using heavy lyddite shells.

The Boers made no serious attempt to reply with their guns, but their rifle fire was so persistent, concentrated and well directed that it was absolutely impossible for the British infantry to take the position by assault.

In the course of the forenoon the Gordon Highlanders were sent to the front by Lord Methuen and advanced with the utmost gallantry to attack the Boer center, close to where lay their dead and wounded comrades of the Highland Brigade. The Boers were, however, so well intrenched that it was found physically impossible to carry the position, and they were also compelled to retire.

General Methuen then gave up the attack, and on



SUBURBS OF JOHANNESBURG.



ALONG THE BAY, DURBAN.

Tuesday morning both sides occupied the positions held before the fight.

The scientific scheme of defense devised by Colonel Albrecht, the Austrian officer in charge of the Boers' artillery at the battle of Magersfontein, was well adapted to the Dutch method of fighting, and the position, of great natural strength, was an insuperable obstacle to British success, at least on the first day.

Official accounts from Pretoria describe the fighting as heavy, and assert that the Boers held their positions and took forty-one prisoners.

It was a well-fought battle on each side, with the Dutch and British alike at their best and equally stubborn and inflexible.

The British used their balloon during intervals of the engagement for directing the artillery fire.

The Highland Brigade was misled while marching in the dark during a drenching rain and suddenly exposed to a destructive enfilading cross fire.

The enemy's position had not been properly reconnoitered, and the Highlanders were entangled by barbed wire and entrapped while marching in close order.

The battle opened with a disastrous repulse, and while there was fine artillery practice afterward and the Guards' Brigade checked a flank attack by the Boers, the blunders at the outset could not be retrieved. It was Stormberg over again within twenty-four hours.

The Highlanders did all that the most gallant troops in the world could do, but it was impossible to face the terrible fire of the Boers.

The British artillery saved an utter rout and divides the honors of the day with the Scots. The batteries worked for hours under a galling rifle fire.

According to the Boer reports, it was impossible for the burghers to have escaped loss. One Boer prisoner said a single lyddite shell killed or wounded a number of his comrades, and that two other shells burst over two bodies of Boers ensconced behind the range.

While the Guards were advancing on the plain, which the Boers were shelling from the adjoining ridges, they encountered and cut up a strong Boer picket posted on a hill for purposes of observation. All the members of the picket were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

All agree that the Boers fought throughout with the utmost gallantry. Their sharpshooters seldom missed the mark.

A Seaforth Highlander says while he was lying wounded on the field he saw a Boer of typical German appearance, faultlessly dressed, with polished top boots, a shirt with silk ruffles, and a cigar in his mouth, walking among the ant hills, picking off the British. He was quite alone, and it was apparent from the frequent use he made of field glasses that he was singling out officers.

A wounded Boer says that a lyddite shell, fired on Sunday, fell in the middle of an open air prayer-meeting held to offer supplications for the success of the Boer arms.

All the wounded were full of praise for the treatment they received from the medical department on the battlefield.

The British casualties show a total of 963, of which number seventy were officers.

The Black Watch was the heaviest sufferer. Of the rank and file forty-two were killed, 182 were wounded, and 111 are missing.

An official dispatch from a Boer commander contained the following with reference to casualties:

The Boers captured a great quantity of loot, including 200 Lee-Metfords, cases of cartridges and hundreds of bayonets. Great numbers of the British have retired from Tweo-Rivieren in the direction of Belmont.

The loss of the British was very great. There were heaps of dead on the field. The wounded are being attended to temporarily at Bissels' farm. The sappers and miners must have suffered severely. The Boers suffered heavy losses in horses. I cannot otherwise describe the battle-field than as a sad and terrible slaughter.

Monday was for us a brilliant victory. It has infused new spirit into our men, and will enable them to achieve greater deeds.

Among the British officers killed was Major-General Andrew G. Wauchope. He was a fighter who never knew what fear meant. He saw his first blood in the Ashantee war of 1873-74, and was wounded severely in the Soudan and in Egypt, four times altogether. His bravery had been gloriously rewarded. He was decorated with the Order of the Bath and with the Order of Michael and George. He was a brigadier-general of the First Brigade in the Egyptian expeditionary force of 1898. He entered the army in 1865. The rank of colonel was his actual rank and his title of major-general only temporary.

General Wauchope commanded the Royal Highlanders, better known as the "Black Watch." His body was found close to the Boer trenches.

The Royal Highlanders constitute one of the most famous regiments in the British army. Its sobriquet of "Black Watch" comes from its uniform. In 1730 the regiment consisted of six companies, styled the Independent

Companies of the Black Watch. Their principal duties were to keep under control the disaffected elements on the lowland frontier. In 1839 all of the companies were formed into a regiment and placed under command of the Earl of Crawford. Subsequently, retaining almost entirely its original Highland character, the regiment became one of the most valuable in the British army, it being famed for its brilliant achievements.

When the Highlanders met the murderous point-blank fire of the Boers about 200 were mowed down. The Black Watch Regiment, on re-forming, were able to muster only 160 men.

A detachment of Boers, posted among some thick bushes to the east, maintained a most destructive fire on the British right. With the remarkable talent for taking cover which the Boer always displays, they were, generally speaking, virtually invisible, and, although the Boer artillery was practically silenced, their rifle fire was so persistent and concentrated, as well as usually well aimed, that it was absolutely impossible for the British infantry to take the position by assault. At the first advance of the Highlanders the Boer shooting, probably owing to the darkness, was somewhat high. Otherwise the British losses would have been still heavier.

The most prominent officer killed after General Wauchope was the Marquis of Winchester, major of the Second Coldstreams. Apart from being the premier marquis, with a title dating from 1551, and having the unique hereditary honor of bearing the cap of dignity before the sovereign at a coronation, he was a gallant soldier who had rendered useful service in the Soudan.

Lieutenant-Colonels Goode and Goff and Major Milton, all well known in the service, were also among the killed,

with Captain Clark of the Seaforth Highlanders, who had won medals and decorations in three campaigns.

Lieutenant Wauchope, who was serving on his father's brigade staff, was wounded, so that there was more bad news for the gallant general's widow.

Lieutenant-Colonel Codrington, a popular officer of the Coldstreams, headed the list in the Guards' Brigade.

The following is General Methuen's official report of the battle:

Our artillery shelled a very strong position, held by the enemy, in a long, high kopje, from 4 o'clock until dusk Sunday. It rained hard last night.

The Highland brigade attacked the south end of the kopje at daybreak on Monday. The attack was properly timed, but failed.

The Guards were ordered to protect the Highlands' right and rear. The cavalry and mounted infantry, with a howitzer artillery battery, attacked the enemy on the left and the Guards on the right, supported by field artillery and howitzer artillery. They shelled the position from daybreak, and at 1:15 I sent the Gordons to support the Highland Brigade.

The troops held their own in front of the enemy's intrenchments until dusk, the position extending, including the kopje, for a distance of six miles toward the Modder River.

To-day I am holding my position and intrenching myself.

I had to face at least 12,000 men. Our loss was great.

METHUEN.

Notwithstanding the general's statement that he was holding his position and intrenching himself he was compelled to retire the next day.

Tuesday forenoon the Boers brought heavy guns into action. The British artillery replied, but failed to silence them. General Methuen thereupon withdrew his force out of range and concentrated at Modder River.

General Cronje made a modest official report (except his exaggerated estimate of British losses), in which he said:

The Scandinavians stormed a difficult position, but it became untenable, and they suffered severely. I was unable to send help.

The British were in overwhelming force, but must have had at least 2,000 men put out of action, either in killed or wounded.

Another official report from Captain Finnhart says:

There were no signs of surrender, the burghers fighting with conspicuous bravery, and maintaining their positions under heavy British fire. Our cannon were of very little use.

The British were greatly assisted by balloons.

Twenty-four ambulances were working backward and forward between the fighting line and the enemy's camp.

Our loss is not definitely known. I estimate it at 100 killed and wounded.

The repulse of General Methuen at Magersfontein, following so quickly upon the heels of General Gatacre's repulse at Stormberg, caused intense excitement in Great Britain. The earlier battles in which his column had been engaged previous to that of Modder River, while not exactly victorious, were not defeats, and each day he was expected to retrieve himself. His defeat at Magersfontein, therefore, aroused the British public to a sense of the serious situation which confronted their troops.

An idea of British opinion may be had from the following quotation from a speech by Admiral Charles Beresford:

Large reinforcements to all our auxiliaries for fighting must be dispatched immediately, and more ships must be placed in commission, in order that Great Britain may be prepared for eventualities. The Boers are a mobile force, and they have heavy, modern artillery. We need more quick-firing guns.

I must say I have never thought that we were sending out enough men. When once it was known that we had to send an army corps I told Lord Lansdowne—as far back as November 2—that he would not be sending enough. In the fire department when it is thought that four engines are needed to cope with a conflagration, it is a wise plan to send eight. The war office should have acted on the same principle.

This war is one of the biggest upon which we have ever embarked, owing to the surrounding political circumstances.

There was much uneasiness in military circles owing to the possibility of Methuen's lines of communication being cut, and the fact that General John H. B. French with his cavalry column operating in the vicinity of Colesburg would find it practically impossible to reinforce Methuen's column—General French being almost daily engaged in skirmishes with the enemy.

The hope of Great Britain, therefore, was with Buller, the Commander-in-Chief, who had attached himself to General Clery's column and was moving to the relief of Ladysmith.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOODY BATTLE OF TUGELA RIVER.

Main Column for the Relief of Ladysmith Encounters Boer Forces at Colenso—Buller's Advance Checked with Terrible Loss.



THE MAIN COLUMN of General Buller's army destined for the relief of Ladysmith was not more successful in its initial advance than the divisions under Methuen and Gatacre.

On December 15, this column, commanded by Major-General Sir Cornelius Francis Clery, to which General Buller and staff had attached themselves, attempted to force a passage of the Tugela River just north of Colenso and met with defeat and heavy loss in men and guns.

Natal had been invaded by the Boers on October 12. They had worked southward and were so aggressive that early in November the British were forced to evacuate Colenso, the garrison there falling back upon Estcourt. For a time the latter place was threatened and it seemed as if Estcourt would be placed in a state of siege similar to Ladysmith. This southern movement on the part of the Boers seems to have been a ruse of wily General Joubert to divert the attention of the British while he intrenched himself at Tugela River.

Almost immediately after the arrival of General Buller in Africa transport after transport laden with English troops commenced to arrive at Cape Town, and the reinforcements were hurried as fast as possible to join the



GENERAL BABBINGTON.



SIR ALFRED MILNER.

force under General Clery, who had gone in advance of the commander-in-chief toward Ladysmith.

The British advance force, 10,000 strong, under General Clery, closely followed by 5,000 more troops, was reported to have reached Frere station, about fifteen miles from Colenso, on October 26. There it was found that a bridge had been destroyed by the Boers and would have to be rebuilt before the heavy artillery and munitions of war could be taken further.

General Buller, who had moved his headquarters from Durban to Pietermaritzburg, arrived at Frere December 5, and took charge of affairs. It was not until the evening of December 8 that the new bridge was completed, and the British forces at once started toward Ladysmith, moving as far as Cheveley.

In the meantime the Boers had massed in great force on the farther side of the Tugela River, preparing to check Buller's advance. It is estimated that the Boer force massed at the Tugela amounted to 15,000 men. While waiting for the British to rebuild the bridge at Frere they had ample time to intrench themselves and plant their thirty-five or forty guns in good position to command the enemy's approach.

The battle of Tugela River, or, as it is unofficially called, Colenso, began on the morning of December 15, by an advance in force on the part of the British. It was a repetition of the familiar story of concealed Boers and of British troops marching up blindly almost to the very muzzles of their enemy's rifles.

Although the bridge across the Tugela had been destroyed, General Buller discovered that there were two fordable places, and it was his intention to force a passage at one of them. This he attempted to do by sending

General Hart to attack the left drift, and General Hildyard the right road, with General Lyttleton's men in the center to support either Hart or Hildyard as needed. The whole force was virtually engaged for a distance of three miles.

The Boers in great force occupied a strong intrenched position, commanding the river and reaching back about 800 yards from its farther side. General Hart's brigade, on the left, first attempted a crossing under a murderous Nordenfeldt and rifle fire.

The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Royal Inniskillin Fusiliers, the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Connaught Rangers crossed with superb, unflinching gallantry, but the position on the other side was found utterly untenable.

The British suffered heavily from a perfect hail of artillery and shrapnel, while their own artillery was very badly mauled. They were, therefore, obliged to recross the river.

On the right General Hildyard's brigade, displaying equal heroism, succeeded in entering the village of Colenso, but the Sixth Battery encountered a murderous fire and was compelled to retire, leaving guns and ammunition wagons on the veldt. This brigade also was obliged to fall back.

Meanwhile General Barton's brigade also failed to take possession of Hlanwri Hill as was intended.

At that moment General Buller heard that the whole of the artillery he had sent back to Hildyard, namely, the Fourteenth and Sixty-fifth field batteries and six naval twelve-pounder quick-firing guns, under command of Colonel Long, were out of action.

Colonel Long, in his desire to be within effective

range, his artillery being outclassed, advanced close to the river, which proved to be full of Boers, who suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, killing all of his horses and most of his men. His guns, eleven in number, fell into the hands of the Boers.

The cavalry under Lord Dundonald, which might have been used in thwarting the counter-attack of the Boers on the right, were engaged in assailing a strong position in the earlier part of the battle, but were finally of some use in protecting the right flank during the retreat. The capture of Long's guns, and Dundonald's futile charges, were the closing incidents of a disastrous day for the British.

The Dutch defense was clearly most cleverly conducted. The Boer batteries remained silent under a heavy fire, and their positions were not unmasked until the British troops were exposed without cover.

The oldest war correspondents said they had never seen anything comparable with the deadly fire poured upon the British, and the bravery the latter displayed in the face of it. The British mounted infantry and irregular corps, with two batteries of artillery, managed to take the Colenso road bridge and eventually crossed the river, but the Boer rifle fire prevented them from pushing on, and the battery was abandoned.

The naval contingent created an immense furore, engaging the Boers single-handed, and hailing shrapnel and lyddite shells on the fortifications north of the town in a vain effort to silence the murderous fire of the Boers while the British forced the passage of the river.

The advance of the Second Brigade along the road leading to the bridge, in the face of a deadly fusillade, is described as magnificent. The British forced their way

across the fire zone under a perfect storm of bullets from the invisible Boers. The patter of the bullets on the dry plain, it is added, raised the dust like heavy drops of water. The heat throughout was intense.

Many deeds of heroism were done. Men returned to the fire zone to bring out wounded comrades, and in one case a corporal succeeded in dressing the injuries of two men under a murderous fusillade.

The total British casualties were 1,108, of which 144 were killed, 743 wounded and 221 missing.

Among the wounded were Colonel Long, commanding the artillery; Colonel Brooke, who led the first attack upon the drift; Captain Roberts, a son of Lord Roberts of Candahar (next to Wolseley, England's greatest living fighter). Captain Roberts died of his wounds several days later.

Among the prisoners was Colonel Bullock, commanding the Devon Regiment. The Boer losses were not known, but were obviously small, as the capture of the British artillery early in the engagement gave them immunity from any effective fire upon their intrenchments.

General Buller's official report is concise and soldierly. It is as follows:

CHEVELEY CAMP, December 15, 6:20 P.M.—I regret to report a serious reverse. I moved in full strength from our camp near Cheveley at 4 o'clock this morning. There are two fordable places in the Tugela River, and it was my intention to force a passage through at one of them. They are about two miles apart.

My intention was to force one or the other with one brigade, supported by a central brigade. General Hart was to attack the left drift, General Hildyard the right road and General Lyttleton was to take the center and support either. Early in the day I saw that General Hart would not be able to force a passage and

I directed him to withdraw. He had, however, attacked with great gallantry, and his leading battalion, the Connaught Rangers, I fear, suffered a great deal. Colonel I. G. Brooke was seriously wounded.

I then ordered General Hildyard to advance, which he did, and his leading regiment, the East Surrey, occupied Colenso station and the houses near the bridge. At that moment I heard that the whole artillery I had sent to support the attack—the Fourteenth and Sixty-sixth field batteries and six naval twelve-pounder quick-firers, under Colonel Long—had advanced close to the river in Long's desire to be within effective range. It proved to be full of the enemy, who suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, killing all their horses, and the gunners were compelled to stand to their guns. Some of the wagon teams got shelter for troops in a donga, and desperate efforts were being made to bring out the field guns.

The fire, however, was too severe, and only two were saved by Captain Schofield and some drivers whose names I will furnish.

Another most gallant attempt with three teams was made by an officer whose name I will obtain. Of the eighteen horses thirteen were killed, and as several drivers were wounded, I would not allow another attempt, as it seemed that they would be a shell mark, sacrificing life to a gallant attempt to force the passage. Unsupported by artillery, I directed the troops to withdraw, which they did in good order.

Throughout the day a considerable force of the enemy was pressing on my right flank, but was kept back by mounted men under Lord Dundonald and part of General Barton's Brigade.

The day was intensely hot and most trying on the troops, whose conduct was excellent. We have abandoned ten guns and lost by shell fire one. The losses in General Hart's brigade are, I fear, heavy, although the proportion of severely wounded, I hope, is not large. The Fourteenth and Sixty-sixth field batteries also suffered severe losses. We have retired to our camp at Cheveley.

BULLER,

Commander-in-Chief.

General Schalkenberger, who commanded the Boers at Tugela River (General Joubert being on the sick list),

reported that his losses were thirty killed and wounded. He sent the following official report of the battle:

Friday at dawn the long expected day arrived. The Pretoria detachment of artillery gave the alarm. General Buller's Ladysmith relief column was in battle array, advancing on our position, close to the Tugela and Colenso. The center consisted of an immense crowd of infantry, flanked on both sides by two batteries, with strong bodies of cavalry supporting. Our artillery preserved absolute silence, not disclosing its position. Two batteries came within rifle distance of our foremost position, and the Rangers then opened fire with deadly effect. Our artillery also opened and apparently absolutely confused the enemy, who were allowed to think the bridge was open for them to cross. Their right flank in the meantime attacked our southernmost position, but the Mauser rifle fire was so tremendous that they were rolled back like a spent wave, leaving ridges and ridges of dead and dying humanity behind.

Again the British advanced to the attack, but again fell back, swelling the heaps of dead. The cavalry charged to the river, where the Ermolo commando delivered such a murderous fire that two batteries of cannon had to be abandoned, which have fallen into our possession. Twice the British essayed to bring horses to remove them. The first time they succeeded in hitching on to one cannon, and on the second trial the horses and men fell in a heap. Then the British were in full retreat to their camp, whence they sent a heavy shrapnel fire on Bulwer bridge, across the Tugela, to prevent the burghers from recovering the cannon.


The French attache, Villebois, and the German attache, Braun, say the fight could not have been improved upon by the armies of Europe. Generals Botha and Trichart were always at the most dangerous points of the fighting. Eleven ambulances removed the English dead and wounded.

Such a tremendous cannonade has seldom been heard. The veldt for miles was covered with dead and wounded. It was a most crushing British defeat. Nine of the cannon have since been brought across the river. The British asked for and were granted a twenty-four hours' armistice.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROBERTS AND KITCHENER TO THE FRONT.

England's Rude Awakening — British Empire at Stake — Call for 50,000 Additional Troops.

HE series of reverses suffered by British arms in South Africa aroused the British war office to a full sense of the serious situation. General Buller's defeat came as a shock and a surprise. The Commander-in-Chief had flippantly remarked, or rather a London paper had remarked for him, that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria. Christmas found him some miles back from the Tugela River, where he had met the worst defeat of the war.

The receipt of news of the battle of Tugela River was followed by a cabinet meeting at which it was decided to send Field Marshal Roberts of Candahar to supersede Sir Redvers Buller as commander-in-chief, with Lord Kitchener of Khartum as chief-of-staff.

While this action was plainly condemnatory of General Buller, the British war office attempted to "let him down easy" by declaring that the appointment of Generals Roberts and Kitchener was made in order to allow General Buller to devote his entire attention to affairs in Natal.

Throughout the length and breadth of the vast British Empire there is no name that has become to such an extent a household word as that of Field Marshal Lord

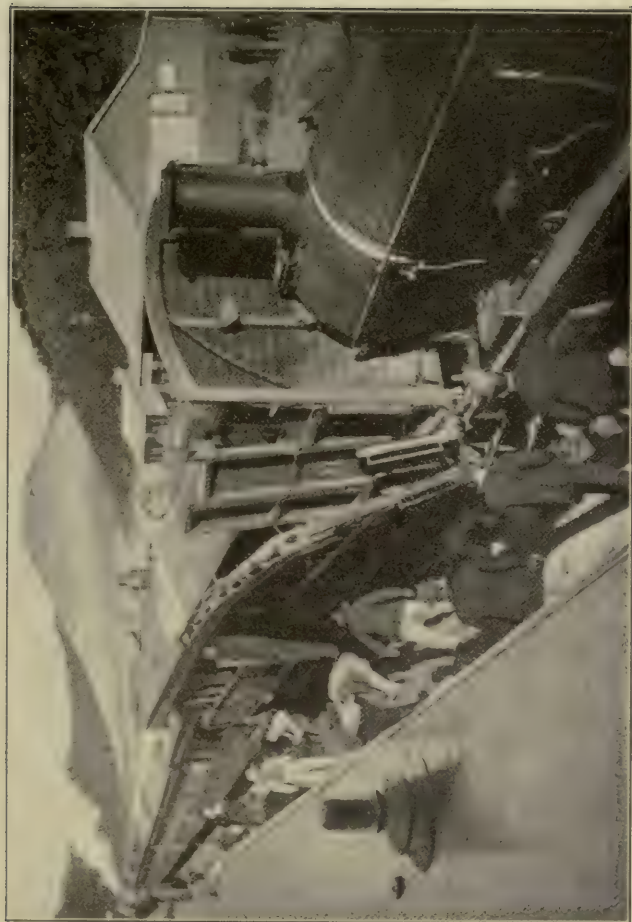
Roberts, popularly known as "Bobs." The idol of officers and soldiers alike, a man whose deeds and career have furnished the theme of many a stirring and patriotic verse, Lord Roberts was regarded by the military authorities in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and St. Petersburg as the foremost, and perhaps the only really capable British commander of the Victorian era, his celebrated forced march from Cabul to Candahar constituting one of the finest feats of English arms in modern times—a feat that called forth the most enthusiastic praise on the part of that past-master of military science, Field Marshal Count von Moltke.

"Bobs" is the smallest holder of the Queen's commission, being a pygmy as regards size. It is sometimes said that small men are inclined to be self-assertive; but there is no soldier of the Queen who is more free from this defect than the little Field Marshal, who is the most modest and unassuming of officers. Perhaps no stronger illustration of this can be given than is contained in his book entitled "Forty Years in India." Although covered with orders and decorations, bestowed upon him by a grateful sovereign and country, there is no trace of any insignia on the portrait which adorns the frontispiece of his book, and throughout the pages of it there is a manifest effort to accord to others, usually his subalterns, the credit which they themselves are the first to acknowledge as belonging to him.

Lord Roberts is no soldier of fashion, and has owed less than most men to fortune. No brilliant little war in Egypt or on the confines of Europe ever fixed the eyes of London society on his strategy. No regiment of Guards ever gave *éclat* to his victories. Forty years of his life were spent in hard fighting on the furthest frontiers of the



STREET SCENE, BLOOMFONTEIN.



WRECK AT THREE SISTERS STATION.

Empire, and he won his way up step by step through feats of personal gallantry and of generalship. Less than any soldier he owes his advancement to popular clamor. In fact, his fellow citizens at home knew relatively little of him until he returned to England after two score years in India, much as a great Roman commander who had held the Danube might have returned to the Eternal City, adored by his legions, but almost a stranger to his fellow citizens.

Since he has been back in England the people have, however, learned to know and appreciate him, and if anything could have softened the grief caused by the death of his only son from wounds received in battle last week, it must have been the unanimity with which the Queen, the entire army and the whole of the British people turned toward "Bobs" in the hour of danger, and the universal feeling of relief that was expressed when it was learned that, responding to the nation's call, he had accepted the chief command in South Africa.

Like so many English officers, Lord Roberts may be said to have laid the foundation for his military career on the cricket fields of Eton, and at nineteen was already fighting the Afghans as a lieutenant of the Bengal Horse Artillery. Before he was five and twenty he had had five horses shot under him in battle, had been twice wounded, repeatedly mentioned in the dispatches, and had won the Victoria Cross, which constitutes the climax of every Englishman's ambition.

Inasmuch as Lord Roberts, with characteristic modesty, refrains from giving any description in his book as to how he won his Victoria Cross, the only reference to the matter being a brief mention in a footnote of three lines to the effect that it had been awarded to him, it may

be just as well to state that it was conferred upon him not for one but for several feats of conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Khodagange, during the Mutiny. In one instance he rescued a regimental flag from several Sepoys, attacking them single handed and cutting two of them down, the others taking to flight. On the same day he rescued a wounded native officer from several Sepoys, killing one of the latter on the spot by a sweep of the saber, which split the man's skull.

"Quick as lightning and tough as steel" used to be the description applied to Lord Roberts during his younger days out in India, and that he deserved the qualification thus accorded to him is shown by the fact that on one occasion he rode from Chamkanie to Rawal Pinde, a distance of one hundred miles, over frightfully rough country, in a little less than twelve hours. The native troops were convinced that he bore a charmed life. He was the head and front in all his campaigns, and has invariably been the first to lead his men into action.

What has won for him more fame, however, than anything else, was his march to Candahar. He had captured Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, after the massacre of the English Envoy there, Sir Louis Cavagnari, when news was suddenly brought to him of the crushing defeat of General Burrows, at Maiwand, the routed forces, which had lost their guns, being compelled to take refuge in Candahar, where they were besieged by Ayoob Khan.

Without a moment's hesitation Lord Roberts started with a force of ten thousand men from Cabul to relieve Candahar. For the space of three weeks this expedition disappeared entirely from human ken. At length it emerged from the trackless and, for the most part, waterless regions between Cabul and Candahar, and under the

walls of the latter city fought a battle and won a brilliant victory, inflicting a crushing defeat upon the Afghans.

Next to Roberts, Kitchener is England's most popular and successful general. Like Wellington, Wolseley and Roberts, Major-General Horatio Herbert Kitchener is an Irishman, having been born in the "Kingdom of Kerry" some forty-seven years ago. He is tall (standing full six feet), and dark skinned—which latter is but natural after twenty years of service in Africa. Finding his commission in the Royal Engineers too peaceful, he fought as a volunteer in the two great European wars of recent times—against the Prussians with General Chanzy's army of the Loire, and against the Czar's soldiers in the Balkans, under Baker Pasha. But most of his service has been in the East, where he first went in charge of a party of surveyors in Palestine.

Here he began to acquire his remarkable knowledge of Oriental languages and tribes, of which many stories are told. For example, at one of his army camps on the Nile, two Arab date sellers were arrested as suspected spies, and confined in the guard tent. Shortly afterward a third Arab prisoner was hastily bundled into the tent. An animated jabbering ensued between the three, and in a few minutes, much to the astonishment of the sentry, the latest arrival drew aside the doorway and stepped out, remarking: "All right, sentry; I'm going to the general."

It was Kitchener. Again, only a few minutes passed when an orderly hurried up, and a spade was handed to each of the two Arabs, who were marched outside the lines, dug their graves, and were shot. They were dangerous spies and Kitchener had detected them. But once the general's skill in disguises was nearly fatal to himself. He was working at a water mill with some

natives, whose conversation he wished to hear, when a Tommy Atkins who did not approve of "niggers" chanced to pass by and expressed his dislike with a stone, which struck Kitchener on the head. But rude as this experience was, his adventures in the track of Strickland Sahib in Kipling's fiction and of the late Sir Richard Burton in real life have proven of yeoman service to him in his brilliant and unchequered African career. But it were ungenerous to forget that he has had as chief adviser Slatin Pasha, whose thirteen years' captivity in the Soudan have given him an intimate knowledge of Soudanese tribes.

Probably because he has thus been a wanderer on the face of the earth—a modern Ulysses, who has very literally "seen many men and known their minds"—perhaps also because he has been a terribly busy man from his early youth, Sir Herbert has never married. In his forty-eighth year he is still a bachelor.

Kitchener began his career by very slow steps, taking twelve years to gain his captaincy in the engineers. But directly his chance came his coolness and self-command, his indomitable energy, and his miraculous capacity for hard work marked him out as a man of action. The turning point in his career came when Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood undertook the reorganization of the Egyptian Army. He took service under Wood in 1882, and in 1885 his marvelous knowledge of the native mind and language brought him to the front. He was sent ahead of Sir Garnet Wolseley to deal with the native chiefs and officials whose attitude was uncertain. The following picturesque account of him when engaged on this ticklish mission was written by an enthusiastic admirer of the Sir-dar soon after the victory of Atbara:

“ The first time I saw Kitchener he was alone and unarmed among the semi-hostile Arabs, endeavoring to persuade them that their interests would be best served if they took part with British and Egyptian forces against the dervish rebellion. It was a strange sight to see this tall, slim, blue-eyed Irishman, armed only with illimitable self-confidence and fearlessness, arguing with, and sometimes threatening, the powerful chiefs who, for aught he knew, might have been sworn allies of the tribe that had just murdered Col. Donald Stewart and Consul Power not many miles further up the Nile.

“ When persuasive reasoning failed, he did not shrink from telling these people what their punishment would be when the White Emir and his legions came upon them, meaning Lord Wolseley with the British battalions that were then toiling slowly up the Cataract. Those brave words, in which there was no doubt a touch of boastfulness pardonable in the circumstances, frequently gave rise to angry murmurs and sullen looks, but they were met by the glance of eyes that would not have quailed if looking at grim death—eyes that in such moments glow so curiously that the light in them seems fixed as if suddenly frozen.”

It was Sir Herbert Kitchener who went ahead of Sir Herbert Stewart's column with two native guides in the first dash for the wells of Gakoni. Near there a notorious robber leader, who had accompanied the Mahdists in their merciless raids, was surprised and chased by Nineteenth Hussar scouts. He and his few followers would probably have escaped if Kitchener, who was well mounted, had not overtaken them. Alone, and far ahead of the Hussars, he closed with these ferocious free-booters, and called upon them to surrender. The cool

daring that had so often succeeded told in this moment. Deceived by it into the belief that they were surrounded by unseen foes whom the bold Englishman had at his command, they parleyed and were lost, for this gave the Hussars time to come up and make prisoners of the band. It was a bold and characteristic act, which established Kitchener's reputation with British soldiers.

At the crisis of the Dongola expedition, when it became necessary to seize a strategic point, so that supplies might accumulate there before the Nile got too low for river transport, tropical storms of violence previously unknown in these regions washed away sections of the railway on which these supplies were in a great measure dependent. Following upon cholera and other sickness in his corps, this fresh disaster seemed overwhelming. But he stood up against it with characteristic fortitude.

In twenty-four hours the distribution of forces along the line of communication was so arranged that battalions could be set free for fatigue work on the railway. He went to inspect several points where great damage had occurred, looked at ruined bridges and broken embankments with the eye of an engineer, told the officers that these things must be repaired in so many days; and then, confident in the effect of that word "must," went away, leaving them to their own resources. Though the task thus set seemed in some cases herculean, it was done, and trains were running again on the renewed line on the very day which he had named for the completion of the work.

The culmination of the Egyptian campaign in the utter rout of the dervishes, the death of the Khalifa, the capture of his capital, the evacuation of Fashoda by the French, made Great Britain undisputed master of

the Nile region, and brought to Kitchener new fame and new honors.

Kitchener's courage in battle is as conspicuous as his faculty for organization, whereby he has been enabled to conduct a great and eventful campaign at a cost which seems ridiculously small by comparison with others. The Sirdar is a strong man, and his faults are the faults of strength. He has, if anything, too little sympathy with or tolerance for human weaknesses. Untiring himself, he expects others to have the same power of endurance, rising early and going to bed late, yet always about and always ready for action. He has not, perhaps, made many firm friendships since his rapid rise to eminence began, but he has known how to keep the old ones, and they are ready to go wherever he leads.



CHAPTER XX.

JOUBERT'S APPEAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

An Earnest Representation and Historical Reminder from the Commander-in-chief of the Boers to the British Ruler.



ONE DOCUMENT in connection with the Boer-British war which possesses an historical value second only in importance to the ultimatum of the Transvaal government, is General Joubert's appeal to Queen Victoria. Reference has already been made to it elsewhere in this volume, and as its historical value is sure to be increased with years, it is hereby given in full:

PRETORIA, June 15, 1899.

To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc., etc.

YOUR MAJESTY:

It is with feelings of deepest pain and distress that the undersigned ventures to address Your Most Gracious Majesty at this critical period, and in view of the dark future, which, as a cloud, is hovering over South Africa, the land of his birth and home. This unhappy situation has been brought about by the unjust action of one of Your Majesty's Ministers, who, perhaps in good faith, though upon incorrect information, has allowed himself to be led by unscrupulous fortune-seekers, reckless speculators and insatiable capitalists.



ON THE CROCODILE RIVER, TRANSVAAL.

This matter will be reverted to again during the course of this letter by Your Majesty's lowly petitioner, who desires, first, in all humility, to make known to Your Majesty who he is. He is a descendant of and great-great-grandson of Pierre Joubert, one of the Huguenots, who, because of their religious belief, were obliged to leave their homes and friends, and to seek refuge from persecution in flight to South Africa, where they could serve their God in freedom. He settled at Fransch Hoek, near Cape Town, which was then under the administration of the "Hollandsche Compagnie," and became soon, through the blessing of God, one of the richest and most influential farmers and land owners there. He resided there until compelled by circumstances to remove to the district of Graaff-Reinet, where he now lies buried—in the land of my birth, that passed for good under the rule of Great Britain, in 1806.

Alas! What has our nation not experienced and suffered under that rule? It has, perhaps, never been brought to Your Majesty's notice why these people could not live peacefully in their land of adoption and birth. And yet, who is there now to tell you thereof? And how would he begin? It would, indeed, be tedious to relate everything minutely, Your Majesty!

The discontent, so often, and to his detriment, ascribed to the Boer was exaggerated and misrepresented, as, for instance, in the matter of the freeing of the slaves, when he was described as being inhumanly against their liberation. No! Your Majesty, it was not the Christian Boers' repugnance to the emancipation, but his opposition to the means employed in effecting same under the blessed British rule. Is Your Majesty perhaps aware how the Boers became possessed of those slaves? They, the

Boers, had no ships to convey the slaves from Mozambique and elsewhere, as none other than English vessels were allowed to bring slaves to the Cape market; therefore, it was from English slave ships that the Boers first bought their slaves, and in this manner enjoyed a short season of prosperity; for, assisted by their dearly-bought slaves, they could have their lands ploughed and sown with grain, which, under the blessings of Britannia's laws, could be sold for not more than 18d. per bag. It was thereafter shipped abroad by English merchants and sold at immense profits. And then, Your Majesty, the Boer was suddenly told: "Your slaves are free, and you will receive compensation to such and such an amount for them, which you will have to go and get in England." Your Majesty, how could the Boer be expected with his ox wagon or horses to go and fetch same? To have undertaken, at that time, a voyage so dangerous and lengthy (a hundred days or so being the time required to accomplish same) would have cost more than the small amount of the indemnity he was to receive for his dearly-bought slaves. What could the Boer do? The only means left him was to engage the English dealer, from whom he had purchased the slaves at exorbitant prices, to go and fetch the money for him, or to sell his chance for what he could get.

How many unscrupulous agents and merchants took advantage of the opportunity thus offered, not to reconcile the Boer to the law and authority of the British government, but to carry out their own designs, in order to satisfy their cupidity, thus nurturing the hostility of the Boer against the government, hoping thereby, eventually, to acquire possession of his lands!

The population increasing, spread out further and

further, gradually enlarging the colony; and it is, perhaps, known to Your Majesty, how the poor Boers on the frontiers fared, how they were robbed of their cattle, and how, owing to the insufficient protection afforded them, they were often left to their fate, or more frequently persecuted and oppressed, so that it is not to be wondered at (although I do not seek to justify their conduct) that, disgusted and dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to them, they at last rebelled against the government; thus originating what took place in 1815 and ended so disastrously. For, as Your Majesty is perhaps aware, matters had reached such a pitch that a collision between the British troops and British subjects at length resulted over the quarrel of a Boer with a semi-civilized native, which unfortunate incident has imparted to the place where the British took such extreme measures against the Boers, an irreconcilable and ever-to-be-remembered name—"Slachtbank or Slachtersnek," which it bears even unto this day.

Alas! Your Majesty, what had the Boer not to suffer, then, under the otherwise glorious British rule? Enquire of the border settlers of 1820 to 1834, when their eventful departure from the colony took place. Is it, perhaps, known to Your Majesty how they were driven back from the boundaries by the natives who pursued them far into the country, harassing and molesting them? Yes, even murdering some, robbing them of their cattle, and burning and laying waste their homes. What protection did they enjoy against the savages who had murdered their wives and children, who had lashed young girls to the trunks of trees, ravished them, cut off their breasts, and, after performing nameless other cruelties, killed them? They, the Boers, were called out for Commando Service

at their own expense, under command and control of the British, to fight the Kafirs. And with what result? The Boer was impoverished thereby, without the Kafir being brought to a sense of his duty; for while on commando, his cattle were stolen from his farm and driven away into Kafirland, whither he was prevented from going in order to recover them. No! they had no choice but to wait until the troops retook the cattle, which were afterwards publicly sold as loot in the presence of the owners thereof, the Boers being informed that they would receive compensation for same. But, Your Majesty, they received no recompense; not in money or goods, neither in rest nor peace, but, instead, abuse and indignities were heaped on them. They were told that they should be satisfied at not being punished as the instigators of the disturbance.

Your Majesty, this was the state of affairs in 1834. The dissatisfaction evinced at such treatment became more and more pronounced. The Boers were told by His Excellency, the Governor, that all who were not content or would not submit to British rule, were at liberty to migrate beyond the borders of the colony, out of British territory. With feelings of deep anguish at the thought of having to leave their motherland and the country of their birth, and with a weary sigh, the question escaped them: "Whither? To the dismal hinterland of savage South Africa?" "Yes! yes! Your Majesty, rather the dangers of the wilderness, midst wild animals and savage men, than to remain longer under the yoke of so iniquitous a government." And, then, "Come friends, come brothers! Pack your wagons, collect your flocks and herds, and let us go away over the border. God knows whither, and He will guide us."

The officials of the British Empire, the ambitious

merchants and others, flourished there, Your Majesty, but hither came the Boers in groups and families in search of peace and rest. There being no one to purchase their well-cultivated farms, which they could not remove, they were compelled to part with same for a ridiculous price or abandon them entirely. Then into the unknown they wandered ; there to face the dangers and suffering inseparable from such a journey. How could they arm themselves against such dangers? They were not permitted to carry arms or ammunition along with them, but were even followed by British officials beyond the Orange River, to try and find out if there were not perhaps still one faithful slave with his master, and if the Boers were not perhaps carrying a quantity of arms and ammunition along with them. Thanks to the kindness of those officials, the Boers were advised of the object of their coming, and were consequently enabled to conceal their guns and ammunition. Does Your Majesty not perceive in the aforementioned, some analogy to certain facts in Biblical history? For even as Pharaoh drove the Israelites through the Red Sea, were the Boers driven through the Great River. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that sad at heart and with intense bitterness, they preferred the perils of the desert? Your Majesty, who can write the history of their lives? Who can describe the suffering they endured? They ventured forth, trusting in God, rid of all human despotism, surrounded by wild beasts, in search of a free land for their children and children's children. They wandered in small groups further and further, yet ever onward, until they arrived at the Vaal River. Here they pitched their tents and regarded the country as their Eldorado. Here were the means of subsistence—fish in the water, game on the veldt and a prospect of being able

to sow crops and to live in peace. They could clothe themselves with skins and subsist on flesh, until God, in His bounty, provided other means; at least so reasoned the poor Boers. "Come now, let us erect our tent (our tabernacle) to celebrate the Sabbath, for in our God we believe and trust. He has given unto us this glorious land and we shall live and praise Him here. It needs not that we go beyond the Jordan, we have no Babylon or Jericho to overthrow. No walls to be demolished for us, for our Canaan is an uninhabited land; therefore, ye Boers, be up, work and live."

Thus they thought, and thus they spoke; but how short-lived was their delight, when at break of day, one morning, the dread cry of "Murder! Murder!" awakened them! What could it be? Whence this uproar and confusion? Moselekatse, head of a cruel, unknown Kafir tribe, had come with a large regiment of warriors from the far north, through a wild and unpopulated country, a distance of over a hundred miles, and attacked a small detachment of Boers near the river, no warning having reached them of the intended onslaught. "Up, now! Courage, men! Fight for your lives, for your wives and your children." The odds at first were three to one, then seven, and eventually increased to twenty to one; but God gave them courage and strength, and they not only repulsed the horde of savages, but succeeded in rescuing several children and severely wounded women who were captured. Your Majesty, these were anxious days for them. Women wounded—in one, over twenty assegai stabs being counted—no doctor being on hand, without medicine, and many widows and orphans, destitute of food and clothing, left to their care. And what had to be done next? Leave the Eldorado? To flee? Whither? Back

again? No, no! Not to the flesh pots of Egypt, but to God. He is our refuge!

Other parties of the Boers had gone eastward. With these they now decided to combine. But did the undaunted Moselekatse allow these few Boers to escape him? To the contrary, he immediately sent a second expedition, much stronger than the previous one, commanding it not to return so long as there remained a Boer living; that he did not thereafter wish to hear of a living Boer. Thus it came to pass that this small party of fleeing Boers (thirty-eight only being capable of bearing arms), with their wives and children, together with cattle and thirty-four wagons, were followed by that great commando of savages, until they reached that ever memorable spot in the Orange Free State known as "Vechtkop," where the Boers, recognizing the futility of continuing their flight, drew up in a laager or camp with their wagons, surrounding same with branches of trees, and calmly awaited their pitiless foe, who did not long delay in attacking them, with all the fiendish courage of savages. Prepared to die, in the face of overwhelming odds, they, nevertheless, determined to fight manfully to the last, trusting in God. The impending danger was awaited in earnest supplications before the Throne of the Triune God. As the enemy pressed on, each Boer made use of his rifle, causing the smoke to ascend in such volumes to heaven that even the flying enemy imagined the Boers had been vanquished, that their laager was in flames and that they had been entirely annihilated. We were afterwards told that when the intelligence reached Grahamstown, Cape Colony, Your Majesty's subjects were so elated thereat that they celebrated the receipt of the news by bonfires and other illuminations, thinking the last of the Boers had

fallen, and that the extravagant expectations of the discontented rebels had now all ended in smoke. But no! Your Majesty, our God in heaven had another destiny for the Boer. For, notwithstanding 1,333 assegais were hurled into the small laager, only two men were killed and six wounded, and their little camp, unlike the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, was not laid waste. There were still to be found five just men before God, whose prayers had warded off disaster, and thwarted the wishes of Your Majesty's Grahamstown subjects. Not only did our God cause the smoke and mist to disappear, but he touched the heart of a noble native, Marroco, who, when he heard of the wretched plight that had overtaken the Boers, sent them, without delay, succor in the shape of milk, kafircorn and pack-oxen, thereby enabling them to rejoin their friends, who had passed over the Drakensberg into Natal.

Before further recording the history of this party, I would like to relate to Your Majesty about two other ill-fated parties of trekkers—that of Jansen van Rensburg, which proceeded northward, beyond Zoutpansberg, never to be heard of again, for all record of them is as absolutely lost to the world as that of the ten tribes of Israel. It was stated that, owing to the want of ammunition, which was denied them by the government of the British Cape Colony, on their departure into the wilds, they were massacred, every one of them. However, what actually became of them we do not know.

The other party, under Louis Trichardt, also ventured as far as Zoutpansburg, thence proceeding southeastward until Delagoa Bay was reached, where he, the leader, and others succumbed to the there prevailing fever, and from which place the few survivors, together with their children,



GENERAL FRENCH.



GENERAL GATACRE.

were conveyed by vessel to Natal, where they were enabled to rejoin their friends. The misery and suffering experienced and endured by these pioneers is likewise indescribable, and distresses one even to think of.

But now let us return to the history of those who passed over the Drakensberg and attached themselves to Piet Retief, Gert Maritz and Uys, and let us see, Your Majesty, how they fared. Did they go to attack a peaceful people? Did they go as freebooters into a strange or friendly country? Did they go purposing to wrest territory from a lot of defenseless savages, or did they go to revenge themselves on the brother of Moselekatse for the iniquitous attack on them at the instigation of the latter? Did they seek to avenge the blood of Van Rensburg and others, who were murdered by the same race of savages as that to which Dingaan belonged? No! Your Majesty, nothing of the kind. First they held communion with the Almighty God, and then approached the savage ruler of the land, King Dingaan, who had already promised them a tract of country, and requested him to grant them a written agreement to that effect. It is doubtless known to Your Majesty how this cruel and barbarous chief, after having given them the land, and after duly signing the agreement thereto, mercilessly and treacherously murdered Piet Retief and his seventy men, immediately afterwards sending out his commandos to massacre those awaiting the return of Piet Retief; and the unsuspecting women and children. Thus without warning were 600 helpless old men, women and children butchered in cold blood. What a panic, what dismay, this caused among the Boers, scattered about the country! Those remaining were robbed of all their cattle; and what could they do? Should they await other such onslaughts and perish

eventually at the hands of a savage people, or die of hunger in the wilderness? Alas, how dismal their outlook seemed! Whither could they go? Whence could they expect help? From Great Britain? Yes, and help came too! A vessel arrived at Port Natal, and Captain Jarvis stepped on shore. "Thank God, assistance was at hand, now no more starvation; no more fear of the sword of Dingaan. Succor has come at last!" Such were the thoughts of many a simple-minded Boer. But, alas! how soon was their joy to be turned into grief and indignation, for how horribly surprised were they to learn that, instead of having come to their aid, he was sent to forbid them to fight with the natives and to disarm them! What was to be done? Should they offer Captain Jarvis resistance? Yes! Rather would they fight to the death than hand over their firearms. But what, then, if the Kafirs should come to his aid? The Boers found their prospects more cheerless now than ever. They acted, therefore, with great cunning, yet with submissiveness. Rather than show antagonism they hid their guns and ammunition and submitted to the inspection and search of Captain Jarvis, anxiously praying to God to give them refuge. Captain Jarvis, having ascertained that there was no booty to be got from the poor Boers, and as Natal offered but few attractions then, was glad to take his departure.

Poor, deserted Boer, what was now your outlook? In a savage land, in the vicinity of a powerful and barbarous tribe, ruled over by the tyrant Dingaan. What was there to do but to avenge the murders committed and restore peace with the sword? Therefore, it behooved Pieter Uys, Hdk. Potgieter and every one, to punish Dingaan and his tribe and to re-establish peace, otherwise the Boers

would not have been able to live in the country. Therefore, "two hundred men of you up and get at the mighty Dingaan!" This, however, was not owing to a lust for fighting, Your Majesty, but because the Boer adjudged it absolutely necessary, and no one in the world could have done otherwise.

A return to the Colony was not to be thought of. The only conclusion they could arrive at was to endeavor to compel Dingaan, at the edge of the sword, to promote peace. How unfortunate, though, was the outcome of this desperate effort of only two hundred men to advance against the might of Dingaan, in the midst of his people and in his own dangerous land, without the support of cannon or other instrument of war, but simply mounted on their horses armed with flintlock guns! And yet they had no choice but to do it. The issue was only as could have been expected. Dingaan's regiments were too powerful for the little handful of Boers, who were forced to take refuge in flight, not, however, until after hundreds of the foe had bitten the dust. Their small stock of ammunition had run out; their brave commander, Piet Uys, his never-to-be-forgotten little son and eight others lost their lives in this conflict. But in vain! Dingaan was conqueror and his courage revived immediately. He then sent a larger and more powerful commando than before, with instructions to completely destroy the Boers. This time, however, the Boers were on their guard. They had constructed a laager on the banks of the Bushman's River, where the flourishing village of Estcourt now lies, close to the village Weenen (to wail), so called in memory of the many wailing women and children massacred there.

It was here that Dingaan was to learn that, although but a mere handful of whites, the Boers, with righteous-

ness as their cause, were not to be overthrown by his iniquitous hosts. No! they did not rely in the strength of their horses or the heroism of their men, but in the omnipotence of their God, who gave them the victory. For although the Boers were surrounded by overwhelming odds and repeatedly stormed by thousands and thousands of the enemy, they lost but one killed. The Zulus, however, after three days' fighting, were forced to retire, leaving so many of their dead on the field that for years after the veldt was white with their bones, testifying to the frightful carnage that took place there. God had protected the Boers and delivered the dearly-bought land of Natal into their hands. They had, however, been robbed of all their cattle and knew not what to do. Their God and His word still remained to them, and so they were comforted—for he who has faith in God has not built upon the sand—and in the sight of heaven their cause was just. Therefore he sent them help from above. Andries Pretorius had, in company with other Boers, recently arrived from the Cape, and he, having called together all the Boers to be found in Natal, and even as many of those to be found in the territory known as the Orange Free State, formed a commando about four hundred strong, with which he hazarded to invade Dingaan's country, and notwithstanding the fact that his men were armed only with flint-lock guns, they succeeded, on December 16, 1838, in not only defeating him (Dingaan) in this battle, but in overthrowing his kingdom and destroying his chief kraal, driving him so far inland that he was nevermore able to return. In token of their gratitude for the victory gained, the Boers made a vow to ever afterwards keep the date thereof as a day of thanksgiving, and so the 16th of December is always commemorated at Paardekraal.

One would have thought, Your Majesty, that the Boer after this would have been left alone to live peaceably, praising his God, in the country he had bought so dear. But no! the yoke of oppression had not yet been broken. Their cup of bitterness was not yet emptied. Scarcely had the Boers laid out the village, Pietermaritzburg, dug a water-furrow, erected a church, started a small school for their children and built a courthouse and prison, when lo! threatening clouds began to gather and the alarm to sound again. What can it be—the Kafirs? No! a thousand, thousand times worse. The English have come; an officer with a company of soldiers, equipped with cannon and shell, is here! “It is Captain Jarvis, that good—that brave old soldier. We will soon be able to adjust matters with him; he will presently be gone again.” No! my poor fellow-Boers, you are deluded. The officer is Captain Smith; he has come to annex the country as a possession of that mighty empire, Great Britain—to make an end to our boasted independence and to destroy our peace.

Your Majesty, it is with a shudder that I recall this deplorable incident. It cannot be wondered at that the Boers, who had endured and suffered so much to obtain this land and to form an independent people, should have declined to voluntarily submit to such an injustice, and have resisted any attempts to achieve the same. When they discovered that argument and fair words were of no avail, and that Major Smith was steadfast in his purpose to take possession of the country and crush the Boers, and, as a step in that direction, had already declared the bay annexed, they were driven to the verge of despair and so resorted to arms. Having hastily collected together to the number of about two hundred, for they

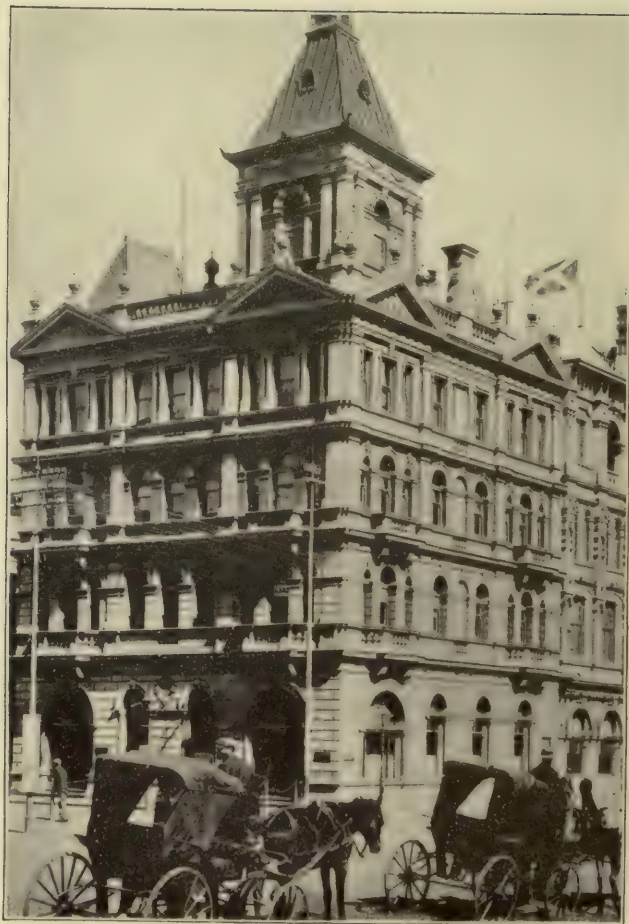
were but few and much scattered, they advanced toward the Congella. Major Smith, vainly imagining that this mere handful of Boers would be disconcerted and put to flight at the first firing of his cannon, advanced along the shore under cover of darkness, until he had almost reached the sleeping laager, when he opened fire on the picket guard, comprising about twenty-eight men, with the fatal result that one Boer was killed, Jan Greyling. The remainder of the Boers repelled the attack, and obliged the Major to retreat, leaving his cannon behind. I may here mention that more of the troops got drowned in the sea than succumbed to the bullets of the Boers. Now they had to face the fact that, although thankful to God for his many mercies, and in deep sorrow at the loss of one of the bravest of their young men and for the many soldiers drowned, they had opposed the might of Britain. It was awful to contemplate; so young a nation as they, which had suffered so many hardships at the hands of the savages during the great trek, and that had just been visited by an epidemic of measles, which, owing to the lack of medical assistance and proper nourishment, had carried off many of them. Should they fight or surrender, was the question asked? Certainly; fight for their just rights. But, see, two ships were coming; it is madness for this little handful of Boers to offer further resistance. They were not trained nor armed with cannon; and thus could not prevent the landing of a force stronger than they were themselves. They dared not longer to fight the English, for the Kafirs had already commenced to harass them from the rear. A Boer had been killed on his farm, and another, named Van Rooyen, murdered, his wife and daughter being subjected to the most inhuman treatment, ravished and driven away naked.

Others were assaulted and barely escaped with their lives. In this way the Kafirs proved of great service to Major Smith and his soldiers, who were besieged by the Boers and had already been driven to the extremity of eating crows and horseflesh, and who would undoubtedly have been obliged to capitulate had it not been for the harassing attacks of the Kafirs in the rear of the Boers, which necessitated them hastening out to their farms, in order to save their families from certain death. And thus it came to pass that the Boers lost their sacred right to the territory of Natal, which had been purchased with the blood of their slain. What was to be done next? There was no other remedy for it but to trek again, and to trek inland, whither the English would not follow them, for if they remained they would once more have had to submit to the British yoke. They would, nevertheless, first give the latter a trial. "We will submit," they said, "perhaps England will deal with us more kind here than she did in the Cape Colony, our motherland. Come, let us wait and see!" What happened after this, Your Majesty? The first thing Your Majesty's servants did was to banish certain of the Boers, who had to flee for their lives. This was not all, however, for when the Kafirs stole their cattle and brought them to Major Smith, the Boers were told they could not get same back, as he had run short of provisions and would require them as food. Thus were the prospects of the Boer growing darker and darker. Colonel Cloete had arrived. What had he to tell them? Firstly, that they were to consider themselves the conquered subjects of Her Majesty. And, as such, what would they enjoy? Each one who had occupied a piece of ground could make application for same, which, after certain investigations, would be granted

him. The country had been won and acquired by the Boers; consequently the Boer Volksraad had granted to each Boer capable of bearing arms two farms and one erf at Pietermaritzburg. These farms were inspected, registered, and declared as marketable property some time before the appearance of the English. When, however, several of the Boers, dissatisfied with the principle of British rule, began to leave the country, and tried to barter their farms and erven for wagons, trek-cattle, clothing and other requisites for their fresh trek inland, they, as well as the few Boers who intended to remain under British rule in Natal and had bought or given something in exchange for the erven and farms, were profoundly astonished, not to say disappointed, when they approached Colonel Cloete for transfer of the property they had secured, to hear that as the erven and farms had not been *bona fide* occupied, they had, therefore, reverted to the government, and were now declared as crown lands. "The wagon and oxen or money and goods you gave for same can only be regarded as a dead loss to yourself," was the reply they got.

This was how the British Government in Natal introduced itself to the defeated Boers. Many and bitter were the tears shed by the thus oppressed and impoverished people.

Is Your Majesty, perhaps, acquainted with the fact that the Boers sent a delegate to lay their grievances before Your Majesty, who, after many weeks traveling on horseback, reached Governor Pottinger and entreated him to listen to their complaints? But, Your Majesty, this emissary was not given an audience. Thus it was obvious to all that the doors had been closed to them, to be heard, and that they would have to patiently tolerate all



THE ROBINSON BANK, MARKET SQUARE AND SIMMONDS
STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

that befell them, without the slightest prospect of ever obtaining justice or relief. Is it a matter of wonder, Your Majesty, that under these circumstances every Boer took advantage of the first opportunity that was offered to leave the Colony of Natal and trek beyond the Drakensberg to a haven of rest, where there was no British authority and where they could live and die in peace?

It was upon these trek-Boers that various deceptions were practiced in Your Majesty's name. They were called together by the late General Pretorius to meet the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, who, it was stated, wished personally to see the Boers and to learn what the majority desired. It was announced that if the majority would remain under Her Majesty's rule he, the Governor, would give them land and would treat the minority with every degree of kindness and patience, always endeavoring to persuade them to be reconciled to British authority; but, on the other hand, should it appear that the majority were for freedom and antagonistic towards the authority of the British, they could go to perdition; Her Majesty's government would not trouble itself further about them. On this pretext as many of the Boers as could were prevailed upon to proceed to Winburg, a newly-laid-out village, for the purpose of meeting Sir Harry Smith. But how ineffably deceived were they, for, instead of finding Sir Harry Smith and obtaining a peaceful settlement of all their grievances, an ultimatum was presented to them reading as follows: "Your headman or leader is a rebel. I have put a price of a thousand pounds on his head, and woe unto any of you who connive at his escape. I will treat such as rebels." Who can describe the feelings of disappointment and resentment that arose in the breasts of the Boers at these words, and to which can

only be attributed what subsequently took place at Boomplaats on the 29th August, 1849? It is true that the forces of Sir Harry, reinforced by bastards and Griquas, suffered a heavy reverse. The Boers, however, being armed only with flintlock guns, could not for long withstand a larger and better armed force, supported by cannon, and were eventually obliged to retreat, leaving six of their number dead on the field and several others prisoners in the hands of the English, none of whom we have ever seen again or heard of.

Thus ended this act in the drama of South Africa, creating new miseries for the Boers, who could not immediately trek or escape in flight beyond the Vaal River, where the Portuguese had conceded them a tract of country, decimated of its native population by the raiding of Moselekatse, previous to his attack upon the Boers in 1836, and for which he had been severely punished already by Piet Uys and Hendrik Potgieter. The country had, so to say, been cleared by the Boers, and they now availed themselves of the permission given them by the Portuguese to settle down north of the Vaal River, where they immediately founded a village which they named Potchefstroom. Having built a church and gaol, they proceeded with the election of a Parliament and the enactment of laws, etc.

It had by this time begun to dawn upon Her Majesty's government that it was more politic to leave the Boer severely alone than to be everlastingly pursuing him from place to place like a small bird, hopping from branch to branch and tree to tree. With the object of assuring the Boers that they would not be interfered with north of the Vaal River, and could administer their own affairs, Her Majesty's special commissioner, Mr. C. M. Owen, was

sent, with the result that a convention was entered into on the 16th January, 1852, signed by Your Majesty's commissioners, Major W. S. Hogg and Mr. C. M. Owen, the first three articles of which read somewhat as follows:

Art. 1. Her Majesty's Commissioners, on behalf of the British Government, do absolutely guarantee to the emigrant Boers north of the Vaal River the right of administering their own affairs and of governing in accordance with their own laws, without interference whatsoever on the part of the British Government, and that no extension shall be made by the said government north of the Vaal, with the additional assurance that it is the fervent desire of the British Government to maintain peace and free trade, and to promote a friendly understanding with the emigrant Boers occupying or still to occupy the said territory, and it is further understood that these terms are to be mutually adhered to.

Art. 2. Should there arise any misunderstanding regarding the meaning of the word Vaalrivier, more particularly with respect to the tributaries of the Vaal, the question shall be decided by a mutually appointed commission.

Art. 3. That Her Majesty's commissioners disavow all compacts of whatever nature with the colored nations north of the Vaal.

Have any of these articles been carried out by Your Majesty's government?

See also the protocol, which defines the boundary along the Vaal River and the Orange Free State right unto the sea. The British evidently concluded that the Orange Free State was not worthy of being retained by so wealthy and good a government as that of England. Therefore, Her Majesty's government sent Sir

Russel Clark, on the 4th of February, 1854, to abolish the suzerainty and give the Boers absolute independence and free government.

This just action on the part of the British government, Your Majesty, was lauded and magnified by the Boer, whose confidence in the equity of the British had revived. No one dare say aught detrimental to the English. No! an Englishman was as good as any other man. This feeling toward the English can be testified to by the many soldiers who deserted hither; by every trader, and by the first gold-diggers in the country. Have not English persons served as members of our Executive Council and as Landdrosts? Have not Englishmen sat as members of our Volksraad? Yes! even several who did not understand Dutch. Did not perfect harmony, co-operation, confidence and friendship prevail then between the Englishman and the Boer all over South Africa? Would not, in this way, all the people of South Africa, irrespective of nationality, soon have been blended into one common people or nation?

Whence came this antagonism, this disruption, then? Your Majesty, it is to be ascribed to the diamonds, to the Basutoland question—ask but Theophilus Shepstone—what took place on the 12th of April, 1878. Yes! Lord Carnarvon knows, as also does Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Did the Boers not have to submit to the diamond fields south of the Vaal being taken from them? Was not the glory of having vanquished the Basutos, after a long and bloody struggle, and after having endured so much, snatched from the Orange Free State? Was not the trust assured them by the convention abused when they were dispossessed of a stretch of country where the diamond mines were situated, and for which they were

subsequently obliged to accept a sum of ninety thousand pounds sterling—a ridiculously inadequate sum, considering that in one week the value of the diamonds procured exceeded this amount? Was not the Transvaal annexed after all the native tribes had been subdued by the Boers? Did not the Boers for three whole years implore Lord Carnarvon, and also later Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as it were, on their knees, for a restitution of their rights, sending two deputations to England for that purpose, yet without obtaining the least hope of ever having their legitimate rights restored to them? It was, therefore, in desperation that the Boers resolved, on the 13th of December, 1880, at Paardekraal, to recall the government to resume their official duties; which had been interrupted owing to the annexation, and to govern the people in accordance with the laws of the land.

Your Majesty is probably aware that when the country was annexed, on the 12th of April, 1877, against which act President Thomas Burgers, however, resolutely protested, a proclamation was printed at Pretoria in the name of the British, without let or hindrance from the side of the Boer. No! the Boers, notwithstanding their indignation at this great wrong, submitted to the law and preserved order, intending to petition Your Majesty against this manifestly unjust breach of the convention, committed in the name of Your Majesty. They, therefore, without murmur, permitted the publication of the document. When, however, they wanted to have a proclamation printed, declaring to the world their rights, Major Clark ordered his men to open fire on them—and this without previous warning or the proclamation of war—wounding two and killing one of their horses. Thus, on December 16th, 1880, war was declared by England against the

Boers, regardless of the convention of 1852, wherein their independence, etc., etc., was guaranteed to them.

This was how the war, which lasted almost three months, originated.

The wretched Boers had no experienced soldiers, nor did they possess cannon, ammunition, modern weapons or a full treasury; indeed, they were almost destitute of food and clothing. They were armed only with antique flint-lock guns, and had at the most a hundred rounds of ammunition. Their officers had but recently been chosen; the majority of them had never been under fire before, and, in fact, knew not what war meant. Such were the men who were now obliged to take up arms and to give battle. Against whom? Against Your Majesty? Against Great Britain? No! Your Majesty, happily not, but against those persons who, through misrepresentation, had beguiled the British Empire into the committal of a shameful deed, thereby seeking to cast a lasting reproach on Your Majesty's honored name, and that of the noble British race, at the same time straining to crush a people to whom Your Majesty had, by the terms of the Zand River Convention, etc., guaranteed their independence.

In this way the unfortunate struggle between the Boers and English came about. The Boers, perceiving that they could not move their pitiless oppressors by their protests and petitions, resolved to purchase liberty with their blood. Although many more brave English soldiers fell than Boers, the loss of the Boers, however, was greater and more acutely felt, considering the status of the British soldier and how considerably it differs from that of the Boer. The Boer was fighting for his property, his home and for his country. He is invariably the father of a

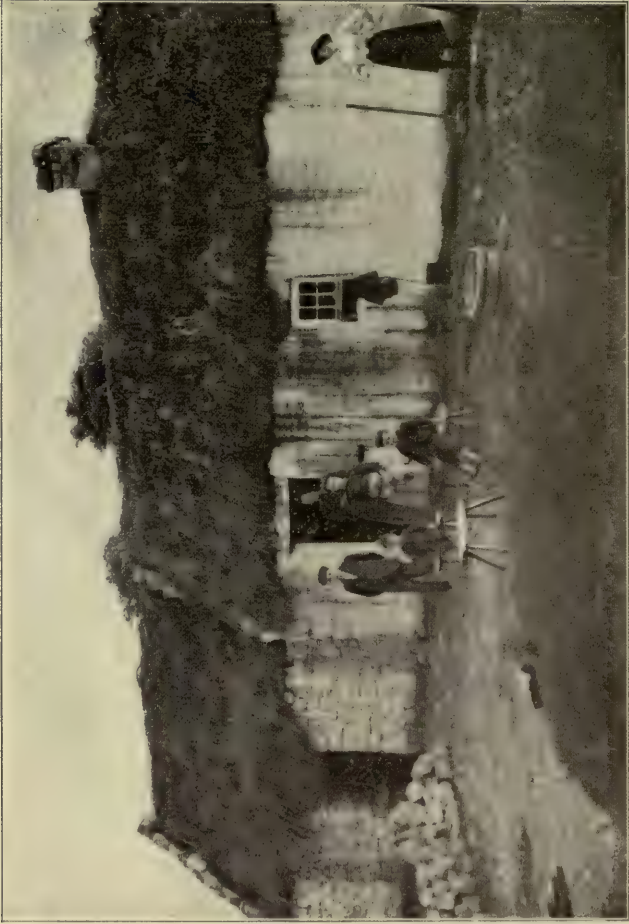
family, and if he gets killed he leaves behind him a widow and children; or, perhaps, the only son of a widow or of aged and decrepit parents, whose support he was, is killed. A soldier knows none of these tender anxieties. He is instructed in the science of war, and thinks of nothing else; his great ambition is to carry out the orders of his commander and to gain a medal for bravery in the fight. They do not concern themselves with the question as to whether they are fighting in a good or bad, a just or unjust, cause. No! it matters little to them. Those in high positions (who sit in safety) should know, for they have calculated how much glory and honor they can gain or purchase with the life and blood of the soldier, but they do not consider the amount of suffering and pain they inflict and what their responsibility will be when they come before the judgment seat of the Great Judge of Heaven and Earth, before whom every one will one day have to stand, face to face with those who stood under their authority and were used to the destruction and downfall of others.

In this war, however, such was not the outcome, for, although the struggle was fierce and arduous and the Boers lost heavily, their God gave them the ultimate victory. There arose a man—Mr. Gladstone—at the head of affairs in Great Britain, an upright, God-fearing man, who could discern the directing finger of the Almighty, and was not too high-minded to acknowledge the same and boldly declare that righteousness exalteth a nation—his nation, Your Majesty's nation—while injustice and wrong-doing sullies the fame of a nation. Actuated thereto by a generous and noble impulse, he caused the unjust war to cease, and restored the honor of Great Britain by transforming an act of violence into a magnanimous deed. Peace was thereupon concluded at Laings

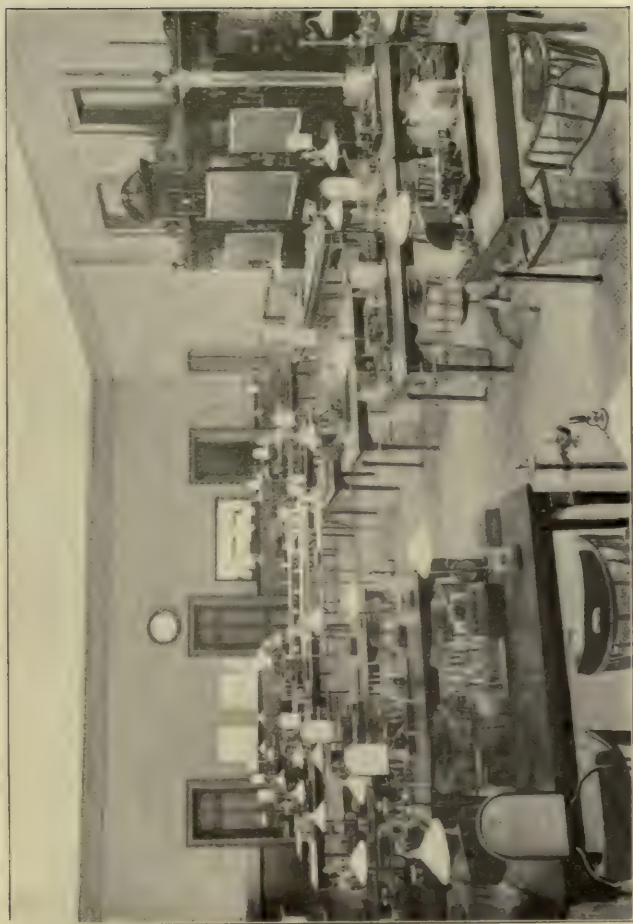
Nek, and the Boers might have again exulted at being in amity with Great Britain, although burdened now with a heavy debt—a liability which they respectfully protest they never incurred—an empty treasury, broken firearms, ammunition all spent, and a convention that cannot be conformed with, which can be declared as infringed every day, with no impartial tribunal to determine one way or the other. The Boers were, however, free again, and they hoped it would now go better with them. They vainly imagined so, and frequently declared so. But, alas! Poor Transvaal! You have hardly survived one disaster when two others stand staring you in the face.

Unfortunately a rich gold mine has been discovered in your country. It is surely not meant for the poor down-trodden Boer. Poor and abandoned men soon began to flock to this new Eldorado, and were presently followed by a legion of unscrupulous speculators. Afterwards certain ambitious capitalists arrived on the scene, who knew how to use their influence, and were indifferent as to what rôle they played, or what became of the country as long as they increased their wealth tenfold. And to what end did they eventually apply their gold, derived from the Transvaal mines? Let history tell, Your Majesty, and it will prove that it was not devoted to the good of the country or the welfare of their fellow-men; but, to the contrary, to the detriment of the country whose hospitality they were enjoying.

Their object was to overthrow the government and to rob the people of their liberty, by force if necessary. As they had money in abundance, the proceeds of the gold they had won from the mines, they bought thousands of rifles and maxim cannons—smuggled these, concealed in oil-casks, into the country for the purpose of using them



BOER HOME IN THE HINTERLAND.



TELEGRAPH OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG.

against the people of the Transvaal to oust them out of their country, whither the capitalist had come and possessed himself of the gold fields. With this aim in view they had made a compact with one Cecil Rhodes to undertake a raid into the Transvaal, Dr. Jameson acting as the tool.

Behold! Your Majesty, the conduct of these men—the same men who are to-day clamoring about grievances. Yes! grievances which have made them rich, richer than ever any of the Voortrekkers was or any of their children will be.

They, then, who tried to overthrow the South African Republic, who stirred up strife in Johannesburg, on account of which many anxious and timid people fled from the city to escape probable hardships, are responsible for that dreadful railway accident in Natal, through which so many mothers and children lost their lives. They shall also have to answer before the judgment seat of God, for the blood that was spilt during this contemptible Jameson raid. Here, again, Your Majesty, six Boers fell defending their rights and the independence of their country.

Thus have the Boers, from time to time, been aggravated and harassed.

But even in these troubles they were not deserted by their God, who gave them refuge and enabled them to prove to the world that they are a meek and enlightened people; for, although they had it in their power to refuse to grant quarter or pardon to Jameson or his gang of freebooters, they did not shoot them down as, perhaps, another military force would have done, or even follow the example set them at Schlachtersnek. The thought alone that they were British subjects sufficed the Boers not to

treat them according to their deserts, but to hand them over to the law officers of Your Majesty to be dealt with as Your Majesty deemed fit. And what are the thanks that we get for our magnanimity in liberating Jameson, Rhodes' henchman? Instead of thanks we are cursed with the revival of the Johannesburg agitation of 1895 and 1896.

These are the men who, encouraged and assisted by Mr. Chamberlain, are trying once again to bring misery upon the Transvaal, and as a means to this end and in order to mislead the generous British public, have caused a false document, stated to have been voluntarily signed by 21,000 oppressed aliens, to be addressed to Your Majesty. If Your Majesty would have that petition sent to Johannesburg to be publicly and impartially scrutinized, it would soon be made manifest how many thousands of the names appended thereto are of persons who had neither read nor seen it, and of numerous others who have long been dead. Armed with such a document they are now endeavoring to bring another calamity upon the Transvaal, and, perhaps, upon the whole of South Africa. Were such a scrutiny to take place, it could be positively proven that many whose names appear as signatures, rather than being against the continuance of the independence of the Transvaal, have grievances against the framers of that notorious petition, and would like to bring them up, for withholding their wages or ill-treatment. Such, we are sure, will faithfully stand by the Boers and fight for their adopted country; unlike the authors of that petition, whose guilty consciences are prompting them to leave the country or send their wives and money away to Natal or the Cape Colony. All this for fear of the consequences of their own wickedness. They have insured the works

at their gold mines against damage, which they recklessly wish to cause to others. The wire-pullers of this vile scheme are Messrs. Rhodes, Chamberlain and Jameson.

Your Majesty, what are we expected to do? We are told to-day that they demand the franchise. Would it not be better for the people and for the independence of the country to give a vote to every raw Englishman, just arrived in the country, or even an army deserter, than to such unscrupulous capitalists and dishonest speculators, whose only object is to rob the South African Republic of its independence, in order to be enabled to do the same here with the gold mines as they did with the diamond mines at Kimberley, under British rule?

Your Majesty, it was with a deep sense of pain at the critical state of affairs in South Africa, that I commenced to write this letter, but my pain and indignation have been intensified by what I have lately read in the newspapers of Mr. Chamberlain and his statements anent the Transvaal, which he fondly hopes will be accepted as gospel truth by every one. He has never yet been in the Transvaal. I have been to London and yet I do not pretend to know all about it. Would it not be presumption on my part to think so? And does he alone know everything about the Transvaal? No! Your Majesty. Now I see clearly that he has been misled, that he has believed in fiction; for how otherwise could he have uttered such language? Witness his bitter speech at Birmingham when he referred to the shooting of Edgar. Your Majesty, this man had struck another a mortal blow, and when the police tried to arrest him he struck and almost killed one of them, who thereupon shot him dead. It was indeed a regrettable incident; but has it not often

occurred at Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, that the English Police have found it necessary to fire on an unarmed mob, thereby killing and wounding private citizens? And did ever any foreign minister dream of declaring war against England or make unreasonable demands on account of such action? Mr. Chamberlain is alarmed, forsooth, because a woman is murdered in the streets of Johannesburg—a circumstance which we all deplore, yet cannot discover the murderer. We have offered a reward of £500 to any one giving information that will lead to the conviction of the person who committed this crime, but up to the present we have failed in tracking the culprit. Now, Your Majesty, how many women were murdered in London by the so-called Jack-the-Ripper, who, notwithstanding Mr. Chamberlain, has never been caught? And yet who would ever dream of going to war with England because of this Jack-the-Ripper? Mr. Chamberlain, however, would set the whole of South Africa ablaze just because we have not captured a murderer, or because a jury has not convicted an Englishman in our police service of a certain murder.

Will Your Majesty permit a small, weak State, that has time after time relinquished its rights, and has ever tried to live in peace and harmony with Your Majesty's people and government, to be oppressed and overthrown by the world renowned power and might of Great Britain, simply owing to the misrepresentations of the persons I have already mentioned?

Such is the inquiry of one who considers it an honor and privilege to extol Your Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and the Empress of India, and to acknowledge the generosity of the British nation and of several British statesmen.

No! Your Majesty, ever in supplication to the Almighty, who ruleth over Kings and Princes, and inclineth all to His great will, I, Your Majesty's humble petitioner, will never believe that Your Majesty will suffer the sacred rights of a weak, peace-loving people to be violated in your name, and South Africa to be cast into grief and mourning. To the contrary, I pray Your Majesty that peace, rest, prosperity, union and co-operation will reign in Your Majesty's name throughout South Africa, and endure as long as there remains a Boer or an Englishman on earth.

Such is the wish and prayer of

Your Majesty's most humble petitioner,

P. J. JOUBERT.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DELAGOA BAY QUESTION.

The Gateway to the Transvaal—Its Strategic Importance—Description of the Beautiful Bay and Its Fine Port.

DELAGOA BAY was given an international importance early in the war by the seizure of German and American vessels with supplies supposed to be for the Transvaal government. This was the one outlet of the Boers to the world beyond their own borders, and Great Britain was quick to see the importance of controlling it, thus acquiring an advantage greater even than the reinforcement of its troops in the field.

In one day Delagoa Bay, which had been merely a name for a sheet of water, became a stronghold of political strategy. Suddenly and rapidly it developed from a geographical expression to a fact of enormous significance in international history.

Although Portugal, the owner of the bay, had declared neutrality and Great Britain's right of seizure and search in neutral waters could not be urged through any international precedent, the British Government relied upon two facts to sustain it in assuming control of the waters of the bay and its principal port, Lorenzo Marquez: First, that Portugal was hopelessly in her (Great Britain's) debt; and, second, that her naval strength was too great to be successfully contested by any of the parties at interest.

As Delagoa Bay was destined to prove such a potent

factor in the conduct of the war, it is both interesting and important that the reader should become acquainted with the principal facts concerning it. Probably no one could have spoken with more accurate knowledge of these facts than Montague George Jessett, F. R. G. S.

Mr. Jessett visited the spot in 1897. He had already read up all the available literature on the subject scattered among numerous publications, official, journalistic and descriptive. Not only did he find that the natural beauty of the harbor deserved all the encomiums that it had received, but he was confirmed in the opinion that it was of the utmost commercial and strategical value to any nation that possessed it. He carefully studied the place and its surroundings, also its history and political conditions. The substance of his efforts is given in the following:

Delagoa Bay, he informs us, is the finest natural harbor in South Africa. It extends from 25 degrees 20 minutes to 26 degrees 30 minutes south latitude. It has a length of nearly seventy miles from north to south, and a width varying from sixteen to twenty-five miles. It forms the southern extremity of the Portuguese territory of Mozambique.

The harbor offers a safe anchorage for vessels of practically any tonnage. Nearly all the South African ports suffer from the disadvantage of having a sand bar. Delagoa Bay is no exception, although it is not a serious consideration in this case, as there are navigable channels of good depth. The bar is nearly half a mile in width, and even at low water some fourteen feet are registered.

From the bay to the inner harbor there is a fine sweep of water, making a magnificent approach to Lorenzo

Marquez, which is situated on the left bank of the English River, just below Reuben Point, on Inyack Island. The town of Lorenzo Marquez is built upon a low-lying spit of land, and is about as ill-chosen a site as could have been pitched upon. Proper drainage and the reclamation of the swamp at its back have done much to improve matters; still, this site should not have been originally selected. Reuben Point, however, is everything that could be desired in the shape of a residential locality, and it is a harbor of refuge to sufferers from malarial fever, or other invalids.

The water deepens in the fairway as the English River is approached, but shoals on the further side from Lorenzo Marquez and varies somewhat in depth in different parts; as much as ten fathoms are registered just beyond the town.

The anchorage is good and the holding safe, as the harbor is so well sheltered. The length of the inner harbor is about seven miles and it varies greatly in width, the widest part being about two miles. The Matola, the Umbelosi and the Tembe rivers flow into the harbor, the two latter being good-sized rivers and navigable for some distance. Large vessels can proceed for a considerable distance up these streams and lighters can make their way for many miles further.

It was Vasco da Gama, the most noted among the many famous Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who discovered Delagoa Bay. On July 4, 1497, he sailed from Lisbon in command of three vessels, bent on discovering a new route to India by rounding the Cape of Good Hope. After a long and adventurous voyage he sailed along the shores of that country which he appropriately named Natal, as he first



"BETWEEN THE CHAINS," JOHANNESBURG.

saw it on Christmas day, and then explored the east coast from Quillimane to Beira and Mozambique.

In January, 1502, he made another voyage, this time in command of twenty vessels. One of these ships, under command of Antonio de Campo, lost the rest of the fleet and got disabled near Cabo des Correntes, and in this condition simply drifted until she fortunately got shelter in a large bay, which her captain christened the *Bahia da Lagoa*, or Bay of the Lakes.

The famous epic of Camoens, "*The Lusiad*," is founded upon Da Gama's first voyage. In May, 1898, great celebrations were held, both by Portugal and Great Britain, to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Da Gama's discoveries. In England the Royal Geographical Society held a special meeting, at which, conspicuous among a brilliant assemblage, was the Prince of Wales, who in the course of an excellent speech said that England had every reason to be grateful to the Portuguese, because she had profited more than any other nation by their great discovery.

In the year 1544, Lorenzo Marquez made a journey of exploration down what is now known as the English River and its tributary, the Umbelosi. In honor of his successful heroism, the small station soon after formed by the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay was named Lorenzo Marquez. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Portuguese used their station in a small way as the debarkation point for a small ivory trade. A little vessel was sent around the coast to the bay at very long intervals. Eventually even this trade ceased. A Dutch expedition which landed in 1721 found the place uninhabited and took possession of it. In a few years, however, they were driven away

by the prevalence of malarial fever. Later, a French settlement flourished for a few years and was then expelled by the Portuguese. In 1822 an Englishman named Captain Owen, under the sanction of the Portuguese government, conducted an expedition to Delagoa Bay for the purpose of making a complete geographical survey.

This expedition fell in with a number of the natives, two of whose chiefs expressed an ardent desire to come under British rule, and signed documents placing their tribe and the whole of their territory under the protection of Great Britain.

But no sooner had Owen departed than the Portuguese forced the chiefs to sign a written declaration that they were and always had been subject solely to Portuguese rule.

Many years later, in 1869, the British government set up a claim to the territory based upon the documents that Captain Owen had obtained. This claim Portugal repudiated. Nevertheless, she would have been perfectly willing to sell all her rights to England. She was in her usual needy circumstances, and had not yet become alive to the fact that in a few short years Delagoa Bay would grow enormously in value and become a harbor of the first importance. Incredible as it seems to-day, Lord Kimberley, the then governor-general, despite the urgent protest of the British high commissioner, let slip this magnificent opportunity of acquiring the bay, when, it is said, it might have been purchased for the paltry sum of about \$60,000. As many millions would hardly buy it to-day.

Instead, he elected to appeal to arbitration. In 1872, by a protocol signed at Lisbon, the dispute was referred to Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic.

After the case had been argued on both sides—well and carefully by the Portuguese, badly and carelessly by the English—MacMahon, on July 24, 1875, gave his decision in favor of Portugal. He decided that the want of effective occupation on the part of Portugal did not vitiate her claims, and even gave her more territory than she had asked for. In return the Portuguese government bound itself not to cede or to sell to any third power the territory so awarded without having previously given Her Britannic Majesty's government the opportunity of making a reasonable offer for its purchase or acquisition.

When trouble with the Transvaal arose the renewed attention of England was immediately drawn to the bay, and it was clearly seen what a grave menace it would prove if it fell into the hands of an enemy. Not only would English shipping be imperiled, but the harbor itself would be used for the purpose of landing troops and important supplies. That the danger was not an imaginary one was proved during the friction with the Boers at the close of 1895, when Germany tried to land troops there for service in the Transvaal, absolutely ignoring the paramount power of England.

The fact is further emphasized when it is remembered that the neighboring Island of Madagascar is in the hands of the French, who have fortified it and made it a strong naval station. French activity has been marked of recent years, and it is easy to see that, having ousted England from Madagascar, she is particularly anxious to safeguard that possession and obtain complete control over the Mozambique Channel. So long as Delagoa Bay remains in the hands of Portugal, France feels herself fairly safe, as that country cannot harm her, and the mere fact of occupation means that all other powers are kept out.

The moment, however, that negotiations for the cession of the bay to England were opened, France strained every nerve to prevent this new English acquisition. Her great desire was to obtain the internationalization of the waters of the bay so that England should never have a chance of exercising her right of pre-emption in the event of Portugal electing to sell, owing to her financial difficulties.

In the summer of 1898 negotiations between England and Germany were entered into regarding their respective interests in South Africa. An agreement was drawn up which indicated that the German government would not prevent the passage of Delagoa Bay into the hands of Great Britain, while special clauses favored both powers regarding the ultimate division of Portuguese territory in South Africa, with Portuguese consent. But for the strong opposition excited both in Germany and Portugal this agreement might have been speedily followed by the British occupation of Delagoa Bay.

Meanwhile, how had the colony of Mozambique flourished under Portuguese rule? The word "flourished" can be used only in a sarcastic sense. Apathy, culpable neglect and gross ignorance on the part of its rulers have allowed the magnificent natural resources of this fertile land to remain undeveloped. From its inception the colony had shown a yearly loss involving a serious drain on Portugal until 1893, when there was a small balance on the right side. The general run of Portuguese officials in East Africa are corrupt, lazy and avaricious. They are the ne'er-do-wells whom the government is only too glad to get rid of by giving them posts in its colonies. The pay is extremely bad, yet with the help of bribes they manage to keep up a good deal of style, and frequently,

after a few short years, retire to live in luxury and idleness.

Of the mismanagement of the customhouse many stories are told. Cargoes would be dumped down anywhere and actually allowed to remain indefinitely until they were either lost or spoiled. Cases of crockery and other fragile goods were hopelessly mixed up with barrels of cement, mining machinery and mining implements. As a rule the light and breakable articles found their way to the bottom, surmounted by huge packing cases and ponderous barrels or crates. Not only did this chaotic state exist in the custom shed and its vicinity, but goods were also dumped down in the public gardens and stacked there. This heterogeneous mass of valuable merchandise would lie for a lengthened period exposed to the elements and would get so inextricably mixed up that the consignee might account himself a lucky man if he ever got his goods at all, and luckier still if they arrived intact.

A story is told of how a consignment of typewriters was condemned on the supposition that they were rotten potatoes, and the cases were thrown overboard from a lighter in midstream. A writer in one of the Cape papers tells of an interview he had with a customhouse officer who happened to be an Englishman, and who was thoroughly disgusted with the condition of things that confronted him. Pointing to a man who was searching among a huge heap of cases on the wharf, he said:

“That man is a German from Johannesburg. Some time ago he imported 400 cases of tallow candles.. He is still looking for them. I can tell you all about them. When landed they were left outside in the sun for months. You see that heap there covered with coal dust? That’s the tallow, which melted and ran out of the cases. When

the boxes were removed the bottom fell out and only the wicks were left. I'll bet he doesn't import any more German tallow candles to Delagoa Bay."

A more recent story concerns a very proper order issued by the director of customs prohibiting dynamite from being discharged among general merchandise at the wharf. Now it happened that the two rival French steamship companies, who had entered into competition for Transvaal trade via Delagoa Bay, were holding out special encouragements to French mining companies in Johannesburg and exporters in France in the carriage of special goods at special rates. Such packages were marked "Demi metre." A Portuguese official misread this mark as dynamite and hastened to report his discovery to the director of customs. That official straightway directed the instant stoppage of all work on the wharf. The 1,500 employes gladly obeyed. By this time the Portuguese hour for breakfast, 11 o'clock, had arrived. Portuguese breakfast consists of many courses and wine, and a subsequent siesta. On that day the director did not return to his office until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He found it besieged by landing agents and local merchants, and other employers of labor, who could not understand this unexpected and unchronicled Portuguese holiday. The director was courteous, but slow in his movements. It took another hour to discover that the alleged culprit was an Irishman. After more delay his accuser appeared with the case marked "demi metre." The Irishman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, agreed that the case should be opened, but suggested that more than ordinary care should be used, as the contents might explode. When at last the lid was forced open it was found that the case contained nothing more dangerous

than fire brick in transit for Johannesburg. Work was then resumed, but 1,500 natives had to be paid 1,500 half-crowns for their enforced idleness by their employers.

It was really the visit of the British squadron to Delagoa Bay in 1897 that first attracted universal attention to this wonderful harbor and to the flagrant abuses which interfered with its usefulness. It was then that King Carlos of Portugal addressed the court at Lisbon enjoining the necessity of immediate reform. Undoubtedly marked improvements have been made since then in all directions. Jetties and wharves have been built or rebuilt, cranes erected, and harbor works put in hand. An enormous park, no less than the building of a new wharf from the government pier right to Reuben Point, over two miles in length, has been commenced. The work, however, has been carried on in a desultory manner, and heaven only knows when it will be finished if left in the hands of the Portuguese. This is one of the first and most important of the projects that it is incumbent on the English to carry through if they obtain control of the bay.

Nevertheless, despite all drawbacks, such are the natural advantages of the place that the trade of Lorenzo Marquez has steadily increased, as a reference to the consular reports for the last few years will show. It appears that the tonnage which entered the port of Delagoa Bay during the month of August, 1899, showed an increase of 4,000 over the previous month. This looks well, and shows how, even in Portuguese hands, trade is bound to keep improving owing to the obvious advantages possessed by the port. At the present time there are as many as fifteen regular steamship lines calling at Lorenzo Marquez, and there is no doubt that with proper manage-

ment and increased facilities in transit arrangements the shipping will be largely augmented.

As the trade slowly improves and the harbor opens up a better class of people have been gradually attracted to the place. Shops and stores have gone up, as well as fine houses, in the wisely chosen residential quarter, on the commanding site known as Reuben Point; roads have been built, electric lighting has been introduced, and land has increased in value by leaps and bounds. The population, which was 300 in 1890, is 6,000 to-day. In September, 1897, the New Netherlands Railway made up seventy-five trains and carried 10,716 tons. In the corresponding month of the next year 111 trains were made up for the Transvaal, carrying 12,589 tons, showing a gain in 1898 over 1897 of thirty-six trains and 1,873 tons.

The New Netherlands and Delagoa Bay railways, which, of course, are the chief cause of all this prosperity, were the result of frequent intermittent attempts during almost half a century to bring the Transvaal in connection with Delagoa Bay. It was the discovery of the gold mines of the former state and the realization of the enormous advantages to be secured by shipment of the ore to the nearest seaport which brought these attempts to a successful issue.

In 1887 Colonel Edward McMurdo, an American citizen formed a company in London to work a concession from the Portuguese government for ninety years for the construction of a railroad from Delagoa Bay to the Transvaal frontier at the Koomati Poort River. The line was partly opened in 1888, its extension to Pretoria and Johannesburg was sanctioned by the Volksraad of the South African Republic in 1890, and it became an accomp-

lished fact in 1895. It was generally believed that the British occupation would indefinitely increase its usefulness and open up new channels of profit for railway and for patrons.

There is the coal trade, for example, which has been seriously hampered by excessive freight charges on coal drawn from the Middleburg districts. With a reasonable railway tariff Lorenzo Marquez might within a few years become the principal coaling station of the Indian Ocean. This alone would be sufficient to insure the prosperity of the port. Immense coal fields have been discovered in the country lying between Delagoa Bay and the Lebombo Mountains. These could also be made to supply the demand for fuel of a large extent of territory along the east coast and Madagascar.

Another potential industry promising opulent results is sugar growing. There is no doubt that sugar would thrive magnificently anywhere in the Lorenzo Marquez district, provided proper attention were paid to its cultivation. Here alone is an immense source of income of a permanent character and the means of employment of a vast number of people.

There is no reason whatsoever why Delagoa Bay and its hinterland should not grow sugar cane to a very large extent and successfully compete with the Natal estates. Both the climate and the soil are eminently suited for the cultivation of sugar cane, and, looking at the fact that Delagoa Bay is so splendidly situated in respect of finding a market for its products to the Transvaal via the railway on the one hand and a general export trade from the port on the other, there is no reason why this industry should not be a most flourishing and permanent one.

Again, this particular region is well adapted to the

supply of grain, the soil being so rich and good and the climate suitable.


The Natalians have been very successful in the production of excellent tea, which is not so astringent as the Indian and Chinese teas, it having a less percentage of tannin in it—but has a delicate flavor. Tea growing might be commenced tentatively in the rich country behind Delagoa Bay, and if found to answer, as there is every chance of its doing, it would add another important industry to the long list that will be formed and prove flourishing in the future. In the same way experiments should be made in the cultivation of coffee, tobacco, etc., for if soil, facilities for irrigation and climate go for anything this country should become the most productive in South Africa, especially in view of the situation and the splendid facilities for transport.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR.

Interesting Facts about South Africa with Relation to the Boer-British Contest—Tales of Battle-fields and Personal Heroism.

OLIVE SCHREINER TELLS OF LOYAL BOERS.

EW, IF ANY, are better qualified to speak or write of the Boers than Olive Schreiner, whose "Story of an African Farm" gave Americans their first insight into South African life.

During the war she was interviewed with special reference to the Cape Colony Dutch.

"Ah," she said, "Sir Alfred Milner and this malicious press do not understand (or is it even possible they do understand?) what they have done in separating Dutch and British, and in sowing these charges of disloyalty at such a time. These men and women are suffering a terrible strain. All of them have sons and relatives in the commandos of the Transvaal or Free State, and they learn that the soldiers of the Queen, the great Englishwoman whose portrait is nailed up on their walls, are marching to shoot them down. And on top of all this they are being goaded to disloyalty by those suspicions and accusations."

"But is it true that these Boers have any genuine feeling for the Colony and the British Government?"

"Most certainly. Great Britain is the only country to which they have ever looked. They are proud of their government; they have loved the Colony as a part of the British Empire, just as in America an inhabitant of Virginia or Ohio loves and backs his State as against the other States. Now they feel pain and bitter resentment that their fidelity should suddenly be questioned."

"How did they first come to this suspicion?"

"Well, it was perhaps the forts and the soldiers that were placed amongst them. They felt this deeply. 'Why are they building these forts at De Aar and other places? Why are these soldiers brought here? When have we been disloyal?' These are the questions they kept asking."

"But are these people not really anti-English?"

"You would not ask this if you had been among them. I could drive you to farm after farm where you would have found all the younger generation proud of learning to speak English and of dressing in English fashion and learning English ways. In most of these small Dutch cottages you would find a harmonium and a book of English songs, which the daughters spent their leisure time in practicing—songs mostly glorifying the British army and navy! The girls would make a sort of apology for their mother, saying, 'My mother, she can really understand some English, though she does not speak it.' All of them have been anxious to be as English as possible."

"But I suppose this will not continue now?" I said.

"Why, naturally not. This is the very worst thing we are doing; we are killing the love of these people. England in her imperial policy is losing her empire over their hearts. In twenty-five years there would have been no more Dutch and English in this colony, but a fused

Afrikaner people owing allegiance to Great Britain as their mother. But this hope is gone."

"But what are their thoughts on the present situation? Do they bring political analysis to bear on it?"

"Yes; they are tremendous politicians, most of them. Whenever they meet at markets, fairs, or church gatherings they will lay out the whole of politics as they see it. Their bitterest feeling is that they are being kept from the Queen, for whom they have intense love and reverence. It seems strange to English people, but these primitive folk think the Queen must be accessible, like Paul Kruger, and they have a personal pride and belief in her."

"Is there any truth in what is said—that this sort of regard for the Queen does not prevent them from entertaining treason against the British Government?"

"No; this is sheer misunderstanding. They largely see the government personified in the Queen and in the British Ministers of the Colony. They feel, 'this is our government, our Queen'; and their charge against Chamberlain and Milner is that they have come between the people and their Queen. An old farmer a few weeks ago put the matter quaintly: 'There are two people we don't want to see dead; it is a pity they are old—one is the Queen, the other Paul Kruger; the young will never take their place.' I fear more than anything for the shock which will be felt when they come to realize that they cannot get to the Queen. 'Why don't you go to the Queen and speak for us?' more than one has said to me. Up to the last they often said to me, 'Our Queen won't allow our friends to be killed.'"

"And how do they account for what has happened? Whom do they blame?"

“First, let me tell you a curious thing about them. They seem to have no vindictive feelings whatever against the English soldiers sent to fight their friends and relatives. Most commonly they speak of them with a certain pity. ‘Die armie Rooibaatje, poor chaps; what have they done that they should be shot?’ I verily believe there is not a Boer woman among them that would not open her heart to a wounded soldier, turn out of her bed to give it to him, and nurse him as tenderly as her own son.”

“Whom, then, do they hold responsible for the trouble?”

“It is not Mr. Chamberlain, nor Sir Alfred Milner, though they say, ‘He has blackened us.’ Their anger is reserved for one man, whom they regard as the root of the evil. The whole face will harden at the name, Rhodes—‘the traitor,’ as they always term him. Before the matter had fully ripened into war I was talking with an old Boer farmer, a man of substance and of great influence in his district. He put it in this way: ‘When I think over the matter, it seems to me Rhodes and those men won’t be able to make war; as they say “our Old Lady” has always been good to us and loved justice, and she won’t let it be.’”

“Was it altogether Rhodes they blamed?”

“Well, chiefly Rhodes; sometimes the capitalists. They would sum up the discussion thus: ‘And the root of the matter is Naboth’s vineyard—the gold, and the capitalists that want it.’ They have very clearly grasped the kernel—the determination of the capitalists to control the whole country; not only the mines and the towns’ wealth, but the land. And when they have got the land, where is our freedom? But ‘the capitalists’ is no vague

Socialist catchword. These people always mean those who buy up land, buy up votes, and so try to get away their freedom."

"And tell me, what do you think will be the effect when these people relize fully the blow?"

"I would rather not answer; I cannot tell. Much depends upon the discretion of the Imperial government. One touch upon the principle of responsible government in the Colony would rouse in them that fine free instinct for representative institutions brought from Holland and born and bred in the bones of these colonists. Then, again, press and politicians have a terrible responsibility. Let me read you a passage from a letter received this morning from an Englishman, a wealthy merchant, who has lived many years up country: 'The people of this district are remaining quiet, although the papers are eagerly read. If they could only stop those lying, peace-disturbing upstarts who are spreading reports about, I should have no fear of disturbance. For instance, on Saturday a man told me he had been informed by Mr. — that if the Transvaal Boers lost we should all become slaves, our Parliament would be taken from us, and Cape Colony taxed to pay the expenses of the war.' Lies of this sort are intentionally circulated over the country and have a very disturbing effect. The Rhodesites are impressing on them that they will lose their government, so goading them to rise."

"How do these Dutch feel towards Sir Alfred Milner?"

"They simply feel that they have no relation at all to him; that he has never taken the trouble to comprehend them. 'Ah,' they would say to me, 'if we only had one of our old governors back, the good old governors we used to have, they would put everything right; they under-

stood us. If Sir George Grey were still alive we could go to him.' ”

“Then the common view that they hate Englishmen is false?”

“It is an utter misapprehension of Dutch feeling. Much of the apparent hostility is wounded feeling. Treat the Dutchman kindly, win his affection and trust, and there is no limit to his confidence in you. It is false to say he has a natural antipathy towards Englishmen. I would rather say he waits with open arms, and if you stand off from him, as so many English do, he feels bitterly about it. ‘You are my fellow-countryman and you won’t be my brother.’ The English new-comer starts too often with the notion that a Boer is a sort of inferior strange animal. The Boers themselves often laugh over these stories, but they feel them all the same. They were telling me a lot of anecdotes about Tommy Atkins. At Orange River one of the newly arrived English soldiers went into a store and asked the Dutchman who kept it, ‘Are there any Boers about, because I want to see what they look like?’ ‘Well, I’m a Boer.’ ‘What! You a Boer? Nonsense!’ ‘Well, but I am a Boer.’ ‘Why, you look just like any other man!’ It is a terrible mistake that is being made—the alienation of the hearts of these people. How easy they are to be governed by affection! There is nothing they won’t do for a man who is true to them. As things go now, we are crushing and destroying this great true power of government. More than that, we are even causing them to lose their faith in God. They are religious folk of the old sort. ‘God is still reigning; He will see to the right.’ That has been their confidence. What will be their feeling after England’s destruction of their fellow-Boers in South Africa?”



RAADSAL, BLOOMFONTEIN.

BOER OCCUPATION OF ELANDSLAAGTE.

(As told by the Station Master, G. P. Atkinson).

Elandslaagte Station is situated on the Natal main line, between Durban and Johannesburg, and lies sixteen miles to the north of Ladysmith and thirty-one miles south of Dundee. At the time it was taken possession of by the Boers under General Koch, the Elandslaagte Col-leries were the last mines left working, all others in the Colony having been stopped by the Boers. These mines, with a capacity of 10,000 or 11,000 tons of coal per month, would have been a valuable source of fuel for both the engines and the transports employed in conveying troops, and when they were captured it was felt to be a distinct blow to our communications. Further, no provisions, ammunition, or instructions could be sent to General Penn Symons at Dundee in consequence of the cutting of the line and wires at this point.

On the 19th of October a party of Boers not exceeding fifty rode up shortly after midday, just as a train of military stores for Dundee Camp was in the station. The train was moving when they rode up, but was to have stopped for mail-bags. The Boers, being under the impression that the train was leaving, galloped up, and shouted to the driver to stop; while the leader seized the station-master, and, with a rifle at his head, peremptorily ordered him to stop the train. The station-master, however, had heard previously of the near presence of the enemy, and had ordered the driver of the train to get to Dundee at any cost, an order which was carried out to the letter under great difficulties, and at as great risk as ever soldier is put to. Consequently the orders and threats had no effect; and when the train was seen to be getting

clear the burgher who had seized the station-master left him for a few moments to enable him to take accurate aim at the driver. At this time the crack of rifles was incessant, while the feats of horsemanship shown by those Boers who galloped after the train at full speed, firing without slackening to reload, made a scene full of animation and interest even to those left behind, who had no means of escape. It was during this excitement that the station-master was able to slip away unobserved and telephone the authorities in Ladysmith what had happened. He had, a few minutes before the arrival of this train, appraised the Ladysmith officials of the probability of attack, and consequently they were on the *qui vive*; his brief message, "First train escaped, second captured," was just acknowledged, and he himself just clear of the instrument, when two Boers rushed in to prevent communications. Passing them, he rejoined the man who had first seized him, and when subsequently the question was raised as to whether he had used the wire, the Boers seemed quite satisfied that he had had the station official under his wing from the moment he rode on to the platform. Firing was kept up for some time, as the Mauser rifles carry up to nearly 4,000 yards, thus enabling the Boers to harass the train people for a considerable distance. In the end, however, the train and its valuable contents got clear away.

A second train, which arrived during the attack on the first, was not so fortunate. The driver of this one heard the heavy firing, and prudently pulled up. The Field-Cornet then rode up and vented his rage at losing the train on the station-master, but before an hour passed he apologized sincerely for his forgetfulness in threatening death to a civilian for an act of simple duty. After this

the rails and wires were cut, the station signal lowered to induce another train, should one come, to run in and be wrecked, and the station staff were marched off to the neighboring hotel, and confined with many others under guard in a small room. Fortunately, all women and children had been sent south some days before.

The manager of the mines was requested to keep his men at work, and was allowed to take half of a truck of rice consigned to him, in order to feed his Indian laborers, but he and his men were warned not to leave the immediate locality. General Koch personally told the station-master: "If any of you are found on the veldt, you will be shot indiscriminately." The station-house was occupied by Captain T. De Witt Hamer, of the Second Volksraad, with one hundred men, and during the battle of Elands-laagte on October 21 its contents were carried off or destroyed. The contents of the neighboring stores were distributed among the burghers on the principle of "first come, first served," and the contents of the captured wagons were dealt with similarly.

The escape of the English prisoners was effected on the morning of October 21, and they were well pleased to escape with their lives and leave their belongings behind. They were in imminent danger for some time from English shell fire. This trouble was not unexpected, and during the three days of their confinement it had been a question of some interest as to how they would stand in the event of the English troops opening fire on the Dutch. The first English shell dropped within thirty yards of the prisoners, and others came unpleasantly near; but in the end they made their way on foot across country to the British lines, their pace being accelerated by the frequent booming of the Dutch guns in their rear, and

the screeching and occasional bursting overhead of their shells. Twice during the escape they were under the cover of English fire (after getting a turn of its dangers), and twice the troops were withdrawn (until sufficient reinforcements arrived), leaving the runaways to shift for themselves. In the end they reached safety in Lady-smith.

SUFFERINGS OF BRITISH TROOPS.

An idea of how the British troops suffered from the climate may be obtained from the following, written by a correspondent at Estcourt:

“At last I have been trapped, and do not know if this mail will reach you. The wires and railway line have been cut, and we are practically in a state of siege. We have really done nothing the whole week except tire ourselves to death. We seem never to fight now; just advance, look at the enemy, who occupy the hills, fatigue our troops, marching them in the broiling sun and in the drenching rain, leaving them out all night, and then retire in the morning, allowing the enemy to close in. There may be some reason for it, but up to the present I do not see it. Our men are simply aching to fight, but they never seem to be allowed to. This is the season for bad weather, and thunderstorms rage every day. The day before yesterday we got caught in one while out in the veldt—no shelter whatever; the lightning was quite blinding, and continually splashed close to us. Two oxen were killed outright not far from our path, and the hailstones, *without exaggeration*, were as large as pigeons' eggs—and most painful. Our horses suffered especially. And through this have our unfortunate troops to march, wait, and retreat. Daily every

man is soaked to the skin, and with all this there is hardly a picture to make—nothing but advancing and retreating, and watching the enemy about five miles off."

NAMING HARRISMITH AND LADYSMITH.

Ladysmith, where Sir George Stewart White was besieged, was named in honor of the wife of Sir Harry George Wakelyn Smith, Bart., who gave the name to the town of Harrismith in the Orange Free State. He was descended from an old Cambridgeshire family residing at Whittlesey, in the Isle of Ely, some six miles from Peterborough. His father, a surgeon, who lived to a great age, had four sons, three of whom were soldiers and the fourth a doctor.

The three soldier sons went through the Peninsular War, and were at Waterloo and returned safely. Sir Harry was the eldest, Captain Charles Smith was the second, Colonel Thomas Smith, C.B., being the youngest. At the battle of the Coa Sir Harry (then a major) and Colonel Thomas (then a lieutenant) were wounded, though the former's wound was not a severe one. They were brought from the scene of battle many miles down a rough country in a shaky cart, and their suffering was intense; the present ambulance advantages were not then in existence.

The two brothers were placed in the same hospital, and a young doctor came to dress their wounds, which were in a frightful condition for want of attention. With one hand this doctor unbandaged the damaged knee, and with the other he held a bouquet to his nose. Sir Harry, less badly wounded, watched the doctor and the bouquet—

Which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

Sir Harry (like Hotspur)—

Then all smarting with his wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,

jumped out of bed and kicked the young doctor down the stairs. This was a breach of military discipline for which he was brought before the Duke and admonished, but the Duke secretly laughed at the circumstance. Sir Harry was at the siege of Badajos; here a very interesting incident occurred. He was standing with the general and staff when a Spanish countess and her young sister came to the general for protection. Sir Harry was smitten by the charms of the younger of the fair petitioners; this ripened into love, and she eventually became his wife—Lady Smith, from whom comes the name of the town of “Ladysmith,” now so famous.

At Waterloo, Sir Harry Smith was brigade major; his brother Thomas was adjutant of the Rifle Brigade.

Sir Harry was a good soldier, and showed great skill and bravery in the Sikh Wars. At the battle of Aliwal (which was entirely his battle, and for which he was created a baronet, with a pension to Lady Smith), he defeated the Sikhs with great slaughter. Wherever he went there was fighting to be done, and he almost died in harness.

Lady Smith accompanied him wherever he went. She was at the battle of Chillianwallah, and received a medal,

which is still in the possession of the family. Lady Gough was also at this severe fight.

On his return from his victories against the Sikhs, a banquet was given him at his native place—Whittlesey. When returning thanks, he quoted the well-known lines:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

After that he went to South Africa. From 1847 to 1854 he was Governor of the Cape, and did great service in the fights against the Kaffirs. He died without children, and the baronetcy (which might have been granted for continuation through Colonel Thomas Smith, had he not declined it) became extinct.

Colonel Thomas Smith had six sons in the army and one in the navy, and all but one pre-deceased him; his widow is still living and in good health.

Sir Harry was educated at a school which formed originally an eastern chapel of the south aisle of the beautiful church of Saint Mary, Whittlesey. This chapel, now called the Smith Chapel, was restored in honor of the hero of Aliwal, and what was the school is now again part of the church and adorned by three painted windows. Within this church rest many members of the old family, ancestors of the hero of forty battles.

Many people still live who remember Sir Harry, his brothers and father, and cherish the memory of the kindness of the three sons who served their country so well. The names of the three South African towns, Harrismith,

Ladysmith, and Aliwal, will perpetuate the fame of the brave soldier and his good wife.

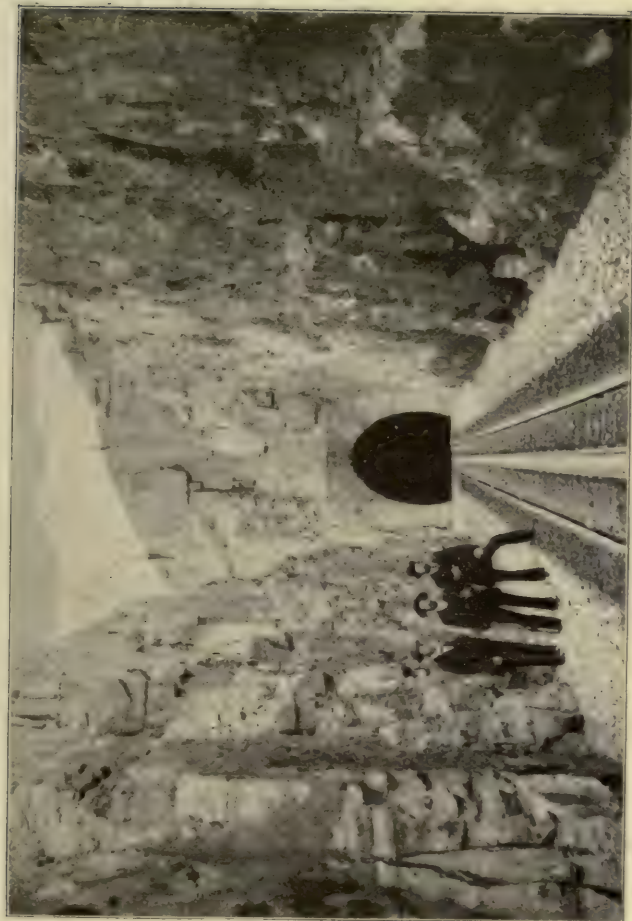
DESCRIPTION OF MODDER RIVER.

Modder River, the scene of Lord Methuen's heavy fighting, is twenty-five miles south of Kimberley—with the Orange Free State border about four miles to the east. There is really no village, properly speaking, much less a town, but simply a district with a few stock farms scattered around, a general store for supplying the farmers and Kaffirs, and a couple of hotels and farms combined, where some of the residents of Kimberley go for change of air or for the shooting.

During the summer months large picnic parties, both white and colored, organized by the churches of Kimberley, sometimes to the number of 600 or more, go down for a day's outing at the river, "The Island," owned by Mr. J. K. Glover, being the favorite resort. Just where the two rivers, the Riet and Modder, meet, about 400 yards above the railway bridge, is this so-called "Island." It is in reality not an island but a V-shaped piece of land formed by the two rivers, the Riet on the south and Modder on the north, and open on the east side to the Free State. It is here that the Boers seem to have made the best stand, and certainly the position was most favorable for them. The steep banks of the river on the south side, where the attack would come from, are fairly well wooded and covered with dense bush, and would afford excellent cover for riflemen, and while it would be impossible to rush the position and get in with cold steel, the Boers, if they wished to retire, would find the east side quite open, and by keeping along the banks of the Modder River, which is on the north side, they could keep out of sight



RAILROAD WRECK, CAUSED BY RUSH OF OUTLANDERS FROM THE TRANSVAAL.



THE GATEWAY TO THE TRANSVAAL AT LAING'S NEK.

for two miles or more. Here the river takes a more northerly course, and to gain the Free State they would have to come into more open veldt.

The Modder River Railway Bridge was built quite close to the old wagon road, and the drift is easily passable except during the times when one or both of the rivers are "coming down," which event usually happens during December and January—perhaps four or five times.

The country round about is quite flat for some miles, and not suited for the usual tactics of the Boers, but at Spynfontein, about halfway between the river and Kimberley, it gets more broken. Before the rinderpest broke out, the farmers in the district raised a fine lot of cattle, but, unfortunately, they were nearly all swept away by that disease—in fact, so scarce did draught oxen become that the owners of the Koffyfontein Diamond Mine, who used to get their coal from Indwe forwarded from the siding at Modder River by ox wagons to their mines in the Orange Free State, actually got out several traction engines from England to take the place of oxen, and sent them across country, much to the amazement of both the Dutch and Kaffirs. The climate of this part of South Africa during the winter months—May to September—is superb, beautiful bright days and cold frosty nights, but during part of the summer—the rainy season—for those sleeping under canvas, or without even that, it is very trying.

RAILWAYS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The increasing competition of European nations in Africa enforced demand for an increased rate of railway construction for the benefit of the districts subject to the

nations concerned, and a project prominent in the minds of the French people was the contemplation of a line crossing the Sahara desert. Ostensibly the principal object of the scheme is to offset the projected "Cape to Cairo" line of the British, which during the war has appeared to be in the advance of long distance enterprises of the kind for that continent. The United States consul at Marseilles, France, forwarded to the Department of State at Washington some information bearing upon French feeling, as expressed by a report of the Marseilles Chamber of Commerce, which shows the extent of railway development in Africa up to the present writing. The following is largely an abstract of the report, as forwarded in the consular advices:

The report declares that France, having laid hands upon points 1,200 and 1,800 miles from the sea, must establish a connection or lose the fruit of her labor. While reiterating that the doubtful element of future profit must not hinder actual work, the intimation is held out that a profitable traffic can be built up. The Belgian Kongo region is cited as an example. The railway from Stanley Pool to the sea, 241 miles long, was fully completed in May, 1898, and 62 miles were in operation as early as 1896. The total capital and bonds amount to \$12,545,000 and the monthly receipts are \$193,000. The commercial movement increased from \$3,406,450 in this colony in 1893 to \$9,746,500 in 1898. The principal business is caoutchouc, a product that is firm in price and even advancing, while the general trend of prices of other products is downward. It is contended that the French colonies in Africa are veritable mines of rubber, and need only means of transportation to bring about highly prosperous conditions.

What has been already done and what is projected in the various districts may be gleaned from the following tabulation:

Districts.	Railway	Building, surveyed, and definite- ly projected.
	completed. Miles.	Miles.
Tunis-Algeria	2,361	690
Senegal-Sudan	276	224
French Guinea.....	...	342
British Guinea.....	35	163
Ivory Coast.....	...	280
Gold Coast.....	42	82
Dahomey.....	...	497
Lagos.....	43	143
Belgian Kongo.....	249	1,243
Portuguese Kongo.....	221	...
German West Africa.....	72	363
Cape Colony.....	4,350	*
Uganda	288	644
Madagascar.....	...	249
Total.....	7,937	4,920

*Cairo to Cape project not included in this table.

Besides the lines indicated on the map, the following have been discussed: From Suakin, on the Red Sea, to Berber; from Lake Tchad to Fashoda; from Loanda, in Portuguese West Africa, to Lake Tanganyika; and from Walfish Bay across German Southwest Africa to Buluwayo.

GUNS OF SOLID GOLD.

Nothing was ever more unique in warfare than the offer Queen Victoria received from His Highness, the Gaikwar of Baroda, who placed at the disposal of the British for use in the Transvaal his most treasured possession, the famous golden guns, that are a part of the

Maharajah's ornamental artillery. No one would think of using guns made of solid gold in actual warfare, even in a land where gold is picked up as easily as iron is elsewhere, but their offer for service was taken as a most graceful tribute to the Queen on the part of one who was considered the most powerful and influential of native princes of India.

The guns are in reality one of the world's curiosities, for they are the only solid gold guns in existence. They were the product of a native blacksmith's skill and labor and were made in 1874, the time consumed in the work being no less than five years. Each gun weighs 400 pounds and is made of pure gold, with the exception of the inner coat, which is of silver. The design of the guns is most novel, and the carriages are made of expensive wood, cunningly inlaid with silver and carved by the skillful workmen of Baroda in their characteristic style.

It is not in the guns alone, however, that the Hindoo potentate has shown his taste for expensive ornamentation. The entire outfit is on a most sumptuous scale, the carriage being drawn by the finest bullocks that the Maharajah's territory produces and the trappings of the animals of the most splendid order.

Some idea of the magnificence of the apparel that bedecks this golden artillery team on spectacular occasions may be gathered from the statement that their best trappings cost the Gaikwar \$45,000. On the horns of the animals are golden caps, and on the legs are worn anklets of gold and silver. Each head is a flashing mass of gold and silver ornamentation, and when the guns are polished and the bullocks are in their state attire the sight is a dazzling one.

The guns have never been fired, so far as is known,

so that the effect of a practical use of gunpowder on such soft-metal ordinance is not known. It is not probable that they would stand real use. It is not meant that they should. They are intended for display alone, and in this they do full justice to their designer. As may be imagined, the possession of these gold guns makes the Maharajah the envy of all the other native princes, and it may be the pride that he feels in his unique artillery more than his regard for the British nation that prompted him to offer the guns to the Queen.

The guns are seldom allowed to be taken far from the Maharajah's palace. They are guarded day and night by picked men of the royal bodyguard, a splendid corps, equipped after the European manner and officered chiefly by white men. They wear a uniform very much like that of the Austrian Hussars, are 150 strong and are mounted on the finest cavalry chargers in the Indian empire. Only one occasion is recorded where the Maharajah allowed the guns to be taken from the Mazabagh palace at Baroda, where they are kept. This was when His Highness visited Bombay to meet the Prince of Wales. Then the guns accompanied him as being the most remarkable possession of the State of Baroda, apart from the Maharajah himself, and it is due to the latter's judgment to say that they attracted far more notice from the royal English visitors than anything belonging to the Gaikwar's train.

Besides the golden guns, the Maharajah owns a pair of silver guns of the same style as the others, but smaller, weighing only 320 pounds each. The limbers and carriages of these guns are brass-covered, and when this metal is polished it is just as much a sight to see as the gold guns.

HOW LORD ROBERTS HEARD OF HIS SON'S DEATH.

Here is the story of how Lord Roberts heard of the death of his only son, Lieutenant Roberts, whom he adored:

"In the Senior Service Club, of which Lord Roberts is a member, a group was standing about the ticker reading the list of casualties at Colenso. The group had not observed Lord Roberts, who was standing close behind. All at once one said: 'Great God, Bobs' son is killed!'

"An exclamation was heard from behind. Turning round, the group made way, and Lord Roberts advanced and read the fatal news. He said not a word, but, turning sharply round, silently left the club to break the news as gently as possible to his wife and daughter, who were waiting anxiously at home. His greatest fear was lest it should be conveyed to them in some brutal, sudden manner—for instance, by the blatant cries which later must have echoed terribly in their ears throughout the evening.

"'Poor Bobs,' was all his fellow-clubmen could say. Most of them were retired officers, but their looks were full of pity and every heart was flowing with sympathy toward the genial, kind-hearted, modest 'Bobs,' whose greatest pride was just that very son."

CARRYING HIS COLONEL.

Trooper Clifford Turpin, of the Imperial Light Horse, at Ladysmith distinguished himself for bravery in the field at the battle of Elandslaagte. The colonel was shot in the body, and Trooper Turpin caught him in his arms and was carrying him away to a place of safety when the poor colonel received a bullet through his brain while in Turpin's arms. He put the body down and rushed on in the fight, and he and one of the Gordon Highlanders were

the first to get in the Boer laager and took it. For his bravery he has been promoted to sergeant, and his name is to be mentioned in dispatches.

A HEROIC TROOPER.

Trooper Strauss, of the Border Mounted Rifles, was hit three times by Boer bullets, chafed under his enforced incarceration, and one night, eluding the vigilance of his nurses, he escaped from the hospital, obtained a rifle, begged ammunition from other patients, filled his bandolier, and sallied out to rejoin his regiment. Physically, however, he was not in a fit condition to endure the fatigue, and before he had gone far he was overtaken and brought back to the hospital. Strauss is a German resident in Natal.

TOMMY ATKINS' KIT.

In recent years every item of the soldier's kit has been made the subject of an immense amount of thought and experimental ingenuity directed to the securing of the utmost possible usefulness combined with the minimum of bulk and weight and strength. There is the "mess tin," for instance, that used to weigh a good deal more than the rations enclosed in it, and was little more than a receptacle for the food, but has become a wonderfully light and compact little compendium of a well-equipped kitchen. It is externally a little round or "D"-shaped metal box—"D"-shaped for infantry, round for cavalry. You take off the lid, and you find yourself at once provided with a dinner plate—small, certainly; but then, as Tommy himself wisely observes, "it don't so much matter about your plate being a bit small so long as you can fill it often enough." You lift out a

little tray and unfold a handle, and lo! and behold you have got a really serviceable little frying-pan, and the mess-tin itself may be used either for holding water or for boiling food. A full description of a soldier's kit is a literary achievement not lightly to be undertaken. An official list of the bare necessities for some or other of the various branches of the service presents between fifty and sixty items. These are not to be understood to include all that a soldier needs. Clothing, of course, is quite another matter, and "equipments," also, are not among the items of the "kit." A water-bottle, for instance, is not included in kit, nor is the valise itself in which kit is carried. The distinction between kit and clothing or equipment is just this: Clothing and equipment include personal supplies which government deals out and renews from time to time. Kit includes a large number of items which at the outset are provided free, but have to be renewed by the soldier himself. Thus, for instance, Tommy gets one set of boot brushes when he enters the service, but he will have to make them serve as long as he is with his regiment, or provide others himself. Similarly he gets one pair of bootlaces, one tin of blacking, one piece of soap, and when they are gone he must find others for himself. Brushes are the things most generally in request. Under this heading we find "blacking," "brass," "cloth," "hair," "hard," "lace," "polishing," "shaving." A tooth brush is a luxury not as yet recognized by the British army. Badges and bags, blacking and bootlaces, brushes and button brasses, plume cases and hair combs, gaiters and garters, knives and mitts and polishing powder, and so on through a list requiring most of the letters of the alphabet—these are the details of Tommy's kit. Boots he can get repaired by



THE STOCK EXCHANGE, COMMISSIONER STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

the regimental shoemaker, but his tailoring and his sock-darning and needlecraft generally Tommy Atkins has to do for himself, and in his valise he carries with him a "house-wife"—a strip of flannel or cloth, or something of the kind made up to contain a lot of useful things—a couple of dozen buttons, a thimble, some worsted needles, sewing needles, two balls of worsted, and an ounce and a half of thread in three colors—black, white and red. The British warrior, laying aside spear and buckler and patiently repairing the ravages of time and the wear and tear of long marches on his only pair of socks, is an interesting sight, more especially if he brings to the task fingers that have been well trained at the plough-tail or at the blacksmith's anvil.

A DOCTOR'S PRISONERS.

The Rev. A. A. J. Andrews, honorary chaplain to the Natal Mounted Rifles, writing to his father, the Rev. J. Andrews, Woburn, Bedfordshire, describes the scene after the battle of Elandslaagte:

"After the battle Dr. Bonnybrook and I spent the night on the field of battle, and also followed the retreating Boers for seven miles, searching for and tending the wounded and dying. Early in the morning we came to a Boer field hospital, and shouting out 'Doctor and Predicant' we entered and rested, and slept there a while. By daybreak we were out again, and when about six miles from camp, Dr. Bonnybrook rode up to twenty-five mounted and armed Boers, and told them they were his prisoners. Ordering two to take the weapons from their comrades, he marched them into camp prisoners. For an unarmed man to accomplish alone, this was an exceedingly brave thing. After the battle one of the captured

held up his gun and said, 'Look through this. I have not fired a shot. I am a Britisher.'"

BOERS' KINDNESS TO PRISONERS.


Second-Lieutenant C. E. Kinahan, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, writing to his father, Mr. G. P. Kinahan, Bagshott, from Staatsmodel Schule, Pretoria, says: "While we were in their laager the Boers treated us extremely well, and gave us food and tobacco. All you read about the Boers in England is absolutely untrue. They are most kind to the wounded and prisoners, looking after them as well as their own wounded, and anything they've got they will give you if you ask them, even if they deprive themselves. We came up to Pretoria in first-class sleeping carriages, and the way they treated us was most considerate, feeding us and giving us coffee every time we stopped. The day we arrived we took up quarters on the race-course, but we have been moved into a fine brick building with baths, electric lights, etc. They provide us with everything, from clothes down to tooth brushes. They also feed us, and we are constantly getting presents of vegetables and cigars from private people. In fact, we can have everything we like except our liberty; for some reason or other they won't at present give us parole, and we are surrounded by sentries. There are close upon fifty officers in this building and they have got any amount of wounded ones in different places. They say they won't exchange the officers at any price."

CHAPTER XXIII.

PATRIOTISM VERSUS AMBITION.

Rev. Dr. Meiring, President Kruger's Pastor, Takes up the Rifle in Defense of his Country—The Ambition of Cecil Rhodes a Contrast.

FROM PULPIT TO BATTLE-FIELD.

EV. P. G. J. MEIRING, D.D., who for years was President Kruger's pastor in the Transvaal Republic, was in the United States for some time previous to the beginning of hostilities in South Africa. He returned to Africa to shoulder a rifle and aid his countrymen in the struggle with England.

His remarks on the Boer-British war will be of great interest to the general reader. Before leaving, and in speaking of affairs in South Africa, he said:

"I am going home to fight. To fight for my country.

"I am the pastor under whom President Paul Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, has sat for years. I have taught him and he has taught me. This great and good man has known for years that the country was oppressed, and my texts have been upon the burden borne by the weary and the succor which the Lord would send.

"The Transvaal Republic, more than any other country, has been grossly misrepresented. This is more to be attributed to ignorance than to willful desire to wrong a people.

"The term Boer, for instance, is incorrect. The

word Boer applies only to the farmer. The correct name of the people of the Transvaal Republic is 'Afrikanders.' This signifies all the cultured people, black and white, of the Republic; all the citizens, all the people whose home is there; all those who dwell in the towns and who are the financial support of the Republic. These are 'Afrikanders.' The word Boer means countryman, and it would be just as correct to speak of a nation of Boers signifying the South African Republic, as a nation of countrymen signifying the United States.

"We are the descendants of the first Dutch settlers who landed on the most southerly point of Africa in 1652, and the French Huguenots, who were driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685, and sought refuge in Holland and ultimately went to South Africa.

"We hold Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Natal and the Transvaal. The Orange Free State and Transvaal are Republics; while the other two are British territory. We stand together as one people. We are one as regards our future, and what affects one affects all. In 1806 when war between Holland and England took place, we were ruled by the British, and we would not have interfered had we been governed wisely. Our rulers, however, simply gave us military government, and forgetful of the rights of the people at large sought to glorify themselves. They made no attempt to advance our interests.

"The most awful thing in our history was the Jameson raid in 1895. This raid was planned by Cecil Rhodes, who was directly responsible for it. It was a plot hatched in England to foment strife between the two governments. England and the Transvaal were then fairly

peaceful, but the Jameson raid was the beginning of a war. Fortunately the people of the Transvaal were lenient, and they hesitated about punishing the offenders as severely as they should have been punished.

“At the close of the Jameson raid, when Jameson was in prison, you will remember that he was pardoned. This should never have been done. Jameson should have been hung. But the British condoned his offense and Jameson was reinstated and was made a hero instead of a traitor and a knave.

“The Afrikaners have had a great deal of trouble in their history. Weak in numbers, yet so thrifty in disposition that they accumulated wealth wherever they were, driven from place to place by the British, they were naturally the target of the greedy Britisher. They owned Cape Colony, but the British claimed it, and the Afrikaners left it.

“The Zulus owned Natal, and the Afrikaners bought it of them. They bought it for so many head of cattle. They also fought the Zulus and came into possession of Natal by blood and money, so it was theirs. But the British wanted Natal and they got it.

“The treaty concerning the transfer of land was drawn up by an American missionary named Omans.

“We felt the country was ours by the purchase of cattle and blood. In 1842 the English entered Natal, raised the union jack, and said, ‘This is ours.’ The Afrikaner submitted to the edict and moved to the Orange Free State, only to be again followed by England, who laid claim to the territory. We moved without a murmur over the River Vaal and made settlements, when yet again England claimed that territory. It was then we said ‘No!’ and had recourse to arms, which

resulted in the defeat of the English at Majuba Hill and the ultimate triumph of the Afrikaner forces.

“The Transvaal government soon realized that their country, on account of its valuable mining properties, would be overrun by foreigners, and devised means whereby the newcomers should not be made citizens until they had made themselves worthy.

“This created two great political parties in the Transvaal, one headed by Kruger, the present President, and the other, the progressive, by General Joubert. The latter had for its central idea the modification of the restrictions surrounding the admission to citizenship, and in the last Parliament it carried the day. It was soon seen, however, that such radical laws as were contemplated would mean the overthrow of the Republic.

“Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonial Minister, hatched the present trouble, and England cannot but be cognizant of the fact. True, there was an education grievance.

“Outlanders were unable to educate their children elsewhere than in Dutch schools, but the law of 1896 provided for English schools wherever needed. The Outlanders do not pay 90 per cent. of the taxes alleged. It is true there is a poll tax of \$5 a head and an indirect tax on importations, which simply amounts to a custom duty.

“It is also true that we tax mining materials, but in view of the fact that huge dividends are earned, we feel justified in so doing. The dividends vary from 67 per cent. to 300 per cent. The owners of the mines are fully protected, so why should they not be taxed?

“It is wrong to believe that our leaders in the present war are all of Dutch extraction. Many of them are

not. We have leaders named respectively Hancock, Quinn, Watkins, and Lovejoy, also many of German, French and other nationalities, so you see that in this fight we are not all Dutch. Many of our leaders are native born, but there are just as many who were born under other flags. The world has been grossly misled by evil reports regarding our country. The facts in our case should not be misrepresented.

“It hardly seems possible that England is opposing us. She seems like another nation—not like the England we have known. If she still persists in her unholy warfare, she may see that God still reigns. He alone can give grace to His people, and bestow upon them the victory. Pray for us, pray that England may stay her hand and not permit this blot to sully her fair name. Pray God that He may give us peace, or if not, that He may raise friends for us, so that we may remain in possession of our homes and lands purchased at so great a price.”

Dr. Meiring, since, has been fighting and preaching; fighting when fighting was to be done, and preaching to his fellow-countrymen before and after battle.

He was at the battle of the Tugela, where Buller was so severely defeated, and he is still with the forces of General Joubert.

As a contrast let us look at Cecil Rhodes, a minister's son, from an American point of view.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING.

It will be interesting to recall the expressions of opinion that appeared in the Press of this country after the outrageous Jameson Raid in 1895. The following

editorial from the Springfield *Republican* is almost prophetic:

“The future of Cecil Rhodes is a fertile matter for speculation. It seems certain that he is to escape the dock and the felon’s cell, which he deserved quite as thoroughly as his accomplice, Dr. Jameson. But what of his career? Is he indeed a broken man, retired hopelessly and forever from his large schemes of Empire building? Or are these official frowns only a sop to the radicals, and will Rhodes merely remain under the cloud until the storm passes over, to be rewarded when he can again be useful to the imperialists? It is at least a wholesome symptom that as soon as the English people understood the case—as soon as they realized that Jameson’s freebooting trip was not a rescue party to save helpless women and children, not a self-sacrificing venture in behalf of the political rights of the Outlanders, not a daring raid in search of documents to prove an illegal correspondence between Kruger and Germany—but, on the contrary, a most flagrant and shameful invasion of a friendly country, coupled with an ignominious defeat to rub in the shame more deeply—that as soon as they saw this, the English people rose in their might and declared the thing an infamy.

“This spirit is a comparatively new thing in England. The people at large have rarely inquired into the rights and wrongs of quarrels. ‘England expects every man to do his duty’ was a sufficient warrant for butchering white men or black who stood in the path of territorial expansion. With this bull-dog patriotism behind it, it is no wonder that the Administration has been able to make England the challenger of the world. But there is a change. We suspect that it lies in the growth of the



EXCHANGE PLACE, JOHANNESBURG.



FALLS OF THE CROCODILE RIVER.

habit of independent thinking. How quickly sentiment changed as soon as the facts in the Venezuelan case leaked out from the archives of officialdom! It is probable that if there had been so widespread a spirit of independent inquiry before 1776, no Ministry could have forced a war with the colonies, and England would now be spreading her vast domain over the whole continent of North America, with small need for snatching at stray fragments of South Africa.

“It can hardly be questioned that the British people at large feel that Rhodes is an anachronism. He belongs back in the time of Tanburlaine or Alaric, or at the very least, of those magnificent Elizabethan buccaneers who lived in an age when gold was to be had, if not for the asking, at least for the killing, and no one troubled to ask where it came from. His friends point out that he has done more than any man of his time for the aggrandizement of England. But we have at least reached a stage of enlightenment when such aggrandizement is called robbery, murder, and other unpleasant names. They say that he is temperate, frugal, and unostentatious. So (as Julius Cæsar observes in the play) are most dangerous men. That he spends his money not on himself, but on his Empire. But that only marks his ambition as the vaster and the more alarming. If he were a common robber, intent only on filling his private purse, he would not be half so dangerous. For the sake of the peace of the world let us hope that he has indeed fallen like Lucifer, never to rise again.

“Those who have watched the deadly duel between the two colossal men of Africa since it began twelve years ago, will be specially anxious to know whether this is indeed the end, whether Rhodes is unhorsed for good,

The struggle began with a sharp coup in Rhodes' favor, and the younger and more aggressive man scored twice to Kruger's once till fortune put all the cards in the wily Dutchman's hand. Then no man living could have played them better. Blow followed blow, and not a false move was made till England was practically forced to depose the man who would be king. It is probable that nothing but the danger of bringing too many scandals to light saved him from a criminal trial. The folly of supposing that Jameson alone was responsible for the imbecile filibustering trip is equaled only by the folly of thinking that Cecil Rhodes was behind it. The ramifications of the plot are wide and deep, and there is no excuse for not annulling the charter of the company immediately.

"There is one blot on the great Empire-maker's record which will go far to keep him from being a popular idol at home. The British, in theory at least, love fair play, and what sort of fair play was it for Rhodes to slink behind the shelter of a subordinate? There is much more of the heroic in the crack-brained Jameson than in his wily and long-headed chief. There was something really fine in the way 'Dr. Jim' took the whole blame on his shoulders, saying that his associates were 'only guilty of loyal obedience to orders which they thought he had a right to issue,' and giving no hint that he, too, had had orders from a superior. And that superior was adding hypocrisy to cowardice by the claim that any statement on his part would be prejudicial to Dr. Jameson's case! In the light of the cypher telegrams the full contemptibleness of this is manifest.

"The Chartered Company should be given full credit for the good it has done. It has warred with the liquor

traffic, it has helped to put down the slave trade, it has governed not unfairly when it had conquered a place. But it has betrayed its trust; it has been deeply implicated in a wicked invasion of a neighbor's territory, and its privileges should be taken away. The very system is an anachronism; it is not right in these days to turn over to a corporation the power of life and death, of conquering the countries and levying war, of filling private purses from the spoils of kingdoms."

When we review the action of the British Government in relation to the Jameson raid, there is little wonder that universal public opinion is against England to-day, and the "great truth" will bear repeating here very appropriately, that, "The World's History is the World's Judgment."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RETREAT OF AN ARMY.

How General Buller Retired to Chieveley Camp after the Battle of Colenso—
Dusty March during an Eclipse.

FOLLOWING the battle at Colenso came the retreat of General Buller's army from the battle-field to Chieveley for a part of the army and to Frere for another part. Although the notice to the correspondents specified four o'clock as the hour at which the camp would move, the greater part of the troops, supply train, ammunition column and engineers' outfit, began to "trek" before midnight Saturday, December 16.

It was a weird scene when the camp began its march. The full moon was so bright that we were able to read fine print by its light alone. There was almost no wind, and the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere enabled us to see objects on the crests of the adjacent hills nearly as plainly as in the daytime. Details were lacking, but outlines were easily distinguishable. As successive bodies of mounted men, artillery and infantry, came over the ridges to the northward, we could instantly identify their characteristics, and it seemed impossible that the Boers, who were little farther away to the northward than we were to the southward, could have been ignorant of what their enemies were doing. When a battery ponderously moved obliquely across the range a mile and a half

away, the horses and men seemed to be automata, moving like the set scenes of a theater, for I could distinguish their general outlines, the divisions between the guns and caissons and the direction in which they were going; but the moonlight was not strong enough to show at that distance the motion of the horses' legs or the revolution of the wheels, and, therefore, it appeared as though some force behind the ridge was pushing the mass along, as a child moves blocks of toy soldiers across the floor.

The length of time in which observations of this kind were possible was short, however. No sooner had the advance guard of the retreating forces approached our camp than the dust arose in such volumes as to shut out of sight objects 100 yards away. The heavy carts containing supplies and ammunition had to follow a certain road, and the continuous rumbling of wheels, creaking of axles, cracking of whips and hoarse shouting of the Kaffirs to the mules and oxen came to me out of a cloud of dust into which the eye could not penetrate far. At intervals would appear on the veldt columns of cavalry or infantry marching alongside the general road, and they would sweep through our camp silently, parting here and there to pass our carts and horses, and then disappearing beyond us as noiselessly as they had come into view. There was no mistaking the feeling of the men. They were retiring from a position where they had lost heavily in men and guns. They had been defeated and they knew it. I feel sure that, if the Boers had followed up their victory by moving out at once upon the British army—as a continental force would have done—the retreat that night would have been a rout.

I do not understand the pluck of the British soldiers and their officers. Nothing could have been finer than

the way in which they responded to the unreasonable demands made upon them on that fatal Friday. With no previous clearing of the way by artillery, the infantry and the mounted men walked slowly into the range of guns of all kinds, never halting and never changing their deliberate gait until a few groups reached a point near enough to the enemy's trenches to make a charge. 'At no time did they flinch from punishment, even when they knew they could not reply to the fire of the Boers with any hope of doing them material injury. When the Dublins found the river in front of them, at a point where the opposite bank was lined with Boer rifles, they rushed across to do whatever might be possible in such a situation. Similarly, when the Devons had carried the first line of trenches on the right of the railway, and were there left by the retirement of the remainder of the British force, their commanding officer, Col. Bullock, though surrounded by only fifteen or twenty of his own men, cried out to the advancing swarm of Boers, "No surrender," and continued to fire.

The Boers lost three or four killed, yet they did not reply to Col. Bullock's men by a rifle volley that would have killed them all, as they might have done readily, but rushed into close quarters and knocked the colonel down with the butt of a rifle. This act of humanity was not, I am sure, a sporadic instance of the unwillingness of the Boers to take life unnecessarily.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Sunday morning I started my cart into the column that was moving to the southward and rode forward alongside of the dense procession of wagons as far as I knew the road. By the time I had overtaken a battery of navy twelve-pounders, drawn each by nine yoke of oxen, I turned my horse behind one of these guns and continued to march at the slow pace

taken by them. Along the route to Chieveley station, where we expected to make the new camp, were innumerable "dongas," abrupt scores in the face of the veldt, with precipitous banks from three to ten feet deep. It was possible to avoid these pitfalls only by following exactly in the route taken by the leader. To diverge even three or four paces on one side or the other meant risking a broken leg for the horse or perhaps a broken neck for the driver. Like the Israelites in the desert, we followed a pillar of cloud, the greatest safety being in keeping in the thickest of the dust. Once or twice, when the route seemed to lie over a level part of the veldt, I ventured to push on alongside the column, but, in addition to making a narrow escape from going into a donga, I discovered that I was an object of suspicion to the officers in the line of march. When I heard one of the Terrible's petty officers telling some one that a stranger was keeping alongside the navy guns, and that he wasn't either an officer, seaman, soldier or marine, I concluded that I had better "square" myself with the officer commanding the naval detachment at once, for I heard this reply: "If he can't give the countersign arrest him and make him march between the trail-ropes of your gun."

As I did not know the countersign, and as it would have been impossible in that dust-laden atmosphere to read my war-office pass, I moved my horse alongside the officer who was preparing to have me march at the muzzle of one of his guns. Riding was bad enough; walking would have been intolerable. I had no difficulty in allaying the suspicions of this officer, Lieutenant Ogilvy of the Terrible; and, as I felt safe under his lee, I decided to stick to him until daylight.

On, on we plowed through the dust. At times there would be the diversion of one of the oxen going mad, plunging furiously at right angles to the line of march and bellowing like a creature under torture, while all the column in the rear would have to come to a halt till the beast should be released from the yoke. Then out of the gloom ahead would come a warning, "Look out for the donga!" or "Big stones in the road!" The teams of oxen would keep straight on like pieces of machinery, but the seamen who were manning the ropes that were fastened to the trails and muzzles of the guns would tighten their lines and brace themselves for quick and severe exertion to avoid an overturn. For the spread between the wheels of the improvised carriages upon which these heavy pieces were mounted was so narrow, and the guns themselves were placed so high, that only a moderate tip on one side or the other would have been sufficient to overturn them.

Shortly after two o'clock it seemed to me not only that the darkness of the road was more pronounced, but the moonlight overhead was less brilliant. Looking back at the moon I saw that nearly one-half its disk was dark, and it was evident, of course, that an eclipse was taking place. I suppose that not one person in five hundred in the army knew that such an astronomical event was due, and, as the earth's shadow spread farther and farther over the moon's bright face the incident seemed to have a mysterious and a depressing influence upon all the beholders. Particularly was this the case with the Kaffirs and the Zulus, who were acting as mule and oxen drivers. The eclipse was nearly total, only a very small rim of the upper left-hand face of our satellite remaining unobscured, and as the light steadily failed the phenomenon seemed



BASUTO CHIEF.

to have some connection with the eclipse that British prestige had suffered in the battle of Colenso. My driver told me that it was lucky the Kaffirs and Zulus were scattered about among the soldiers, for they were very much alarmed, and if they had been assembled in a mass they would have become panic-stricken.

The eclipse was at its maximum just before dawn began, so that, in the black night, it was impossible to know how far we had come. Believing, however, that we must be in the neighborhood of Chieveley station, Lieutenant Ogilvy and I turned out of the column to wait for daylight. As I watched the column pass, each wagon, gun, ambulance, troop and battalion coming into view from the dust cloud as it moved close to us and disappearing a few yards away, like the scenes of a panorama, it seemed an interminable procession. Finally, when the pontoon train began passing, it was pathetic to look at those great rows of floats—two on the top of each wagon and a third above the two—struggling across the parched veldt in a territory where there was not enough water to float one of them within twenty-five miles, except in the stream from which the Boers had just driven us away.

When daylight came, the troops pitched their tents near Chieveley station or continued their march still further to the rear at Frere. I chose for my camping ground a spot only a short distance from the hospital, where more than fifty large tents and marquées were filled with wounded. In the intense heat of the afternoon, sitting in the door of my tent, I saw Generals Buller and Clery, accompanied by many other officers, come to attend the funeral of Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, son of Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Two priests of the Church of

England led the funeral cortége, reciting the burial service over the remains of the lieutenant and four other men who had died from the effects of their wounds that morning. There was no firing party, and, consequently, no volleys were fired over the graves, probably because it was not desirable to attract attention to the losses sustained by the troops any further than was absolutely necessary.

Owing to the prolonged spell of hot weather, during which little or no rain had fallen day by day, the supply of water at Chieveley rapidly grew less and less. Animals could be watered only by driving them two miles, while drinking water for the men was brought from Estcourt by train. As the railroad was a narrow-gauge, single-track affair, with small locomotives that find difficulty in hauling very moderate loads up the steep grades and around the sharp curves, it will readily be understood that the supply allowed each man for cooking and drinking was small—three pints a day—while there was none available for cleansing purposes. In consequence, I obtained leave from General Clery to return to the camp at Frere, where it was possible to get water for my animals within 300 yards of my tent, and where I could have two buckets of water a day for myself and my driver.

One of the most intelligent sergeants of the Irish fusiliers said to me:

“I don't mind the fighting, sir, and I'm willing to take my chance of being hit, but I haven't had enough to drink for ten days. As for washing, I have forgotten what it would seem like to be even moderately clean. I'm not overparticular, but I would be willing to fight another battle like that of Colenso every week day if I could be sure of having a chance to wash myself and my clothes on Sunday.”


Considering that nearly every day a whirlwind of dust sweeps through the camps, leaving everything in its course caked with soil, the sergeant's complaint was a natural one.



CHAPTER XXV.

WITH GENERAL FRENCH'S COLUMN.

British Gain a Tentative Victory at Colesberg and are Afterward Defeated
—Christmas in Mafeking and Ladysmith.

HE YEAR of 1900 opened with a forward movement by the troops of General French's command. General French's column had been operating in the vicinity of Naauwpoort and Colesberg, and while an exceedingly mobile force it had been unable to render any material assistance either to General Methuen on one side or General Gatacre on the other.

General French's force numbered about 2,000 men and was composed of a cavalry brigade, one or two batteries of horse artillery, some colonial cavalry, some infantry, and one field battery. It moved out of Naauwpoort early in December and drove the Boers out of Arundel on the 7th. Afterward General French quietly maneuvered, his main advantage resulting in forcing the Boers to retire upon Colesberg.

Friday night, December 29, the Boers began a retreat, and on Saturday General French followed with his cavalry and horse artillery to beyond Rendsburg Station.

On Sunday night he set out with all arms for a night march, transporting the infantry in wagons, and was ready to attack at dawn January 1, 1900.

He directed the infantry and field artillery against the Boer front, while the mounted arms moved round the right flank to the west of the Boers. The result was that the Boers beat a hasty retreat, and General French occupied Colesberg.

These skirmishes were less serious than one previously reported at Labuschagnes Nek, near Dordrecht, between a small British colonial force under Captain De Montmorency and the Boers.

Here the fighting lasted six hours, when the Boers were reinforced to 600 and the British were forced to retire to Dordrecht.

Lieutenants Turner and Milford and twenty-seven men were cut off for a time, but held their own until rescued by Captain Goldsworthy and four guns.

After the Boers had been driven from Colesberg they were reinforced, and on returning they engaged General French and after a hot skirmish succeeded in regaining the position they had lost.

The most important action of New Year's day, however, took place about twenty miles northwest of Belmont. A mounted force consisting of 100 Canadians of the Toronto company, and 200 Queenslanders, commanded by Colonel Rickards; two guns and a horse battery, under Major De Rougemont, forty mounted infantry under Lieutenant Ryan, and 200 of the Cornwall Light Infantry, the whole commanded by Colonel Pilcher, left Belmont January 1 at noon, on a march westward, covering twenty miles before sunset. The force encamped at Cook's farm, where the troops were welcomed enthusiastically.

At 6 o'clock the next morning the force approached a spot where a laager of the Boers was reported. Colonel

Pilcher on approaching the position, which was a line of strong kopjes, detached Major De Rougemont with the guns, Torontos and mounted infantry to work toward the right, making a turning movement himself with the Queenslanders toward the south position.

The maneuver was a complete success. The British shells were the first indication of the presence of the troops.

The Boers left their laager and opened fire, but the Queenslanders completing the movement, the laager was captured with forty prisoners. The British casualties were two men killed, three wounded and one missing. The whole force worked admirably. The two men killed belonged to the Queensland contingent.

The raid conducted by Colonel Pilcher was very difficult, owing to the fact that the movements of the troops were immediately communicated to the Boers by natives. In order to prevent this, Colonel Pilcher, in making his forced march from Belmont, left a British trooper at every farm house, with instructions not to allow the natives to leave their huts, the patrols calling the names of the natives hourly in order to prevent their escape.

In the maneuver at Cook's farm Colonel Pilcher sent mounted patrols east. One of these, consisting of four men, commanded by Lieutenant Adie, suddenly encountered fourteen Boers, who opened fire. The lieutenant was severely wounded, and Private Butler gave up his horse in order to carry the lieutenant out of range.

Another private, whose horse had bolted, pluckily returned to render assistance. He was wounded in the leg and his horse was killed.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Ryan, who had worked magnificently, reported that the veldt on the right of the

enemy was clear, whereupon Major De Rougemont ordered the guns to a trot. They arrived within 1,600 yards of the laager, unlimbered and planted five shells in as many minutes within the laager. Immediately the enemy could be seen streaming over the kopje. They were completely surprised, but quickly opened a well directed fire.

An order was sent to the Toronto company to double quick into action. The order was received with great satisfaction. The company rushed forward until within a thousand yards of the enemy's position, when it opened a hot fire upon the kopje and completely subdued the Boer fire.

The British artillery shelled the position with wonderful accuracy, while Lieutenant Ryan, with mounted infantry, worked round and completely uncovered the fire of the Boers, who had been ensconced in the bushes.

Meanwhile Colonel Pilcher, with the Queenslanders, taking advantage of every cover, made a direct attack, the Australians moving slowly but surely. The Queenslanders behaved with great coolness, laughing and chaffing at the moment of greatest peril.

During the advance the Boer fire suddenly ceased. Thirty-five Boers hoisted a white flag and surrendered. A portion of the Torontos moved across the front of the guns and entered the laager. The Boers had fled. Fourteen tents, three wagons, a great store of rifles, ammunition, forage, saddles, and camp equipment, and numerous incriminating papers were captured.

The Boers lost six killed and twelve wounded. The Torontos stood the galling fire with admirable patience, never wasting a shot.

During the same week the Suffolk regiment of Gen-

eral French's command had an exciting skirmish while attempting to surprise the ever watchful Boers.

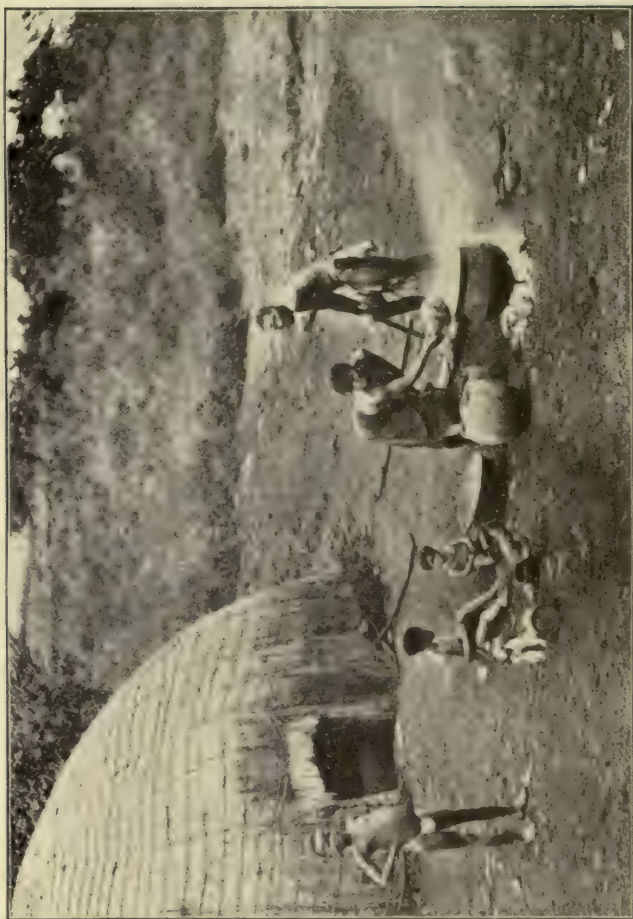
General French permitted the attempt at the urgent desire of Lieutenant-Colonel Watson. The march began at midnight. The men wore canvas shoes, or, failing in these, marched in their socks. The ground was difficult, and many halts were necessary to verify the position.

On reaching the summit of the hill the officers advanced over the crest to reconnoiter. The Boers, who had evidently been warned of the movement, opened a terrible fusillade. Captain Brett's company charged into a Boer trench, when came an order to retire. It came in a shout from the Boer lines, and the two rear companies, completely deceived, carried it out.

Of the two advance companies ninety-two were killed or wounded. Captain Brett got his men under cover and sent a sergeant with five men to cut his way out and to ask the British artillery to direct the fire to the right, fearing that the guns might open on him. Three men got through with the message, but Captain Brett was forced to surrender with his remaining seventy-two men.

The redoubt behind which the Boers were lying was high and doubly loopholed, but absolutely undiscoverable except by balloon and too high to be stormed by scaling ladders.

While General French had been preparing his forward movement the garrison at Mafeking was having an exciting experience. After having been bombarded with plum puddings on Christmas day, Colonel Baden-Powell the next morning organized an unsuccessful attack upon a strong position of the enemy at Game Tree Fort, two miles from Mafeking, from which the Boers had maintained an annoying shell and rifle fire for some weeks.



NATIVE FAMILY AT HOME.



NATAL POLICE.

During the night an armored train carrying maxim and hotchkiss guns, under Captain Williams, and a detachment of police, took a position a few hundred yards within rifle range of Game Tree, and the rear and right flank were also supported by the Bechuanaland Rifles, under Captain Cowan. The whole detachment was under Major Godley.

Captain Fitzclarence, with D squadron, and Captain Vernon of the King's Royal Rifles, with C squadron, undertook the attack upon the east side of the intrenchment. Captain Charles Bentinck, Major Panzera, and Colonel Hore, with infantry and artillery, held the reserve at the extreme left. Emplacements were thrown up during the night, and orders issued for the attack to begin at daylight, the artillery fire to desist upon the prolonged hooting from the engine of the armored train.

At daybreak the British guns opened fire and rapidly drew a reply. Then Captain Vernon gave the signal to, cease fire and for the advance to begin.

As the British engaged the position with their rifle fire the strength of the fort was found to be greater than had been supposed. The enemy concentrated such an exceedingly hot fire that the advance of Captain Vernon and his squadron was almost impossible. But with remarkable heroism Captains Sandford and Vernon, Lieutenant Paton, Scout Cooke, and a few men actually reached the sand bags of the fort.

Within a 300 yards area of the fort nothing living could exist, since the ground was swept with Mauser and Martini bullets. The men who charged through this zone of fire suffered terribly, and, while following their officers in the vain endeavor to capture the fort, twenty men of C Squadron lost their lives.

Captain Sandford was the first to fall. Captain Vernon had already been twice wounded and Lieutenant Paton killed at the foot of the fort. These two officers, climbing the ditch which surrounded the fort, thrust their revolvers through the enemy's loopholes, only to be shot themselves the next moment.

Game Tree fort was surrounded by a scrub which contained many sharpshooters. Their accuracy of fire still further confused the men who followed Captain Vernon, and who saw him and his brother officers killed. Without commanders they were driven off from one point, but endeavored to scale the fort at others. They, however, found the position impregnable, and retired under cover of the armored train.

So many men were wounded that a suspension of hostilities took place under the auspices of the Red Cross. The veldt round the Boer position was dotted with flags of mercy, and the British dead and wounded were scattered within a small radius of the fort.

The British had almost completely surrounded it and had it not been extraordinarily well protected it would have been in their possession. The British losses were twenty-one killed and twenty-three wounded. Four out of the six officers were hit.

Previous to this, December 19, another daybreak attack had been planned. It resulted in a three hours' duel with the big guns and no damage on either side, though the emplacement of a 7-inch gun under Major Panzera was raked. The casualties up to the 19th included: Killed, two officers and twenty-one men; wounded, six officers and forty-seven men; missing, two officers and fifty men. Twelve natives had been killed and forty-one wounded. The missing troops included a

detachment at Lobatsi and a detachment in charge of the armored train which surrendered.

The garrison at Ladysmith, like that at Mafeking, spent Christmas day making merry and dodging shells. A correspondent in the beleaguered city furnishes this interesting account of Christmas day:

“Cannons instead of carols greeted us on Christmas morning. The roar of Long Tom and the crash of shells bade us awake and salute the unhappy morn. We had hoped that the Boers would extend to this anniversary of peace and good will the privilege of Sunday.

“At midnight an enemy crept to the foot of Cæsar's Camp, and, having fired five shots, shouted to the indignant Manchesters: ‘Compliments of the season. A merry Christmas.’

“If shrapnel and shell could make a merry Christmas we had no cause for complaint. The Boers were determined that a tone of solemnity should blend with our conviviality and that the thunder of their guns should accompany the anthem sung in the little stone church with the shattered porch.

“Nothing is more characteristic of our race than the tenacity with which we cling to old customs. Neither the place nor the circumstances could contribute to the gaiety and good cheer that are associated with Christmas at home. We are a sick and beleaguered garrison, whom death and disease have steadily reduced.

“Ten days ago the distant sound of artillery filled us with hope that we might celebrate this festival with our deliverers. But the fateful message from General Buller, ‘I have made my effort and failed,’ put an end to a pleasant dream and brought us face to face with the stern necessities of our position.

"It was a bright Christmas morning. The midsummer sun beat down upon the gasping plain and made one pant for a breath of chill northern air. Nothing in nature in the aspect of the town recalled the gaiety or the solemnity of the day. There were neither carols nor church bells to awaken tender or sacred memories. Our messages of peace on earth and good will to man came shrieking through the heavens on wings of melinite and burst in murderous fragments where they fell.

"As soon as this deadly greeting was over men betook themselves whither duty or inclination led. Some went to church and heard Archdeacon Barker deliver a message of hope, others to church parade, where Chaplain Tuckey moved the Atkinses almost to tears by pathetic references to home and family connections that are strongest at this time of the year.

"In the evening we strove by many devices to imagine that we were having a merry Christmas. If our table did not present a picture of abundance, it was not devoid of good cheer. We were in excellent spirits, and far into the night the Boers must have heard the laughter and song of town and camp.

"Only in one room, however, was the illusion complete. There are in this town no fewer than 200 children of European parentage. Why they were permitted to run the risk of bombardment is a question that may some day demand an answer. Here, however, they are, and it was determined that they, at any cost, must have something to remind them of a siege Christmas.

"Colonel Darnell of the national mounted police, a veteran whose services date to the mutiny; Colonel Frank Rhodes and Major Karri Davis, the Johannesburg reformer who underwent imprisonment rather than pay the

fine imposed after Dr. Jameson's raid, organized a Christmas tree. Stores were despoiled of toys and books, and the branches of cedar trees were heavy with the delights of childhood.

"Four of these green Santa Claus trees were ranged along the center of the hall, Great Britain and South Africa in the middle with Canada and Australia on each side. Upon the walls were such mottoes as 'Advance, Natal,' and 'May the New Year Bring Happiness.'"



CHAPTER XXVI.

TRIPLE BOER ATTACK ON LADYSMITH.

Republican Army Fails to Compel Surrender of the Garrison, but Fights a Fierce Battle with Heavy Loss to the British—A Hand to Hand Encounter.



ON JANUARY 6 one of the fiercest and most hotly contested attacks upon the besieged garrison at Ladysmith was made. The Boers attacked Sir George Stewart White's forces from three sides, and while they were repulsed they inflicted severe loss to the enemy. It was the first battle of the war in which troops engaged in hand to hand fighting. It was also the first time that the Boers have assaulted the British in an entrenched position, heretofore having confined their attacks upon Ladysmith to bombardment by artillery. The principal attack was upon the British entrenchment at Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill. After shelling the trenches the Boers charged and at the point of the bayonet drove the British from their position. The latter rallied and in turn assaulted the Boers, recapturing the ground they had lost. Three times was this repeated. The same sort of conflict was waged at Platt-Rand Ridge, where the entrenched position was captured by Boers and British alternately.

The attack began as usual early in the morning and

the fighting was incessant and terrific until 7:30 P. M., when a heavy thunderstorm came on which added a picturesqueness to the last incident of the day. While the rain was pouring, the lightning flashing, the Devonshire regiment, led by Col. Park, attacked the Boers who were entrenched on Wagon Hill and drove them out at the point of the bayonet.

The best estimate of the British losses is fourteen officers killed and thirty-four wounded and 800 killed and wounded in the rank and file. The British estimated the Boer losses at 2,000, but the Boers themselves claim that they lost only about a score of men. The following is a detailed description of the fight:

The Boers made a determined effort to capture Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill. The latter is a lofty eminence southwest, the possession of which would have brought them within rifle range of the town.

Cæsar's camp was held by the First Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. The position was separated from that of the Boers by a rock ravine.

In the early hours of the morning, under the cover of darkness, the Heidelberg commando succeeded in evading the British pickets and made its way through the thorn bush, reaching the foot of the slope at 2:30 o'clock.

The alarm was raised by sentries, but before the full extent of the danger was realized the outlying sangars had been rushed and their defenders slain.

Hearing the firing, two companies of the Gordon Highlanders went to the assistance of the Manchesters. It was at first thought that the Boers were concentrating on the southern slope, where they had already secured a footing on the plateau. Here, however, the advance was

checked by the steady volleys of infantry and the deadly fire of the automatic gun.

Lieutenant Huntgrubbe went to see if aid was needed by the troops stationed on the ridge near the town, unaware that the enemy had already captured the breastworks. He called out to the sergeant and received the reply: "Here I am, sir," and then suddenly disappeared from sight. Captain Carnegie, suspecting a ruse, ordered the Gordons to fire a volley and charge. The Boers thereupon fell back precipitately, leaving behind the English officers whom they had captured. The lieutenant was quite unhurt.

By this time it was evident the camp was being assailed on both the left flank and the front. By day-break reinforcements of the Gordon Highlanders and the rifle brigade had been hurried up to the fighting line. Dick Conyngham, who was leading the Gordons out of camp, fell mortally wounded, hit by a stray bullet while still close to town.

The Fifty-third Battery, under Major Abdy, crossed Klip River and shelled the ridge on the reverse slope in front of the position where the Boers were lying among the thorn bushes. The shrapnel which flew over the heads of the British did terrible execution, effectually held the Boers in check, and rendered it impossible for them to send reinforcements to their men through the ravine.

The Boers fought throughout with the most stubborn courage and had evidently determined to take the camp or die in the attempt. Their six-inch gun on Umbelwana Mountain and its smaller satellites threw over 100 shells at Abdy's battery and the troops on the hill.

The British, however, not the less gallant, were



DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, PRETORIA.

resolved, and the Boers were pressed back step by step until at length those on the left broke and fled in utter disorder.

A terrific storm of rain and hail, accompanied by peals of thunder, burst over the camp during the fighting and served to swell the streams into raging torrents.

The struggle in this part of the field was now at an end. The finale was a terrific fusillade all along the line, the crash of which almost drowned the incessant thunder above.

Meanwhile a more exciting contest was in progress in the direction of Wagon Hill. At two o'clock a storming party furnished by the Harrismith commando crept slowly and cautiously along the donga in the valley which divided the British posts from the Boer camp. A few well-aimed rifle shots killed the British pickets. Taking advantage of every inch of cover the Boers gradually reached the crest of the height. There the Light Horse were posted, but were forced to retire before the Free Staters' advance, there being no breastworks for defense on the western shoulder of the hill.

With little to impede their progress the Boers came to the emplacement, where they surprised the working parties of the Gordon Highlanders, the sappers, and the Sixtieth Rifles. Lieutenant Digby Jones, collecting a handful of men, made a gallant effort to hold the position, but numbers were against them. After a stubborn resistance they were driven back and the Boers got possession of the summit.

The Free Staters did not venture far or face the heavy fire from the sangar. Here Lieutenant Mac-Naghten and thirty Gordons were taken prisoners, though not till every man had been wounded.

Colonel Edwards, with two squadrons of Light Horse, arrived on the scene, and the Twenty-first Battery, under Major Brewitt, came into action, and prevented the storming party from being reinforced from the Boer camp.

At the same time the Eighteenth Hussars and the Fifth Lancers checked the movement from the Spruit on the right flank.

Nevertheless the British position at this point became critical. The men retired to cover behind the northern slope, while the Boers made their way into the pass dividing them from the hill.

Major Bowen rallied a few of the rifles, but fell while leading them to the charge. His example was at once followed by Lieutenant Tod, but he met the same fate.

The Boers were making good footing and had already secured the emplacement, when Major Miller Walnut, calling the scattered Gordons together, charged and drove them back and thus cleared the ground. He joined Lieutenant Jones in a newly prepared emplacement on the western shoulder.

A pause ensued for a time, but the Boers, not finally beaten, taking advantage of the storm then raging, essayed to capture the position by another rush. Three of their leaders reached the parapet, but were shot down by Lieutenant Jones and Major Walnut, the latter of whom also fell.

This renewed check effectually discouraged the assailants, and the deadly duel was now practically at an end. Nevertheless, small parties of braver spirits kept up a murderous fire on the British from behind rocks.

The moment had evidently arrived to strike a final blow, and Colonel Park quickly issued the necessary

orders. Three companies of the Devonshires, led by Captain Lafene, Lieutenant Field, and Lieutenant Masterson, made a brilliant charge across the open under a terrific fire, and fairly hurled the Boers down the hill at the point of the bayonet. In the course of the struggle Lafene and Field were killed, while Masterson received no fewer than ten wounds.

This was the close to a struggle which had lasted sixteen hours, during which every rifle and gun was brought to bear. The attacks from the north and east had been repulsed and the grand assault failed all along the line. Lord Ava was mortally wounded early in the morning while accompanying Colonel Ian Hamilton to the scene of action.

The following is Sir George Stewart White's official report of the battle :

"An attack was commenced on my position, but was chiefly against Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill. The enemy was in great strength and has pushed the attack with the greatest courage and energy. Some of the intrenchments on Wagon Hill were three times taken by the enemy and retaken by us. The attack continued until 7:30 P. M.

"One point in our position was occupied by the enemy the whole day. But at dusk, in a very heavy rainstorm, they were turned out of this position at the point of the bayonet in a most gallant manner by the Devons, led by Colonel Park.

"Colonel Ian Hamilton commanded on Wagon Hill and rendered valuable service. The troops have had a very trying time and have behaved excellently. They are elated at the service they have rendered the queen.

"The enemy were repulsed everywhere with very

heavy loss, greatly exceeding that on my side, which will be reported as soon as the lists are completed.

[Signed]

“WHITE.”

The following is the official Boer account of the battle, sent from the Hoofd laager at Ladysmith :

“The British made no attempt to hold the first line of breastworks, but made an exceedingly stubborn resistance at the next row. Every inch was stubbornly contested, and conspicuous bravery was displayed on both sides.

“After 10 o'clock the British artillery fire slackened, and a terrible individual contest ensued among the riflemen for the possession of Plat-Rand ridge. At noon a heavy thunder-storm interrupted the battle, lasting for two hours.

“Although the burghers succeeded in ultimately gaining possession of most of the British positions on the western side of the Plat-Rand, they were finally obliged to retire from most of the ground they occupied.

“The British were most strongly intrenched, their redoubts being still fully loopholed, and the combat was so close that rifles were frequently fired at arm's length. It was a hand-to-hand encounter.

“The men on both sides fought like demons, and the horror and bewilderment of the scene could scarcely be paralleled.

“The operations were continued the next day (Sunday) on a smaller scale, but it is reported that as a result of one of the forlorn hopes one gun and two ammunition wagons were captured.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ESCAPE.

Thrilling Story of a Newspaper Correspondent Who was Taken Prisoner and Gained His Liberty by Flight—English Prisoners' Life in Pretoria



EARLY in the war Winston Churchill, a son of Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill, acting as a correspondent for a London paper, was captured while assisting in defending an armored train. He was taken to Pretoria, from which place he afterwards escaped. His escape was one of the most thrilling personal incidents of the war, and his own account of it is interesting, particularly as it gives the first glimpse of the life of British prisoners at the Boer capital.

The following is Mr. Churchill's story as written by himself :

The details of my escape from Pretoria, with incidents of my captivity there, may serve to throw additional light on Boer character, as well as to give a better understanding of the task which the British army is facing in South Africa.

Before I had been an hour in captivity I resolved to escape. Many plans suggested themselves, were examined, and rejected. For a month I thought of nothing else. But the peril and difficulty restrained action. I think the news of the British defeat at Stormberg clinched the matter. All the news we heard in Pretoria was derived from Boer sources, and was exaggerated and dis-

torted. Every day we read in the *Volksstem*—probably the most astounding tissue of lies ever presented to the public under the name of a newspaper—of Boer victories and of the huge slaughters and flights of the British.

We wretched prisoners lost heart. Perhaps Great Britain would not persevere; perhaps foreign powers would intervene; perhaps there would be another cowardly peace.

At the best, the war and our confinement would be prolonged for many months. I do not pretend that impatience at being locked up was not the foundation of my determination; but I should never have screwed up my courage to make the attempt without the earnest desire to do something to help the British cause.

The State Model School, the building in which we were confined, is a brick structure standing in a gravel quadrangle and surrounded on two sides by iron grills and on two by a corrugated iron fence about ten feet high. These boundaries offered little obstacle to any one who possessed the activity of youth, but the fact that they were guarded by sentries armed with rifle and revolver made them a well-nigh insuperable barrier. No walls are so hard to pierce as living walls.

I thought of the penetrating power of gold, and the sentries were sounded. They were incorruptible. The bribery market in this country has been spoiled by the millionaires. So nothing remained but to break out in spite of them. With another officer, who may for the present—since he is still a prisoner—remain nameless, I formed a scheme.

It was discovered that when the sentries near the offices walked about on their beats they were at certain moments unable to see the top of a few yards of the wall. The

electric lights in the middle of the quadrangle lighted the wall, but cut off the sentries behind them from looking at the eastern wall. For behind the lights all seemed by contrast darkness. The first thing was therefore to pass the two sentries near the offices. It was necessary to hit off the moment when both their backs should be turned. After the wall was scaled we should be in the garden of the villa next door.

There our plan came to an end. Everything after this was vague and uncertain. How to get out of the garden, how to pass unnoticed through the streets, how to evade the patrols, and above all, how to cover the 280 miles to the Portuguese frontiers, were questions which would arise at a later stage. All attempts to communicate with friends outside had failed. We cherished the hope that with chocolate, a little Kaffir knowledge, and a great deal of luck we might march the distance in a fortnight, buying meals at the native kraals and lying hidden by day.

We determined to try on the night of December 11, making up our minds quite suddenly in the morning, for these things are best done on the spur of the moment.

I passed the afternoon in terror. Nothing has ever disturbed me so much. There is something appalling in the idea of stealing secretly off in the night like a guilty thief. The fear of detection has a pang of its own. Besides we knew quite well that on occasion, even on excuse, the sentries would fire. Fifteen yards is a short range. And beyond the immediate danger lay a prospect of severe hardship, only faint hopes of success, and the probability at the best of five months in Pretoria jail.

The afternoon dragged tediously away. I tried to read Mr. Lecky's "History of England," but for the first time in my life that wise writer wearied me. I played

chess and was hopelessly beaten. At last it grew dark. At 7 o'clock the bell for dinner rang and the officers trooped off. Now was the time. But the sentries gave us no chance. They did not walk about. One of them stood exactly opposite the only practicable part of the wall. We waited for two hours, but the attempt was plainly impossible.

Tuesday, the 12th! Another day of fear, but fear crystallizing into desperation. Anything was better than suspense. Night came again. Again the dinner bell rang.

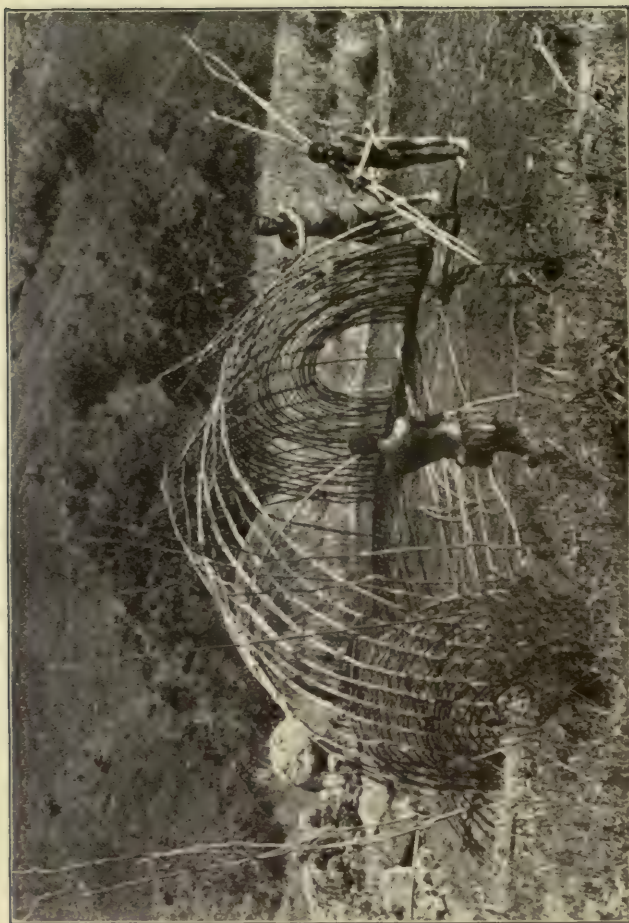
Choosing opportunity I strolled across the quadrangle and secreted myself in one of the offices. Through a chink I watched the sentries. For half an hour they remained stolid. Then one walked up to his comrade and they began to talk. Their backs were turned. Now or never! I darted out of my hiding place and ran to the wall, seized the top with my hands and drew myself up.

Twice I let myself down again in sickly hesitation, and then with a third resolve scrambled up. The top was flat. Lying on it I had one parting glimpse of the sentries, still talking, still with their backs turned; but, I repeat, fifteen yards away. Then I lowered myself silently into the garden and crouched among the shrubs. I was free! The first step had been taken and it was irrevocable.

It now remained to await my comrade. The bushes gave a good deal of cover, and in the moonlight their shadow lay black on the ground.

Twenty yards away was the house, and I had not been five minutes in hiding before I perceived that it was full of people; the windows revealed brightly lighted rooms, and within I could see figures moving about.

This was a fresh complication. We had always thought the house unoccupied. Presently—how long after—



NATIVES BUILDING A HUT.



BATTERY AND SURFACE WORKS, JUNIPER MINE, JOHANNESBURG.



SURFACE WORKS, VILLAGE MAIN REEF MINE, JOHANNESBURG.

ward I do not know, for the ordinary measures of time, hours, minutes, and seconds, are meaningless on such occasions—a man came out of the door and walked across the garden in my direction. Scarcely ten yards away he stopped and stood still, looking steadily toward me.

I cannot describe the surge of panic which nearly overwhelmed me. I must be discovered ! I dared not stir an inch. But amid a tumult of emotion reason whispered, "Trust to the dark background." I remained motionless.

For a long time the man and I were opposite each other, and every instant I expected him to spring forward. A vague idea crossed my mind that I might silence him. "Hush, I am a detective. We expect that an officer will break out here to-night. I am waiting to catch him."

Reason — scornful this time — replied : "Surely a Transvaal detective would speak Dutch. Trust to the shadow."

So I trusted, and after a spell another man came out of the house, lighted a cigar, and he and the other walked off together. No sooner had they turned than a cat pursued by a dog rushed into the bushes and collided with me. The startled animal uttered a "miau" of alarm and darted back again, making a horrible rustling. Both men stopped at once. But it was only the cat, and they passed out of the garden gate.

An hour had passed since I climbed the wall. Where was my comrade ? Suddenly I heard a voice from within the quadrangle say, "All up." I crawled back to the wall. Two officers were walking up and down inside jabbering Latin words, amid which I caught my name. I risked a cough.

One of the officers immediately began to chatter alone. The other said, slowly and clearly : "—— can-

not get out. The sentry suspects. It's all up. Can you get back?"

But now all my fears fell from me. To go back was impossible. Fate pointed onward. Besides, I said: "Of course I shall be recaptured, but I will at least have a run for my money." I said to the officers: "I shall go on alone." Now I was in the right mood for these undertakings; no odds against success affected me.

The gate into the road was only a few yards from another sentry. I said to myself, "*Toujours de l'audace*," put my hat on my head, strode into the middle of the garden, walked past the windows of the house without attempt at concealment, went through the gate, and turned to the left.

I passed the sentry at less than five yards. Most of them knew me by sight. Whether he looked at me I do not know, for I never turned my head. But after walking a hundred yards I knew that the second obstacle had been surmounted. I was at large in Pretoria.

I walked on, humming a tune and choosing the middle of the road. The streets were full of burghers, but they paid no attention to me. Gradually I reached the suburbs, and on a little bridge I sat down to reflect.

I was in the heart of the enemy's country. I knew no one to whom I could apply for succor. Nearly 300 miles stretched between me and Delagoa Bay. My escape must be known at dawn. Pursuit would be immediate.

Yet all exits were barred. The town was picketed, the country was patrolled, the trains were searched, the line was guarded.

I had £75 in my pocket and four slabs of chocolate; but the compass and the map, the opium tablets and

meat lozenges, were in my friend's pockets. Worst of all, I could not speak a word of Dutch or Kaffir.

But when hope had departed, fear had gone as well. I formed a plan. I would find the Delagoa Bay railway. I must follow that in spite of the pickets. I looked at the stars. Orion shone brightly. Scarcely a year ago he had guided me when lost in the desert to the banks of the Nile. He had given me water. Now he should lead me to freedom.

After walking south half a mile I struck the railroad. Was it the line to Delagoa Bay or the Petersburg branch? If it were the former it should run east. But as far as I could see this line ran northward. Still I resolved to follow it.

Where was the need of caution? I marched briskly along the line. Here and there the lights of a picket fire gleamed. Every bridge had its watchers. But I passed them all, making short detours at the dangerous places, and really taking scarcely any precautions. Perhaps that was the reason I succeeded.

As I walked I extended my plan. I could not march 300 miles. I would board a train in motion and hide under the seats, on the roof, on the couplings—anywhere.

After walking two hours I perceived the signal lights of a station. I left the line, and, circling round it, hid in the ditch by the track about 200 yards beyond. I argued that the train would stop at the station and that it would not have got up too much speed by the time it reached me.

An hour passed. Suddenly I heard the whistle and the approaching rattle. Then the yellow headlights of the engine flashed into view. The train waited five min-

utes at the station and started again with much noise. I rehearsed the act in my mind. I must wait until the engine had passed, otherwise I should be seen. Then I must make a dash for the carriages.

The train started slowly, but gathered speed sooner than I had expected. The engine rushed past. Then I hurled myself on the trucks, grasped some handhold, was swung off my feet—my toes bumping on the line—and with a struggle seated myself on the couplings of the fifth truck.

It was a goods (freight) train, and the trucks were full of soft sacks covered with coal dust. I burrowed in among them.

In five minutes I was completely buried. The sacks were warm and comfortable. I resolved to sleep; nor can I imagine a more pleasing lullaby than the clatter of the train that carries you at twenty miles an hour away from the enemy's capital.

How long I slept I do not know, but I woke up suddenly with all exhilaration gone, and only the consciousness of oppressive difficulties. I must leave the train before daybreak, so that I could drink at a pool and find some hiding place while it was dark. Another night I would board another train.

I crawled from my hiding place among the sacks and sat again on the couplings. The train was running at a fair speed, but I felt it was time to leave it. I took the iron handle at the back of the truck, pulled strongly with my left hand, and sprang. My feet struck the ground in two gigantic strides, and the next instant I was sprawling in the ditch, shaken but unhurt. The train hurried on its journey.

It was still dark. I was in a wide valley, surrounded

by low hills, and carpeted with high grass drenched in dew. I searched for water and soon found a clear pool.

Presently the dawn began to break, and the sky to the east grew yellow. I saw with relief that the railway ran steadily toward the sunrise. I had taken the right line.

I set out for the hills, among which I hoped to find some hiding-place, and as it became broad daylight I entered a small group of trees on the side of a ravine. Here I resolved to wait till dusk. I had one consolation, no one in the world knew where I was; I did not know myself. It was now four o'clock.

At first it was terribly cold, but by degrees the sun gained power, and by ten o'clock the heat was oppressive. My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extravagant interest in my condition. From my lofty position I commanded a view of the valley. A little tin-roofed town lay three miles to the westward. Scattered farm-steads, each with a clump of trees, relieved the monotony. At the foot of the hill stood a Kaffir kraal, and the figures of its inhabitants dotted the patches of cultivation or surrounded the goats and cows which fed on the pasture.

The railway ran through the middle of the valley, and I could watch the passage of the trains. I counted four passing each way, and drew the conclusion that the same number would run by night. During the day I ate one slab of chocolate, which, with the heat, produced a violent thirst. The pool was hardly half a mile away, but I dared not leave the little wood, for I could see white men riding or walking across the valley, and once a Boer fired two shots at birds close to my hiding-place.

The elation and the excitement had burned away, and

a chilling reaction followed. I was hungry, for I had had no dinner before starting, and chocolate, though it sustains, does not satisfy. Then I prayed long and earnestly for help and guidance.

The long day reached its close. A ponderous Boer wagon crawled slowly along the track toward town. The Kaffirs collected their herds and drew around their kraal. The daylight died, and soon it was quite dark.

Then I set forth. I hurried to the railway line, pausing on my way to drink at the stream. I waited for some time at the top of the steep gradient in the hope of catching a train. But none came, and I gradually guessed—and I have since found that I guessed right—that the train I had already traveled in was the only one that ran at night. At last I resolved to walk on, and make twenty miles of my journey. I walked for about six hours.

Every bridge was guarded by armed men; every few miles were grangers' huts; at intervals there were stations with villages. Leaving the railroad, I fell into bogs and swamps, and brushed through high grass dripping with dew, and so I was drenched to the waist.

By faith in God I sustained myself during the next few days, obtaining food at great risk, resting in concealment by day and walking only at night. On the fifth day I was beyond Middleburg.

On the sixth day the chance came. I found a train duly labeled to Lorenzo Marquez standing in a siding, and, filling a bottle with water, I prepared for the last stage of my journey.

The truck was laden with sacks of soft merchandise, and I managed to work my way to the inmost recess. I was resolved that nothing should lure me from my hiding-

place until I reached Portuguese territory. I expected the journey to take thirty-six hours; it dragged out into two and a half days.

I feared lest the trucks should be searched at Komati Poort, and my anxiety was great. To prolong it we were shunted on to a siding for eighteen hours. Once, indeed, they began to search my truck, but did not search deep enough, so that I reached Delagoa Bay at last, and crawled forth, weary, dirty, hungry, but free once more.


I found my way to the British Consul, Mr. Ross, who at first mistook me for a fireman off one of the ships, but soon welcomed me with enthusiasm. I bought clothes, I washed, I sat down to dinner with a real tablecloth and real glasses, and fortune, determined not to overlook the smallest detail, had arranged that the steamer *Induna* should leave that night for Durban.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

BATTLE OF SPION KOP.

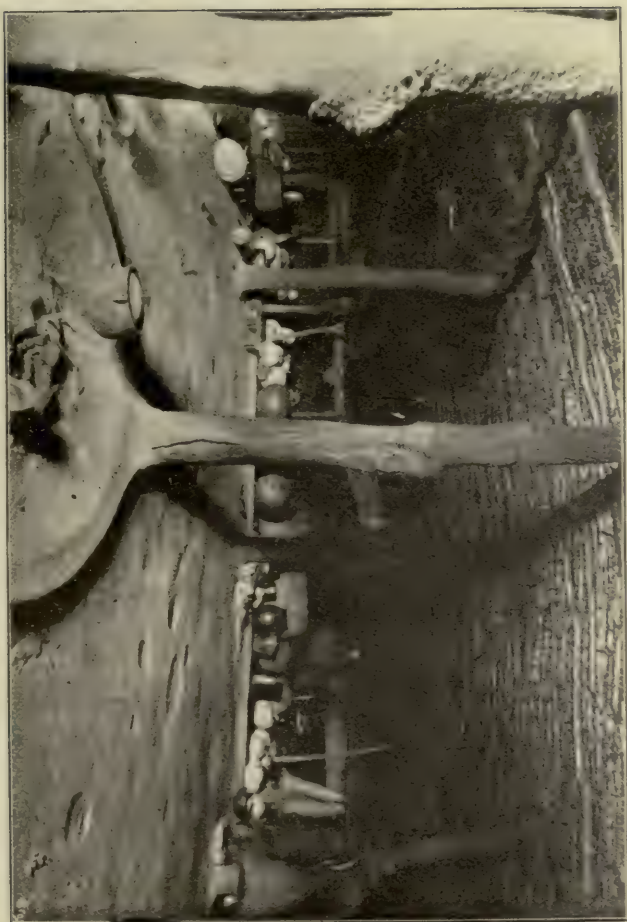
General Warren's Division Makes a Gallant Charge and Captures the Hill,
but is Driven Out by Boer Artillery—Buller is Forced
to Retreat across the Tugela.

HE NEXT attempt of General Buller to cross the Tugela River was successful, but the success was short lived, resulting in one of the heaviest engagements of the war with severe loss to the British side and the disastrous retreat of Buller's army back to the south side of the river and to some distance beyond.

The actual advance began on January 10, at which time General Buller permitted false rumors to spread in order to cover his real intentions. The crossing was made in the vicinity of Springfield and was attended by few casualties. The British plans for once were well guarded and the Boers were taken completely by surprise.

General Buller divided his force into four columns. General Dundonald, with a mounted brigade, was sent to take the bridge over the Tugela at Springfield. This was accomplished by a sudden movement, after which Dundonald took a strong position at Zwart Kop, which commands Potgieter's Drift.

The Boers, misled by Buller's wild rumors, were unprepared at this point, and large numbers of them were



INTERIOR OF NATIVE HUT.

enjoying a bath in the river when Dundonald and his force appeared.

As soon as General Buller had been notified of Dundonald's success, General Lyttleton's brigade was sent to hold a position at Zwart Kop, and at the same time Hilyard's brigade was dispatched from Springfield to hold the bridge and to protect the passage of the other troops.

A ferryboat reported to have been captured by General Buller a week before was on the wrong side of the river when General Dundonald's force arrived, and Lieutenant Carlyle and five members of the South African Light Horse swam the stream and brought it back.

During all these movements in the vicinity of Springfield General Warren's division threatened to attack the Boers' left flank, and finally did so.

General Buller, having seized the heights commanding Potgieter's Drift, occupied virtually the bridge head. Across the Tugela he found the Boers in a strong horse-shoe position. Warren was sent to turn the Boer right resting on Spion Kop.

On the 17th Warren's right, marching from Springfield, threw two bridges across the Tugela at Trichard's Drift, where the Boers were extended to face a new attack on their position, running two lines along the edge and crest of a lofty plateau, strongly fortified, but approachable by long depressions in the ground and dongas sloping gradually from the river. On the 18th Warren crawled forward two miles up these dongas. Lord Dundonald's cavalry moved westward, threatening the Boer right.

The Boers endeavored to prevent the turning movement, but were ambuscaded and roughly handled in a

brilliant little action, with squadrons of the Natal Carbineers, Imperial Horse, and South African Light Horse, they losing forty-two beside the wounded, who were removed to the British camp.

The Boer commander greatly strengthened and extended his right, weakening his center. On the 19th the British demonstrated at Potgieter's Drift, bombarding heavily, and Warren crept forward, also shelling. The cavalry held its ground, threatening the Boer right and compromising one line of retreat to the Free State.

On the 20th, General Warren began a series of actions called the battle of Spion Kop. He advanced, covered by guns firing 3,000 shells, fighting gloriously. He effected a dislodgment of the Boers at several points along the edge of the plateau.

Warren's men intrenched at nightfall. Dundonald's cavalry on the British left demonstrated against the hills, Child's squadron of South African lighters actually seizing a conspicuous salient peak, hereinafter called Bastian Hill. This gallant officer was killed by a shell while holding the captured position.

In the evening the infantry reinforcements took charge of the day's advance by Dundonald, firing all night.

On the 21st, Warren's left moved up to the reëntrant of East Bastian Hill, which opened a cleft in the Boer line, his object now being no longer to turn the unduly extended Boer right, but by introducing a wedge of infantry into the cleft to split the right from the center.

During the day the gap was widened, and Warren's right completed the capture of the whole of the edge of the plateau, occupying the first line of Boer trenches, and finding many dead, about 200, from shell fire.

The main Boer position, however, was still intact.

The flanking movement that ended at Spion Kop and the subsequent retreat of Buller were directed with a view to turning the right of the Boer position on the west of Ladysmith. About 25,000 men were sent by General Buller on this detour to the west, while an assault on the positions of the Boers in front at Colenso was said to be part of the plan.

The expedition was accompanied by naval guns and howitzers in addition to rapid-firing and field pieces, and 5,000 vehicles carrying commissary and quartermasters' stores.

General Warren was chief in command, and his own division numbered between 12,000 and 15,000 men. Lyttleton's brigade consisted of 5,000 men, and Barton had between 4,000 and 5,000 men. The fourth brigade contained 4,000 men, and Dundonald's cavalry and mounted infantry force numbered 2,500.

General Warren reached Spearman's Farm on January 11. Dundonald's mounted brigade proceeded to Zwart Kop and took a position commanding Potgieter's Drift. This drift in the Tugela River was selected as the fording place, twelve miles west of Colenso.

Hilyard's brigade reached Springfield and captured the bridge over the Little Tugela.

General Lyttleton's brigade reached Potgieter's Drift on January 12, and after waiting four days crossed the river on January 16 and seized a row of hills one mile beyond the river. That night the howitzers were ferried across the river.

With the main body of the flanking force General Warren moved six miles farther west and crossed the Tugela at Wagon Drift. After crossing the river War-

ren advanced two miles and occupied the heights near Spion Kop.

Dundonald's mounted brigade made a wider detour and found fighting all along the way of its advance. On January 19 it was reported that Dundonald had advanced to within twelve miles of Ladysmith. The next day Warren advanced three miles, clearing the way as he advanced with shell fire.

On January 23 the fighting in front of Warren became so heavy that he advanced only 1,000 yards.

General Buller announced an attack would be made that night on Spion Kop, as the height had considerable command over all the enemy's line.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of January 24 (Wednesday), when heavy clouds rested upon the kopjes, the main point of the Boer position, Tabanyama, was stormed by the British infantry under General Woodgate. The British force crossed over a ravine and climbed the mountainside steadily, getting within thirty yards of the enemy's first line of trenches.

The Boers, who had been asleep, decamped, leaving everything behind, and the British, with a ringing cheer, climbed to the summit.

The Boers opened fire from several points, but it was apparent that they had been taken completely by surprise, and their resistance was dispirited. The western crest of the hill was soon won, and the infantry crept along the top of the hill.

At daybreak, however, the Boers, from a high point on the extreme east, sent a withering fire among the British which momentarily staggered them.

The Boers had the range fixed to a nicety, and their artillery sent several shells right to the top of the crest,

forcing the infantry to take cover. A Boer Nordenfeldt also was worked with great precision.

The British held the position against great odds. At 10 o'clock strong reinforcements were sent up the hill and advanced in skeleton formation, the Boers being driven back to the extreme point.

General Warren was subjected to a hot fire from the Boer positions that formed a semicircle on the east of Spion Kop. General Buller announced that Warren was heavily attacked on January 24, and that his casualties were considerable. General Woodgate, who commanded the British forces on the summit of Spion Kop, was mortally wounded, and on January 25 the British troops were forced from the kop by assault.

At 6 o'clock the morning of January 25 the retreat across the Tugela was begun. Two days later the entire force under General Warren's command was again on the south side of the Tugela.

The fighting, both before and after the occupation of the mountain, was of a desperate character. Spion Kop is a precipitous mountain overtopping the whole line of kopjes along the Upper Tugela. On the eastern side the mountain faces Mount Alice and Potgieter's Drift, standing at right angles to the Boer central position and Lytleton's advanced position.

The southern point descends in abrupt steps to the lower line of kopjes. On the western side, opposite the right outposts of Warren's force, it is inaccessibly steep until the point where the nek joins the kop to the main range. Then there is a gentle slope which allows easy access to the summit.

The nek was strongly held by the Boers, who also occupied a heavy spur parallel with the kopje where the

enemy was concealed in no fewer than thirty-five rifle pits and was thus enabled to bring to bear upon our men a damaging cross fire, the only possible point for a British attack being the southern side, with virtually sheer precipices on the left and right.

A narrow footpath, admitting men in single file only to the summit, opens into a perfectly flat tableland, probably of 300 square yards area, upon which the Boers had hastily commenced to make a transverse trench. The British were able to occupy the further end of this tableland, where the ridge descended to another flat, which was again succeeded by a round, stony eminence held by the Boers in great strength.

The ridge held by the British was faced by a number of strong little kopjes at all angles, whence the Boers sent a concentrated fire from their rifles, supported by a Maxim-Nordenfeldt and a big long-range gun.

The shells exploded continually in the British ranks, and the rifle fire, from an absolutely unseen enemy, was perfectly appalling.

Reinforcements were hurried up by General Warren, but they had to cross a stretch of flat ground which was literally torn up by the flying lead of the Boers. The unfinished trench on the summit gave questionable shelter, as the Boers' machine guns were so accurately trained upon the place that as many as sixteen shells fell in the trench in a single minute.

Mortal men could not permanently hold such a position. The British held it tenaciously for twenty-four hours, and then, taking advantage of the dark night, abandoned it to the enemy.

The battle-field is full of historical significance. Spion Kop was a hill from which the Boer trekkers, after cross-

ing the Drakensberg Mountains, spied out the then barbaric Natal and found it fair in their eyes.

It developed that Colonel Thorneycroft was the officer who ordered the retirement from Spion Kop. Referring to that fact, General Buller reported as follows :

"It is due to him to say that I believe his personal gallantry saved a difficult situation early January 24, and that under a loss of at least 40 per cent. he directed the defense with conspicuous courage and ability throughout the day. No blame whatever for the withdrawal is, in my opinion, attributable to him, and I think his conduct throughout was admirable."

Mr. Winston Churchill, in his description of the battle, also justifies Thorneycroft's retirement. He says :

"The fight on the summit of the kop was one of the most fierce and furious conflicts in British military history. Guided by Thorneycroft, the troops surprised the Boers there, and carried the trenches with the bayonet at 3 o'clock in the morning. There was little loss.

"At once the troops intrenched hastily, but the ground was broken by large rocks and unsuited for intrenchments. At dawn heavy Boer shelling began. General Woodgate was seriously wounded at the beginning. Urgent demands for reinforcements were sent by the commander who succeeded Woodgate. The reinforcements were sent, strengthening the defense.

"Thorneycroft was appointed brigadier, commanding the whole force on top of the hill. A bitter and bloody struggle followed throughout the day, the Boers concentrating every man and gun on the summit of the hill and attacking with the greatest spirit.

"The British artillery was unable to cope with the superior long-range Boer guns, and during the afternoon

it became evident the infantry could not endure another day. It was impossible to drag guns to the summit of Spion Kop without elaborate preparations, or to fortify the hill strong enough to protect the defenders from unassailed artillery. Therefore Thorneycroft's decision to abandon it was both wise and necessary.

"The troops, still stubborn and formidable, marched back to the camps in regular order. Every effort is now being made to succor the wounded, of whom many still lie on the summit. The official lists will give the losses.

"The defense of the hill by the English infantry, particularly the Lancashire regiments, was a glorious episode. The whole army is proud of it.

"The Boer positions before Ladysmith are perhaps impregnable to 25,000 men, but the troops are resolved to have another try. The public must imitate the equanimity of the troops.

"Spion Kop is not a disaster. Neither guns were lost nor unwounded prisoners made. It was simply a bloody action in which lodgment in the enemy's intrenchments was effected, but which proved untenable.

"The Boers were sometimes within thirty yards of the British line."

BULLER'S STORY OF DISASTER.

Following is the text of General Buller's dispatch, dated Spearman's Camp, Saturday, January 27, 6:10 P. M.:

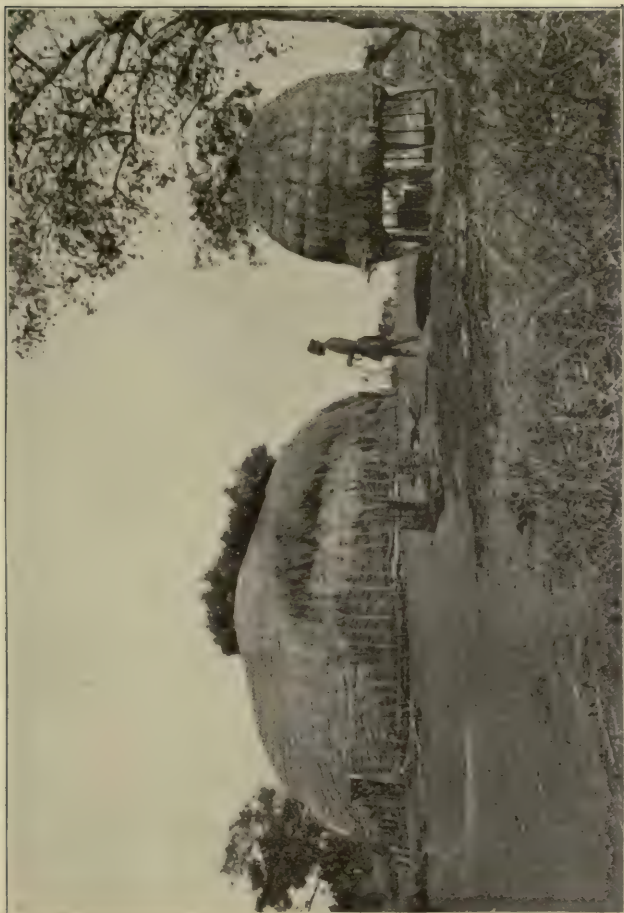
"On January 20 Warren drove back the enemy and obtained possession of the southern crests of the high tableland extending from the line of Acton Homes and



WEMMER GOLD MINE SURFACE WORKS.



PRECIPITATION HOUSE, SIMMER AND JACK MINE, JOHANNESBURG.



NATIVE HUT AND GRAIN HOUSE.

Honger's Poort to the western Ladysmith hills. From then to January 25 he remained in close contact with the enemy.

"The enemy held a strong position on a range of small kopjes stretching from northwest to southeast across the plateau from Acton Homes, through Spion Kop to the left bank of the Tugela.

"The actual position held was perfectly tenable, but did not lend itself to an advance, as the southern slopes were so steep that Warren could not get an effective artillery position, and water supply was a difficulty.

"On January 23 I assented to his attacking Spion Kop, a large hill—indeed, a mountain—which was evidently the key of the position, but was far more accessible from the north than from the south.

"On the night of January 23 he attacked Spion Kop, but found it difficult to hold, as its perimeter was too large, and water, which he had been led to believe existed, in this extraordinarily dry season was found deficient.

"The crests were held all that day against severe attacks and a heavy shell fire.

"Our men fought with great gallantry. I would especially mention the conduct of the Second Cameronians and the Third King's Rifles, who supported the attack on the mountain from the steepest side, and in each case fought their way to the top, and the Second Lancashire Fusiliers and Second Middlesex, who magnificently maintained the best traditions of the British army throughout the trying day of January 24, and Thorneycroft's mounted infantry, who fought throughout the day equally well alongside of them.

"General Woodgate, who was in command at the summit, having been wounded, the officer who succeeded

him decided on the night of January 24 to abandon the position, and did so before dawn January 25.

"I reached Warren's camp at 5 A. M. on January 25 and decided that a second attack upon Spion Kop was useless, and that the enemy's right was too strong to allow me to force it.

"Accordingly I decided to withdraw the force to the south of the Tugela. At 6 A. M. we commenced withdrawing the train, and by 8 A. M., January 27 (Saturday), Warren's force was concentrated south of the Tugela without the loss of a man or a pound of stores.

"The fact that the force could withdraw from actual touch—in some cases the lines were less than 1,000 yards apart—with the enemy in the manner it did, is, I think, sufficient evidence of the morale of the troops, and that we were permitted to withdraw our cumbrous ox and mule transport across the river, eighty-five yards broad, with twenty-foot banks, and a swift current, unmolested, is, I think, proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting power."

BOER STORY OF SPION KOP FIGHT.

Boer Headquarters, Modder Spruit, Upper Tugela, Wednesday, January 24, midnight, via Lorenzo Marquez, Thursday, January 25.—Some Vryheid burghers from the outposts on the highest hills of the Spion Kop group rushed into the laager, saying the kop was lost, and that the English had taken it. Reinforcements were ordered up, but nothing could be done for some time, the hill being enveloped in thick mist.

At dawn the Heidelberg and Carolina contingents, supplemented from other commandos, began the ascent

of the hill. Three spurs, precipitous projections, faced the Boer positions. Upon these the advance was made. The horses were left under the first terrace of rocks.

Scaling the steep hill, the Boers found that the English had improved the opportunity and intrenched heavily. Between the lines of trenches was an open veldt, which had to be rushed under a heavy fire, not only from rifles but of lyddite and shrapnel from field guns.

Three forces ascended the three spurs coördinately, under cover of fire from the Free State Krupps, a Creusot, and a big Maxim. The English tried to rush the Boers with the bayonet, but their infantry went down before the Boer rifle fire as before a scythe.

The Boer investing party advanced step by step until two in the afternoon, when a white flag went up, and 150 men in the front trenches surrendered, being sent as prisoners to the head laager.

The Boer advance continued on the two kopjes east of Spion Kop. Many Boers were shot, but so numerous were the burghers that the gaps filled automatically. Toward twilight they reached the summit of the second kopje, but did not get further.

The British Maxims belched flame, but a wall of fire from the Mausers held the English back. Their center, under this pressure, gradually gave way and broke, abandoning the position.

The prisoners speak highly of the bravery of the burghers, who, despising cover, stood against the sky line edges of the summit to shoot the Dublin Fusiliers, sheltered in the trenches.

Firing continued for some time, and then the Fusiliers and the Light Horse, serving as infantry, threw up their arms and rushed out of the trenches.

The effect of the abandonment of Spion Kop by the English can hardly be gauged as yet, but it must prove to be immense.

The Boer casualties were 53 killed and 120 wounded. British losses from the crossing of the Tugela to the abandonment of Spion Cop were 1,958.



CHAPTER XXIX.

SAD PICTURES AFTER THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

Burial of General Wauchope, the Leader of the Famous Black Watch—Some Thrilling Incidents of the Fight in which he Fell.



ONE OF the most pathetic, yet withal, most impressive and dramatic pictures of the war was that presented by the famous Highland brigade, or rather the torn and bleeding remnant of it after it had emerged from the death trap set by Cronje.

Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a bright blaze of African splendor, on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th of December, a long, shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the west the broad river, fringed with trees, could be seen in the fading twilight; to the eastward the heights, still held by the Boers, scowled menacingly; while north and south the silence of the undulating veldt betokened peace.

A few paces to the northward of that grave, fifty dead Highlanders lay, dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle. They had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave. How grim and stern those men looked as they lay face upward to the sky, with great hands clenched in the last death agony, and brows still knitted with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen!

The plaids dear to every Highland clan were represented there, and as I looked, out of the distance came the sound of the pipes; it was the General coming to join his men.

There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread all that remained of the Highland brigade, the "Black Watch." In front of them walked the chaplain with bared head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers, sixteen in all; and behind them with arms reversed moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in their midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades.

Out swelled the pipes to the strains of "Flowers of the Forest," now ringing proud and high until the soldiers' heads went back in haughty defiance, and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel; now sinking to a moaning wail like a woman mourning her first-born, until the proud heads drooped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death. Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the General lay in the shallow grave, with a Scottish square of armed men around him. Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers, while the solemn services of the church were spoken.

Then once again the pipes pealed out. "Lochaber No More" cut through the stillness like a cry of pain, until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more. Then, as if touched by the magic of the thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damp eyes from the still form

in the shallow grave toward the heights where Cronje, the "Lion of Africa," and his soldiers stood.

Then every cheek flushed crimson, and the strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasp the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with the fervor of the grip, and that look from those silent, armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators.

For on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood.

At the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the General was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him, while in line behind him his soldiers were laid in a double row, wrapped in their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men resting so peacefully. Only the salute was given and then the men marched campward as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far-stretching breadth of the veldt.

To the gentlewoman who bears the General's name the Highland Brigade sent their deepest sympathy. To the members and the wives, the sisters and the sweet-hearts in the cottage home by hillside and glen they sent their love and good wishes. Yet, enshrined in every womanly heart, from Queen, Empress to cottage girl, let their memory lie, the memory of the men of the Highland Brigade who died at Magersfontein.

Thus it was that disaster overtook the Highlanders:

During the night it was considered expedient that the Highland Brigade, about 4,000 strong, under General Wauchope, should get close enough to the lines of the foe to make it possible to charge the heights.

The brigade marched in line of quarter column, each man stepping cautiously and slowly, for they knew that

any sound meant death. Every order was given in a hoarse whisper, and in whispers it was passed along the ranks from man to man. Nothing was heard as they moved toward the gloomy, steel-fronted heights but the brushing of their feet in the veldt grass and the deep drawn breaths of the marching men.

So onward until three of the clock on the morning of Monday. Then out of the darkness a rifle rang, sharp and clear, a herald of disaster—a soldier had tripped in the dark over the hidden wires laid down by the enemy. In a second, in the twinkling of an eye, the searchlights of the Boers fell broad and clear as the noonday sun on the ranks of the doomed Highlanders, though it left the enemy concealed in the shadows of the frowning mass of hills behind them.

For one brief moment the Scots seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of their discovery, for they knew that they were huddled together like sheep within fifty yards of the trenches of the enemy.

Then, clear above the confusion, rolled the voice of the General—"Steady, men, steady"—and like an echo to the veterans out came the crash of nearly a thousand rifles not fifty paces from them.

The Highlanders reeled before the spook-like trees before them. The best, their bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down, riddled with bullets, yet, gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chieftain raised himself on his hands and knees and cheered his men forward.

Men and officers fell in heaps together. The Black Watch charged, and the Gordons and the Seaforths, with a yell that stirred the British camp below, rushed onward—onward to death or disaster. The wires caught them



THE BOERS ARE COMING.



DEATH OF GENERAL SIMONS.

round the legs until they floundered like trapped wolves, and all the time the rifles of the foe sang the song of death in their ears.

All that mortal men could do the Scots did; they tried, they failed, they fell.

All that fateful day the British lay close to the Boer lines under a blazing sun; over their heads the shots of friends and foes passed without ceasing. All day long the battle raged. Scarcely could they see the foe—all that met their eyes was the rocky heights that spoke with tongue of flames whenever the troops drew near.

Once the guards made a brilliant dash at the trenches, and like a torrent their resistless valor bore all before them, and for a few brief moments they got within hitting distance of the foe.

Well did they avenge the slaughter of the Scots; the bayonets, like tongues of flame, passed above or below the rifle's guard and swept through brisket and breast-bone. Out of their trenches the guardsmen tossed the Boers as men in English harvest fields toss the hay when the reapers' scythes have whitened the cornfields, and the human streams were plentiful where the British guardsmen stood.

Then they fell back, for the fire from the heights above them fell thick as the spume of the surf on an Australian rock-ribbed coast.

In vain all that day Methuen tried by every rule he knew to draw the enemy. Vainly the lancers rode recklessly to induce those human rock limits to come out and cut them off. Cronje knew the metal of the men, and an ironic laugh played around his iron mouth, and still he staid within his native fastnesses. But death sat ever at his elbow, for British gunners dropped the lyddite shells

and the howling shrapnel all along his lines, until the trenches ran blood and many of his guns were silenced.

Frederick Villiers, that most famous of all war correspondents, has a beautiful and touching description of the scene depicted in the foregoing. Among other things he says that "the Crown and Royal Hotel, when I returned from the battlefield to Modder River, had never before in the short period of its existence seen so many visitors thronging its corridors, outhouses, or closely nursing the shade of its verandas. Now it was a veritable Hotel Dieu, for its present patrons were the survivors of the wreck of the Highland Brigade, and a more battered and bloody crew I have seldom seen. The ambulance carts, with their smart teams of six or ten mules, were trotting up with their sorry burdens till late in the night. By the light of the moon strong arms, with almost feminine tenderness, stretched out to receive the maimed, suffering and exhausted travelers, who, stricken down at dawn, had lain patiently under the torrid sun all day, hardly daring to stir to raise their water bottles till darkness came, for the vigilant, remorseless foe, safe and snug behind his cover of rock, fired on all that moved. There was no classification of the wounded that night; men lay shoulder to shoulder. A reverend father was soothing the last moments of one poor fellow, while the surgeon was trying to save the life of his immediate neighbor.

"The breath of the night was sweet and cool after the feverish turmoil of the day. The slightly wounded stood in groups nursing their maimed hands and arms, swathed in bandages, while they whispered over the terrible events of the morning, and wondered why they had been led into that veritable death trap at Magersfontein, and hoped that their beloved leader was still alive, for there

had been no news of General Wauchope since he dashed forward into the jaws of death at break of day. I never felt so proud of being a Britisher, and claiming the same nationality of those brave warriors, as on that memorable night after the battle. There was hardly a murmur or a sign from their feverish, tortured bodies ; and, if a man could speak, it was always in a cheery, hopeful strain, his sole wish being to pull trigger and use bayonet again. One young trumpeter, with a face molded and colored like that of a beautiful girl, had a curious experience for his baptism of fire when the brigade was about to break under the terrible cross fire. A young officer, not of his own regiment, ran up, and asking him whether he was game to follow, ordered him to sound the charge. A group of men readily responded to the call. They ran forward a few yards, when the plucky young officer was shot. He then stumbled and fell headlong into a trench. Three Boers grabbed him and took him prisoner, when two Highlanders dashed in, bayoneted the Boers, and dragged him out of the trench. One of his rescuers was shot down, while he and the remaining Highlander crawled along the open, but the searching fire from the trenches found them out, a bullet seared his thigh, and he lay feigning death till the heat caused him to feel for his water bottle. In his act of drinking a bullet passed through his arm, and another struck the water bottle and scarred his lip and face. A long dark smear marred the beauty of his nut-tanned cheek, but with a merry twinkle in his large blue eyes, he said : 'I had my drink, all the same.' Eventually, by laying low for a time, and wriggling along on his back, he came to the first aid, and was at last forwarded down to Modder River. The Highland lad rested but little that night ; he was continually on the move,

helping his more seriously wounded comrades. Another of the Black Watch showed me his hand, badly mauled, by what the surgeons told him was an explosive bullet. It was badly smashed, but the man was quite hopeful of being all right in a day or two. I did not care to tell him that it probably meant amputation. Whatever the British soldier has to say regarding the way he has been sacrificed in attempting to carry almost impregnable positions during this war, he can never complain from want of solicitude on the part of the authorities for his comfort when he is once hors de combat.

“The ambulance and hospital arrangements from first to last are the most perfect and well organized that I have yet seen in any campaign, and they seem to me so perfect in the arrangements for the comfort of the wounded or sick soldier that they can hardly be bettered. The present mode of warfare makes it exceedingly dangerous, often impossible, to assist the seriously hurt till some arrangement has been made with the enemy to bring off the wounded, or till they can be moved under cover of night. At Magersfontein and elsewhere heroic deeds have been done in succoring the wounded by comrades and surgeons during the battle; but, as this campaign progresses, it will be seen whether this heroic folly can be allowed to go on. It seems excessively inhumane and un-English to leave wounded comrades on the field, but the wounded in this war have seen the necessity of being left, and prefer being left alone till after the fight. There have already been many instances where bearers approaching wounded have been earnestly requested not to come near by the man they were about to succor, owing to the danger of being shot again when being lifted from cover on to the stretcher. Out of innumerable

instances there has come under my notice—if I may use the expression—heroic folly in succoring wounded. Col. Keith-Falconer was killed as he lifted his head from cover when he heard that Bevan of the 5th was hit. Bean, Eagar and Ray of the 5th were hit in attempting to succor wounded.

“At Magersfontein, Milford, of the mounted infantry, though wounded, received a more severe wound, which caused death, through a comrade insisting on succoring him in spite of his remonstrances.

“Capt. Percy Probyn, attached to the Gordons, found that the second shot had passed through Milford’s liver, and though he was instrumental in assisting many wounded under fire, acknowledges the futility of it. That veteran and now retired war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, LL.D., a few years ago predicted, in an excellent article on the war of the future, the hopelessness of succoring the wounded until after the fighting was over.

“One can understand any risk being taken when the enemy is a savage and cruel one, and does not give quarter; but with a humane and generous enemy like the Boer, who has, and will, no doubt, continue to treat our wounded within the immediate vicinity of their lines with consideration, this heroic folly of picking up the wounded should be discontinued.

“I came across an excellent colonial ambulance corps, the King Williamstown Volunteers, who, next to the Guards ambulance, were doing splendid work in the field. Wounded arriving at the ambulance were immediately seen to, given a cheery cup of beef tea, cocoa or other stimulant, when they were lifted into the ambulance wagon and taken down to the Hotel Dieu, at Modder River, where they had awaited the coming of the ambu-

lance train, and were eventually taken on the first stage of their journey en route to Cape Town. At the Orange River, where the various cases were assorted and arranged, the more serious and hopeless were treated in hospitals there, and the others forwarded to the base hospital at Wynberg or Cape Town. The Red Cross trains have every comfort within them that a saloon passenger enjoys on any of the American Railways. The wounded soldier hobbling or carried toward this car has likely never seen or enjoyed or even dreamt of the comfort and luxury which awaits him when, faint and weary from the long waiting, huddled next to dead and dying in the shade of Hotel Dieu, he is tenderly lifted out of the train and is placed in a sweet, snowy white berth, and is undressed and sponged and made comfortable with a cigarette and some soothing draught. Women-kind are busy about the cars in the shape of smart young Netley nurses, sporting the bright scarlet jacket of that institution, and soon a hot meal is prepared, the delicate cooking of which Tommy has probably never experienced in all his life. Surgeon Major Flemming, recently of Soudan fame, is responsible for all the little dodges and inventions in these marvelously fitted ambulance trains, to the description of which more space might be devoted were it not for the thousand and more other details to be recorded here. For three days the dead, the dying and the wounded thronged Crown and Royal Hotel, and when the sun declined the steady tramp of men with reversed arms was heard moving towards a little spot about a hundred yards west of the hotel, where the dead were interred. By the side of fifty of his gallant Highlanders, poor, unlucky Maj.-Gen. Wauchope, the idol of the brigade, was laid to rest. Next to him was buried the gallant Lieut.-Col. Goff, of

the Argyle and Sutherlands, who fell near him on that fatal morning.

“I could not refrain from stepping up to look at Wauchope’s grave. I had been with him in many campaigns, and loved him as one of the finest soldiers of the British Empire. In a soldier’s shroud, a blanket, the great Highland chief and hero of many campaigns slept the last sleep, with a rough wreath of flowers on his breast. Wauchope seldom faced the foe without being wounded. The last Soudan campaign, I believe, was the only time he returned home without some visible and tangible sign of his pluck and endurance. With a heart as tender and sweet as a woman’s, he had the courage of a lion. His men adored him, as the Russian soldiers loved Skobeleff, and would do his bidding unflinchingly. There must have been, therefore, some grave mistake at Magersfontein. Wauchope was the first in the trenches, and the first to fall; and those trenches were not taken. So poignant was the grief of his men as they pressed forward that some sobbed; others, anxious to get a glimpse of the body before the earth was filled in, nearly slipped me into the chasm. It was some time before I could get out of the crowd, but by what I heard in sullen tones from those surging round me, there was a fixed resolve to avenge their fallen chief when the next chance came.

“Messrs. Glover & Sons, the proprietors of the Crown and Royal, still tried to keep up the appearance of an hotel by kindly preparing food for odd war correspondents and others stranded at Modder River. Two smart young women busied about in the kitchen, and tried to make tasty things out of tinned salmon and bully beef. It must have been a trying experience for those girls, sud-

denly confronted with the most terrible phase of warfare, for the wounded and dying were thronging every passage and sidewalk of the building. These girls were the only refreshing touches of light to the grewsome picture. They seemed to go about their work absolutely indifferent to the terrible scenes being enacted around them.

“To get into the little room in which our simple fare was laid one had to step over the poor maimed creatures who lay without the threshold. Two were Boer wounded, and one was unconscious but of one thing, his feverish thirst, and would, whilst we drank our modest tea, querulously ask for an iced lemon squash. The piteous cry startled us considerably—‘an iced lemon squash’—Ye gods! what a thing to ask for when sparklets and tepid water with a dash of Angestura bitters in it—the only liquor left in the hotel—and which the sweet tooth of the Boers could not stomach—were priceless luxuries! There were some fifteen Boers wounded, the majority of whom were cheerful fellows, anxious to talk and show their appreciation for the way the hospital orderlies tended to their wants. Several of them had ugly bayonet wounds. They were all dressed carefully by the surgeon, and eventually sent down in the ambulance train. One especially intelligent fellow, who was wounded in the thigh, chatted with me in good English. He had been one of an advance post cut off from the main trenches at Magersfontein, and deplored the fact that he and his companions had commandeered three of the finest race-horses in Johannesburg, and that these animals were all shot in the fray.”



COLONEL BADEN-POWELL.




EXPLOSION OF A LYDITE SHELL.

CHAPTER XXX.

KIMBERLEY AND LADYSMITH RELIEVED.

General French Leads Victorious British into Former, and Lord Dundonald into Latter—Lord Roberts in Personal Command.

HE MONTH of February witnessed the first real British victory of the war. It marked the turning point in the campaign for Great Britain. The sieges of Kimberley and Ladysmith were raised and General Cronje with three thousand men was surrounded and forced to surrender. All of these results were obtained through the strategy of Lords Roberts and Kitchener. The British forces were massed at Modder River, where they engaged Cronje's army and succeeded in turning his flank. This forced Cronje to a running retreat into the Orange Free State. He made a stand at Paardeburg, where with three thousand men he held off 40,000 British until the remainder of his forces had escaped with the siege guns. Then he surrendered the remnant of his forces, about 3,000 men.

Previous to this General Buller made another attempt to relieve Ladysmith, which resulted in a number of fierce engagements.

General Buller commenced his advance Monday, February 5. The naval guns opened at seven o'clock in the morning and a feint attack was made in front of his position. Three battalions advanced toward the Brakfontein with six batteries.

At eleven o'clock the Boers opened with artillery fire and sent several shells among the British infantry, who retired an hour later.

Meanwhile a vigorous attack was made on the extreme right, where the engineers expeditiously constructed a position. Several pieces of cannon, hidden among the trees on Zwart's Kop, bombarded heavily. The British infantry advanced and the Boers were entirely surprised.

At four o'clock a high hill, a continuation of the Brakfontein, had been taken. The operations were excellently planned. The name of the hill taken is Krantz Kloof.

The bombardment of the Boer position was resumed Tuesday morning. The Boers worked a disappearing cannon from the high Doorm Kloof range, on the right of the captured hill, but the British shells exploded its magazine, and the gun was put out of action until late in the day.

Musketry fire was intermittent until the afternoon, when the Boers made a determined effort to retake the hill. Reinforcements rushed up cheering, the Boers were repulsed and the British advanced along the ridge.

The war balloon proved a most useful adjunct, making ascents daily and getting information as to the Boer positions. The Boers directed a heavy shrapnel fire in the endeavor to destroy the balloon apparatus.

The British artillery behaved splendidly throughout, ably covering the infantry retirement from the feint attack in the face of a heavy Boer shell fire.

The Boer position consisted of a line of kopjes, strongly intrenched, extending three miles from Spion Kop and curving sharply at the eastern end to the south, about opposite Zwart's Kop, which is a steep hill south of the

Tugela that the British occupied before the seizure of Potgieter's Drift.

After the capture of Krantz Kloof the heavy Boer fire prevented a further advance Monday. The next morning the Boers indulged in long range shell fire, and in the afternoon they made a vigorous attempt to recapture the position.

Their assault was made upon the northern end of the kopje and at first it was successful. Reinforcements were, however, hurried up and the British recarried the position at the point of the bayonet and advanced along the ridge.

The Durham Light Infantry took a few prisoners in the course of their charge. The Boers, as usual, fought with the utmost stubbornness.

Up to and including Tuesday noon General Buller reported his losses as two officers killed and fifteen wounded; rank and file, 216 killed and wounded. On Thursday, February 8, General Buller retired again to the Tugela River, having found his position untenable.

On February 6 Generals Roberts and Kitchener went to the front, and began the operations which ended in the series of British victories first referred to. On the 13th General French led the advance with three brigades of cavalry, horse artillery and mounted infantry.

He forced a passage of the Modder River at Clip Drift and occupied the hills north of the river, capturing three of the enemy's laagers, with their supplies, while General Gordon of the Fifteenth Hussars, with his brigade, who had made a feint at Rondevaal Drift, four miles west, had seized it and a second drift between that and Clip Drift, together with two more laagers.

Lord Roberts, with the sixth and seventh divisions

and a cavalry division, rendezvoused at Enslin and then marched toward the Free State.

The sixth division crossed Riet River at Watervaal Drift and marched along the right bank. The Boers showed fight and there were slight casualties. The division then marched on to Jacobsdal.

The cavalry captured Brown's Drift on the left flank of the main Boer position.

Both columns marched north parallel with each other.

General Kelly-Kenny, with the sixth division, entered Jacobsdal. The Boers made a feeble attempt to hold the eastern ridges, but were outflanked by the mounted infantry and retired.

The division then evacuated Jacobsdal, marching north in the track of French's cavalry, which crossed the Modder River and engaged the Boers, who retired.

The seventh division crossed the Riet River east of Koffyfontein and drove the Boers before them.

The ninth division, under Gen. Colville, brought up the rear of the sixth division.

French's way to Kimberley was practically clear, the Boers having hurriedly evacuated their trenches at Magersfontein when Roberts began his invasion of the Orange Free State. General French reached Kimberley on February 16.

The siege of Kimberley began October 12, 1899, the very day upon which the Transvaal declared war with Britain. General Botha's troops moved over the border of the Orange Free State and surrounded the city with a double row of trenches.

On October 24 Botha, with a force of nearly 1,000 men, made an attack on the outposts of the town with the intention of taking it, but was repulsed by the British

under Colonel Kekewich. The besieged lost in this attack three killed and sixteen wounded.

Early in November the British in Cape Colony attempted to raise a relieving force and three or four skirmishes resulted, in which the losses were very light on both sides.

General Cronje, after taking command of the Free State Boers on November 6, demanded that Colonel Kekewich surrender. The demand was refused and the town was ineffectively shelled for several hours.

The arrival of Cecil Rhodes in Kimberley soon before the siege began gave an added interest to the city and its fate, owing to the reward of \$2,000,000 set on his head by the government of the Transvaal. Rhodes was of great assistance to the commanding colonel, and his advice was eagerly sought.

General Methuen's march north in November was regarded as a movement which would certainly raise the siege. But Methuen's defeats at Modder River and Magersfontein on November 28 and December 11 postponed further action by his forces. The number of British soldiers in Kimberley during the time of the siege was about 2,500.

During the last few weeks of the 126 days during which the investment had been sustained, the people in Kimberley suffered severely for want of supplies. So reduced did the quantity of provisions become that the besieged were compelled to eat horsemeat. The situation was rendered all the more unpleasant by the presence of large numbers of native workers in the diamond mines, whom the war had thrown out of employment.

The city of Kimberley grew up about the mines which began to be developed after the discovery of diamonds in

the valley of the Vaal River in 1870. It is more of a mining camp than a modern city. By 1887 the mines had produced a total of \$250,000,000 worth of diamonds. This property is owned by an English syndicate, at the head of which is Cecil Rhodes.

It was this immense wealth concealed in the rocky soil near it that made the British so eager to save the place from the hands of the Boers. Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Kekewich of the North Lancashire Regiment, part of which was garrisoned in Kimberley, was in charge of the military forces. He was assisted by Lieutenant Duncan MacInnes, son of Senator MacInnes of Hamilton, Ont. Lieutenant MacInnes was assigned to look after the defenses.

Colonel Kekewich succeeded in rigging up search lights by which he was enabled to communicate with the army of General Methuen. He erected a signal station on the top of a conning tower 130 feet high, from which he could observe the movements of the enemy. This station had telephone connection with the colonel's headquarters in the town. Many schemes of defense and much of the confidence with which the town has held out have been due to the originality and genius of Cecil Rhodes.

Kimberley's normal population is about 10,000. A strong local corps was organized to reinforce the British regulars, the Kimberley Rifles, the Diamond Field Artillery and the Diamond Field Horse, and these forces held the Boers at bay until the entry of General French.

Some idea of the hardships suffered by the garrison can be seen from the following extracts from the diary of a war correspondent in the besieged city:

January 11.—Scurvy attacks the natives alarmingly.

They are dying fast. The anti-scorbotics are exhausted. Vine cuttings are being tried in lieu of green food.

January 12.—Typhoid is prevalent. Failure to boil the water the probable cause.

January 13.—Fifty typhoids in the hospital.

January 16.—The military authorities have commandeered all the foodstuffs and other stores. Leave has been granted to the inhabitants to shoot small birds for food.

January 17.—The mules slaughtered are pronounced superior to horse flesh.

January 24.—Five hundred shells poured into the town at haphazard, the hospital, scurvy compound and residences receiving the attention properly due to the earthworks.

January 25.—A small family shell-proof shelter has been dug in nearly every garden.

February 11. — Twenty-five hundred women and children were lowered into the mines throughout the night. The men were also selecting places of safety.

February 15.—All the morning there was a heavy cross-fire of the British occupying Alexandersfontein. The 100-pounder and shrapnel are bursting over Kimberley. Everyone is lying low. The shops and banks were closed at two this afternoon. There was a kaleidoscopic change. Helio signals were observed announcing General French's approach. Clouds of dust from the rapid advance of the cavalry were then seen and almost simultaneously the enemy was observed limbering up and fleeing eastward. The glad tidings spread with marvellous rapidity. From all directions mounted and unmounted men hastened to welcome the relief column. Those remaining hoisted flags and there was a universal feeling of joy and thankfulness.

The siege of Ladysmith was raised on February 28, 1900.

General Buller had cleared the southern bank of the Tugela by February 21, and had occupied Colenso and Fort Wylie. The Boer position was a long horseshoe, beginning at Grobler's Kloof, running along Langewacht Spruit to the railway south of Pieter's station, and curving backward to Bulwana Mountain, near Ladysmith.

The attack began on February 21 on the British left toward Grobler's Kloof, and was continued the following day by the Lancashire brigade from Onderbrook Spruit.

When the outermost positions had been taken, lost and recaptured General Buller decided that it was impracticable to turn or capture Grobler's Kloof and ordered Hart's brigade to attack Railway Hill, on the right of Pieter's station. This was done under a heavy fire, and the trenches were taken.

General Buller convinced himself that the passage of Langewacht Spruit could not be made by a frontal attack on the intrenchments, and retired with his entire force across the Tugela, recalling the battalions from the positions which they had stormed, and taking up the pontoon bridge two miles from Pieter's bridge.

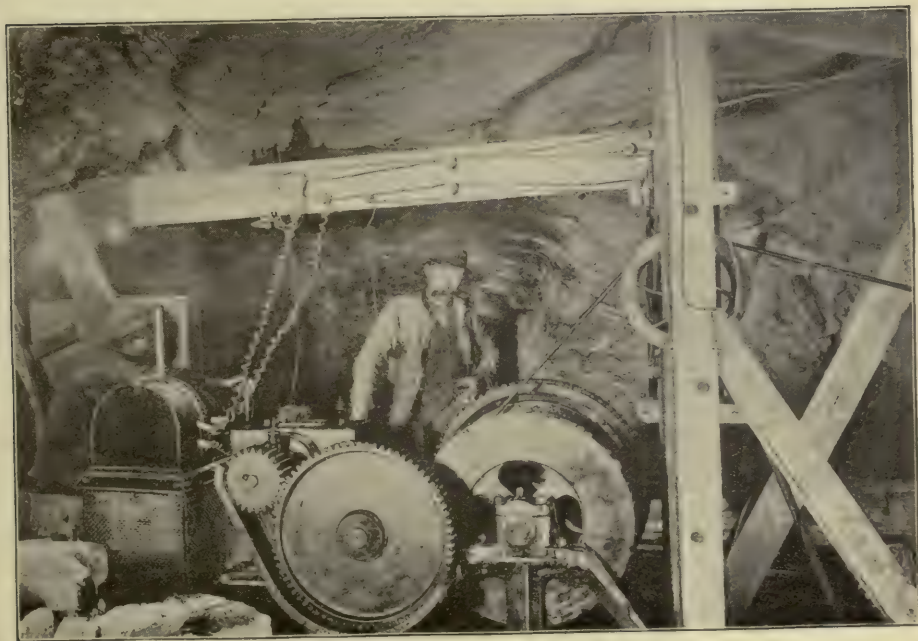
The bridge was relaid a few miles lower down the Tugela, and on February 27 two of Barton's battalions, with the Dublin Fusiliers, crept down the river, ascended a cliff 500 feet high, and carried by storm Pieter's Hill, turning the enemy's position at Langewacht Spruit.

General Warren, with two brigades, then assailed this position, and took it about sunset, the South Lancashires leading the forces.

These operations enabled General Buller's army to pierce the center of the Boers' horseshoe line of defenses.



HEAD GEAR, SIMMER AND JACK MINE, JOHANNESBURG.



ELECTRIC HOIST, GOLD MINE, JOHANNESBURG.

The British were at Pieter's, with the Boers still in possession of Grobler's Kloof and Bulwana, at the ends of the horseshoe.

Buller had clearly broken through the Boer line of defense, and was in a position to march toward Ladysmith along the lines of the railway, with the enemy still in considerable force around Bulwana Mountain.

General Buller's movements can only be understood after a patient study of the maps, but it is clear that after crossing the Tugela below Colenso he felt his way, first on the left along Onderbrook Spruit, next eastward at Langewacht Spruit, and finally still further eastward, when, after retreating to the south bank and recrossing below Pieter's, he succeeded in turning and carrying the main Boer position.

General Buller sent the following official report of these operations:

HEADQUARTERS, HLANDWANI, February 28, 5 A. M.—Finding that the passage of Langewacht Spruit was commanded by strong intrenchments, I reconnoitered for another passage of the Tugela. One was found for me below the cataract by Colonel Sandbach, Royal Engineers, on February 25.

We commenced making an approach thereto, and on February 26, finding that I could make the passage practicable, I crossed the guns and baggage back to the south side of the Tugela, took up the pontoon bridge on Monday night, and relaid it at the new site, which is just below the present marked cataract. During all this time the troops had been scattered, crouching under hastily constructed small stone shelters and exposed to a galling shell and rifle fire, and throughout they maintained the most excellent spirits.

Tuesday General Barton, with two battalions of the Sixth Brigade and the Dublin Fusiliers, crept about a mile and a half down the banks of the river, and ascended an almost perpendicular cliff of about 500 feet, assaulted and carried the top of Pieter's Hill.

This hill, to a certain extent, turned the enemy's left, and the Fourth Brigade, under Colonel Norcott, and the Eleventh Brigade, under Colonel Kitchener, the whole under the command of General Warren, assaulted the enemy's position, which was magnificently carried by the South Lancashire regiment about sunset.

We took about sixty prisoners and scattered the enemy in all directions. There seems to be still a considerable body of them left on and under Bulwana Mountain. Our losses, I hope, are not large. They certainly are much less than they would have been were it not for the admirable manner in which the artillery was served, especially the guns manned by the royal naval force and the Natal naval volunteers.

Winston Churchill, who accompanied the relief column, tells of the first meeting with the Ladysmith garrison. He says:

"During the afternoon of February 28 the cavalry brigade pressed forward under Colonel Burn-Murdoch toward Bulwana Hill and under Lord Dundonald in the direction of Ladysmith. The Boers fired on both with artillery from Bulwana.

"About four o'clock Major Gough's regiment, which was in the advance, found the ridges surrounding and concealing Ladysmith apparently unoccupied. He reported the fact to Lord Dundonald, who determined to ride through the gap with the light horse and carbineers. The rest of the brigade was sent back to General Buller's picket line.

"It was evening when we started. About an hour of daylight remained. We galloped on swiftly, in spite of the rough ground, up and down hill, through scrub and rocks and dongas, until we could see the British guns flashing from Wagon Hill, but on we went faster until suddenly there came a challenge from the scrub: 'Who goes there?'

" 'The Ladysmith relieving army,' we replied, and then the tattered and almost bootless men crowded around, cheering very feebly. Even in the gloom we could see how thin and pale they looked, but how glad they were."

Colonel Rhodes, the brother of Cecil Rhodes, thus describes the entry into Ladysmith of Lord Dundonald and 300 men of the Imperial Light Horse and Natal Carbineers:

"It is impossible to depict the enthusiasm of the beleaguered garrison. Cheer upon cheer ran from post to post; and staff officers, civilians and soldiers flocked to greet them. The contrast between the robust troopers of a dozen battles and the pale, emaciated defenders of Ladysmith was great.

"General White and his staff met the troops in the center of the town. He was cheered with heartfelt enthusiasm. He addressed the civilians and thanked them and the garrison for their magnificent support through trials 'which we alone can realize. We could possibly have hung on for six weeks longer, but the privations would have been great, and sickness and the paucity of our ammunition would have limited the number of assaults we would have been able to resist.

" 'We started the siege with 12,000 troops, 2,000 civilians and 4,000 natives. Between casualties and sick-

ness 8,000 soldiers passed through the hospital. It is impossible to overemphasize the privations of the sick. Since the middle of January a man once down was practically lost. The reduced rations of the soldiers just sufficed for their subsistence. Daily thirty old horses and mules were slaughtered and converted into soup and sausages. From January 15 to now there have been over 200 deaths from disease alone.'

"The last fortnight saw the majority of the field batteries unhorsed and the guns permanently posted in our defenses. The cavalry and drivers were converted into infantry and sent to the trenches. A line of defenses had been constructed with a view to a possible final contingency if the outer works should be carried.

"Since the investment the total casualties were: Killed or died of wounds, 24 officers and 235 men; died of disease, 6 officers and 340 men; wounded, 70 officers and 520 men, exclusive of white civilians and natives."

General Buller and his staff did not enter Ladysmith until March 1.

The following letter from a soldier in the besieged town throws additional light on the condition of the garrison:

"The once dashing cavalry brigade has practically ceased to exist. At the beginning of the year we had 5,500 horses and 4,500 mules. Before the end of January we could feed only 1,100. The others had either been converted into joints, soups and sausage or had been left to forage for themselves. These poor, emaciated animals—mere phantoms of horses—were among the most painful sights of the siege.

"Had we possessed an unlimited amount of heavy guns and ammunition we might have made the position

more bearable, although not a shot was fired except in dire necessity.

“There were, on February 1, only forty rounds left for each naval gun, while the supply for the field artillery would have been exhausted in a couple of minor engagements. Fortunately the Boers were ignorant of the true state of affairs. Had they known our real weakness they might have displayed greater daring, with results which—now that we are safe—we can venture to contemplate. We were victorious solely because of masterly inactivity.”

Brigadier-General Lord Dundonald, who, as commander of the Natal Volunteers and a composite regiment, was the first officer of Buller's army to enter besieged Ladysmith, is one of the few British peers who have chosen the army as the principal instrument of their ambition. He is the twelfth earl of his title, and comes down from the Douglasses, the McKinnons, the Baillies, the Hamiltons and the Cochranes. He entered the army in 1870, and as a young man won glory in the fighting done by the Nile expedition in 1884. Five years ago he was promoted to be colonel, and his recent ingenious invention of a galloping gun carriage caused his promotion to generalship.

Until last year the earl was colonel of the Second Life Guards. He had retired from that office before the Boer war began, but with guns rattling in South Africa he could not content himself in London. He bought a Maxim, and, gathering about him a number of volunteers, he took ship for the Cape, and was at once placed in command of a body of irregular cavalry, with which he did first-class work.

Lord Dundonald has found little attraction outside of a military career. He belongs to no political party, and

has never interested himself in the debates of the House of Lords. He is fond of the country, and delights, when he cannot be with the soldiers, to spend his time looking at English scenery and making presents, incognito, to poor peasant women.

STORY OF THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

November 2—Ladysmith invested and siege begins.

November 15—Action near Estcourt. Armored train overturned by Boers and fifty-eight British, including Lieutenant Churchill, captured.

November 16—Action at Willow Grange. British lose eleven killed, sixty-seven wounded and nine missing.

November 30—Boers attempt to take Ladysmith and are repulsed by General White's men. Besiegers lose 160 men killed.

December 15—General Buller makes an effort to march to Ladysmith. Boers take eleven British guns, kill 146 of the enemy, wound 746 and capture 227.

December 22—General White orders sortie and is repulsed by the Boers with slight losses.

January 16—Second attack by Boers on position; retire after sixteen hours of fighting. Losses small.

January 17—Buller crosses Tugela River and makes his second unsuccessful attempt to relieve White.

January 25—Six-day battle of Spion Kop closes; British loses 194 killed; 532 wounded.

February 4—Buller again crosses Tugela River with 24,000 men near Molen's Drift and retreats three days afterwards, losing fifty killed, 657 wounded and twelve missing.

February 20—Battle of Colenso; British loss fourteen killed, 160 wounded.

February 21—Buller crosses Tugela River for the fourth time.

March 1—Ladysmith relieved.

The siege of Ladysmith began November 2. This was after the retreat of the British forces from Glencoe and the safe arrival of the Glencoe-Dundee detachments at the camp of General White. Between the opening of the war and the beginning of the siege several important engagements were fought in the neighborhood of the big British camp near the Transvaal border—that at Glencoe on October 30, in which the British lost forty-three killed, 181 wounded and 200 captured; at Elandsplaagte, where they lost forty-two killed and 215 wounded, and at Nicholson's Nek, October 30, where they lost forty-two killed, 150 wounded and 843 captured.

General White's forces at Ladysmith were variously estimated at between 8,000 and 10,000, accounting for the men lost in action before the siege and the reinforcements of colonial volunteers. This number was only slightly reduced by losses sustained in the several sorties made by White's orders and in the two attacks in force made by the Boers to storm the position on November 30 and January 6. General White was amply supplied with food and ammunition, but the suffering in the camp was very great owing to the ravages of enteric fever and the general ill health of the troops, caused by the vitiation of the water of the Klip River, from which the camp and the town drew their supply.

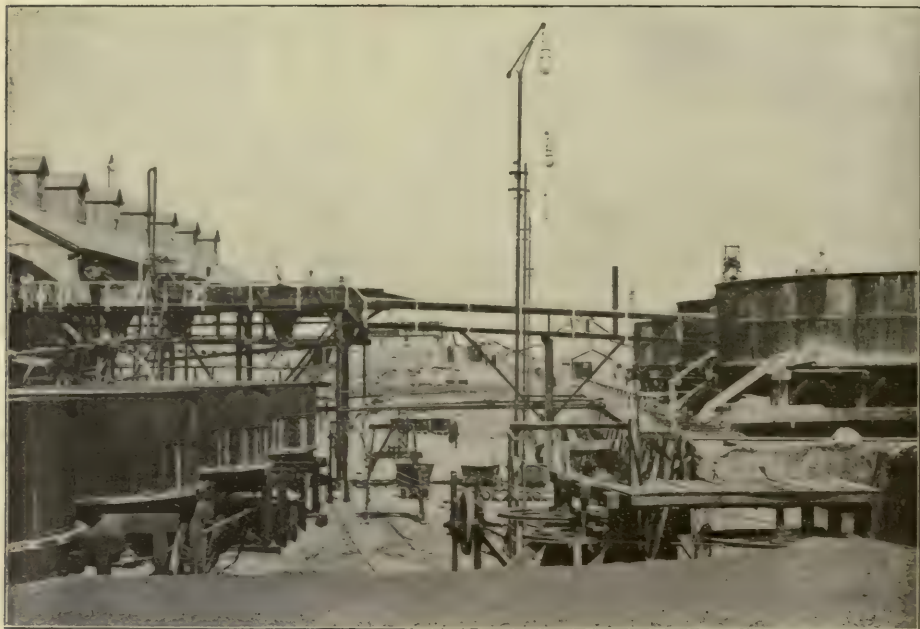
Buller's army of relief began to arrive about the middle of November, and by December he had under his command about 30,000 men, most of whom he could use in

the battle-field owing to the fact that his line of communication did not require a large guard. On December 15 he tried to cross the Tugela and lost eleven guns and more than 1,000 men.

Buller's second attempt to cross the Tugela was made January 17, but on January 25 he was again forced to retire. Meanwhile he had fought the bloody six-day battle of Spion Kop. In this battle twenty-six officers were killed, twenty wounded, and six men captured. The British fatalities were nearly 600.

On February 4 General Buller, whose forces had been now augmented by 20,000, making his total force, theoretically, 50,000, crossed the river for the third time; but he retreated three days later.

On February 21 Buller began his fourth attempt. While both sides were preparing for battle, news of the British change of campaign plans in the west reached the Boers in Natal and their confidence was weakened. Many of their troops were drawn off to march either to their capital in the north or to the relief of General Cronje in the west. After one or two skirmishes, in which the Boer positions on the kopjes were taken, the advance portion of Buller's army, with General Dundonald in command, marched into Ladysmith.



CITY AND SUBURBAN CYANIDE WORKS, JOHANNESBURG.



CYANIDE WORKS, NEW CROESUS MINE.



INTERIOR OF CITY AND SUBURBAN BATTERY, JOHANNESBURG.



GOLD STAMP MILL, DREIFONTEIN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJE.

After Eight Days Heroic Fighting the Boer General is Forced to Capitulate—Three Thousand Boers Hold Forty Thousand British Troops at Bay.

NO FEATURE of the campaign has been more replete with heroism than the surrender of General Cronje with 3,000 men after the magnificent defense of eight days against overwhelming numbers.

When General Roberts, after concentrating his forces at Modder River, began his forward march, it was discovered that the forces heretofore confronting General Methuen had evacuated their trenches and were retreating into the Orange Free State in the direction of Bloemfontein. This force was under command of Commandant P. J. Cronje and was supposed to number about 8,000 men. More than half of the force escaped taking with them the heavy siege guns with which they had decimated General Methuen's army at Modder River. General Roberts gave swift pursuit and overtook the rear guard near Paardeburg's Drift, where Cronje with his back to the wall, as it were, made such a gallant resistance that it ranks with the greatest achievements in heroic warfare.

The Boers were entrenched in the bed of the river and for eight days were subjected to an artillery fire from more than a hundred guns.

The convergence of the British forces at Paardeburg resulted in the surrounding of General Cronje's army on all sides. The Sixth division, under General Kelly-Kenny, while hastening to the northeast, occupied a hill to the east of General Cronje's laager. General Cronje expected reinforcements under Commandant Andries at this point. He mistook the men of the Sixth division for Andries' commando and allowed them to occupy the slope of a ridge without opposition.

The Boer position was this: Cronje was to the south and Generals Snyman and Fourie to the north. The Sixth division occupied a position to the southeast, and General French arrived on the 18th in time to complete the inclosure of the Boers.

But it was the Ninth division, especially the Highland brigade, that had the hardest fighting. This brigade was formerly part of General Methuen's division. The Ninth was a new division, of which General Sir A. E. Colville was made commander, and in which the Highland brigade, under General Hector MacDonald, has been incorporated.

They arrived at midnight on February 17, after a forced march from outside Jacobsdal, in time to see Boer rockets signaling the whereabouts of General Cronje's army to the expected reinforcements. The British saw intervening rockets and knew an enemy was near, but could not decide whether it was Boer reinforcements that were giving the answering signals. Therefore, the Ninth division rested for a few hours east of the Boer position.

At dawn the men of the Ninth division advanced and their mounted infantry soon encountered Boer snipers, who were sheltered in the trees that covered the banks of the river. The shooting kept on increasing till eight

o'clock, when the men of the Ninth saw that a great battle was raging.

Early in the forenoon the Boers brought a Hotchkiss gun over the veldt from Kings Kop to the southern bank of the river and used it with deadly effect over the ground which the Ninth had to cross.

General Hector McDonald dismounted and led the advance. In the early part of the forenoon he was hit by a bullet in the foot while directing the Highland brigade, which was struggling through a storm of bullets toward the bushes. In this charge the Seaforth Highlanders lost heavily. Near the top of the slope on the right, opposite the Boer laager, the Seaforths and the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry, belonging to another brigade of the Ninth division, drove the Boers from cover around the drift and bayoneted several of them who had been shooting from trees. Then they waded waist deep through the river and held the northwest side with the Gordons, while the Canadians were held in reserve.

It was at this point, while charging fearlessly, that the Cornwalls suffered severely. They lost their colonel and adjutant, and had ninety-six casualties. The mounted infantry suffered severely while attacking the Boer laager from the north, where it was supposed to be least protected.

The Sixth division, holding the position to the east, got into an engagement before noon with a strong force of Boers which was trying to escape to the south bank of the river. The West Riding regiment (the Duke of Wellington's) repelled this attempt at the point of the bayonet, but suffered considerably.

Early in the engagement Commandant Cronje sent a note to General Kitchener, who was in active command

of the British forces, asking an armistice for twenty-four hours in which to bury his dead. This was refused. General Kitchener replied that he would not allow one minute armistice, but would give the Boers one half-hour to consider whether they would surrender unconditionally or fight to a finish. Cronje replied that he would fight to the death, and the bombardment was reopened.

The eight days' fighting began on Sunday, February 18. It is somewhat difficult to explain Sunday's action, in which all the British forces were engaged. Commandant Cronje, although in difficult circumstances, managed to hold his own.

On Saturday night the mounted infantry came in touch with the Boer rear guard, driving it back on the main body. On Sunday morning the British renewed the action, but the Boers had intrenched themselves in the bed of the river during the night, and prevented a further advance by the mounted infantry in this direction.

Meanwhile, the Highland brigade, comprising the Seaforths, Black Watch, Argyll, and Sutherlands, advanced from the south bank of the river, while the Essex, Welsh and Yorkshire regiments closed in in a long line, the left of which rested on the river. The whole line was ordered to envelop the enemy, who lined both banks of the river. The firing was soon heavy. The Boers held a splendid position, commanding the left of the Highland brigade, which advanced partly up the river bed and partly in the open.

While the other regiments swung round to the front, the Highland brigade, being on level ground that was destitute of cover, were exposed to a terrible fire, which obliged the men to lie prone on the ground for the rest of the day. This began at 7:30 in the morning, and through

the dreadful heat and a terrible thunderstorm the men hung to their position, answering the enemy's fire and shooting steadily.

Meanwhile the rest of the infantry performed their enveloping movement. The Welsh regiment succeeded in seizing the drift, thus completely enveloping the Boers, who, throughout, fought with splendid courage.

Commandant Cronje's laager was full of wagons loaded with ammunition and stores, which could be plainly seen near the north 'bank. Colonel Smith-Dorien collected a large body of men, including the Canadians, crossed the river by Paardeburch drift, and advanced toward the laager, which shelled them vigorously.

Here the body made a gallant attempt to charge into the laager, but failed. The Boers before seizing the western drifts had occupied a kopje on the south bank of the river, running to its edge. The British force was therefore cut in two. The enemy holding the kopje possessed one Vickers-Maxim gun and one or two other guns.

Toward evening the British battery on the south bank opened fire, co-operating with the battery on the north side. The shells fell with wonderful precision along the river bed, forcing the Boers back, until they reached the bed of the river opposite the laager, which was shelled thoroughly, everything it contained being damaged.

A shell set fire to a small ammunition wagon, which burned nearly all day. Many wagons took fire, and far into the night the glare could be seen for a great distance.

The infantry, too, kept up a terrible fire, which was answered vigorously. The whole scene toward nightfall was terribly picturesque. Wagons were blazing, and the

roar of the artillery mingled with the crackle of the infantry fire.

Firing ceased Sunday at nightfall. Both sides were very tired and glad of a chance to rest. The men slept where they fought.

All day the Highland brigade fought steadily and sternly, and although the men were much worn out by evening, the cordon had been completed and every outlet closed.

After nightfall perfect silence prevailed! A few Boers came into the British camp. They confessed they were sick of fighting, and had been urging General Cronje to surrender.

The men suffered terribly from thirst during the fighting, but it was impossible to supply them with water. General Hector MacDonald was wounded in the fight, but not seriously.

Monday morning found the Boers in the same place. During the night they had constructed intrenchments around their laager, which was still threatened.

Colonel Smith-Dorien's force of infantry rested after yesterday's terrible hard work, but the mounted infantry and a battery of horse artillery started to observe the Boers' position. A good defensive position on a kopje was seized and garrisoned, and the remainder of the force continued the movement and completely turned the enemy's position on the extreme left, where there was a farmhouse which was strongly held. This house was vigorously shelled. The force returned to camp at nightfall, leaving a garrison on the ridge.

Lord Roberts arrived later and addressed the troops, who cheered him enthusiastically.

The fourth day of Commandant Cronje's magnificent

defense opened startlingly. Soon after dawn a terrific rattle of rifle fire surprised the British. Information was soon received that the Gloucestershire and Essex regiments had lost their way last night, and having not the slightest knowledge of their locality they had bivouacked close to the Boer laager on the north side of the river.

The enemy perceived the blunder they had made, and opened a terrific fusillade, but their shooting was bad, and they practically did no damage. Desultory firing followed on both banks of the river. General Knox's brigade held the south side, while Colonel Smith-Dorien, on the north side, worked toward the laager.

General French had meanwhile advanced far to the eastward, and approached a kopje that was held by a strong force of Commandant Cronje's men, who had been reinforced by a contingent from Ladysmith, while General Broadwood's brigade, with a battery of horse artillery, was on the left and rear of the same kopje. The front of the hill was thoroughly shelled. Suddenly the Boers bolted toward General French, who headed them toward the drift, shelling them vigorously. Many escaped, but a large number were killed, and fifty were taken prisoners.

The British in this, their first, contact with reinforcements from Ladysmith, captured much forage, provisions, and equipment. There were several pourparlers during a short armistice at midday.

One of the British doctors who visited the Boer lines to see the wounded found the trenches near the river full of men who had been wounded. He also saw many dead.

A deserter, who came into the British lines, stated that the previous day's bombardment was deadly, the

howitzers especially battering the river bed with an enfilading fire. The position, nevertheless, remained the same.

The Boers strengthened the intrenchments around their laager, but their case was hopeless.

Every shrapnel shell found a victim.

General Roberts sent a message to Commandant Cronje offering safe conduct to women and children and a free pass for them anywhere. He also offered to loan doctors and medicine.

Commandant Cronje curtly refused the offer.

The ensuing days up to the surrender were but a repetition of what has already been described, with the additional fact that General Roberts was steadily drawing the cordon tighter around the doomed Boer camp.

The Canadian troops had the honor of finishing the work which compelled General Cronje's surrender.

The Boer commander knew the previous morning that there could be only one possible result to any sorties by his men. Then he became convinced that the British cordon could not be broken from within. He learned of the dispersal of his expected reinforcements, he knew that the cordon was not likely to be broken from without.

This black outlook became worse during the day, when fifty British guns kept firing and the engineers began sapping forward and building two miles of trenches around the western boundary of the laager, which point was held by the Ninth infantry division, under General Sir A. E. Colville.

Colonel Smith-Dorien's brigade was the one nearest to the enemy in front. When darkness fell they bivouacked in silence. At 2:40 o'clock on the morning of February 27 they were ordered to creep forward



NATIVE WAR DANCE, NEW PRIMROSE MINE.



THE COMPOUND, NEW PRIMROSE MINE, JOHANNESBURG.

SURPRISE OF CRONJES' MEN BY ROBERTS' FORCES.



silently toward the Boer trenches. But the Canadians and Gordons charged forward for 200 yards under cover of volleys from the Cornwalls and Shropshires. The firing of the Cornwalls and Shropshires enabled the Canadians to intrench themselves parallel to the Boer trenches. Before dawn there was a distance of only thirty yards between the Canadians and the Boers, and the former were in such a position that they could enfilade the trenches.

The Boers made a brief but stubborn resistance in the semi-darkness. The only effect this had was on the British extreme left, where part of the Canadians scarcely had time to erect cover. Daylight showed the Boers how utterly indefensible their position was. Neither the British artillery nor the other infantry divisions fired a shot, for the reason that the cordon had been so contracted that there was danger of hitting their own men.

Suddenly a regiment stationed on the crest of a hill perceived a white flag and burst into cheers, thus first announcing the surrender of General Cronje. Shortly afterward a note reached Lord Roberts, bringing tidings of the Boers' unconditional surrender.

General Prettyman was sent to accept the surrender. At about 7 o'clock a small group of men appeared in the distance crossing the plain toward headquarters. Lord Roberts, being apprised of General Cronje's approach, went to the front in the modest cart in which he sleeps and ordered a guard of the Seaforths to line up.

On General Prettyman's right rode an elderly man clad in a rough short overcoat, a wide-brimmed hat, ordinary tweed trousers and brown shoes. It was the redoubtable Cronje. His face was burned almost black

and his curly beard was tinged with gray. His face was absolutely impassive, exhibiting no sign of his inner feelings.

Lord Roberts was surrounded by his staff when General Prettyman, addressing the field marshal, said:

“Commandant Cronje, sir.”

The commandant touched his hat in salute, and Lord Roberts saluted in return. The whole group then dismounted, and Lord Roberts stepped forward and shook hands with the Boer commander.

“You made a gallant defense, sir,” was the first salutation of Lord Roberts to the vanquished Boer leader. He then motioned General Cronje to a seat in a chair, which had been brought for his accommodation, and the two officers conversed through an interpreter.

The surrender was chiefly due to the gallant night attack upon his trenches by the Canadians and the Gordons.

General Cronje asked that his wife, who was at the Boer laager, his grandson, and his private secretary be allowed to accompany him. Lord Roberts granted all these requests and shortly afterward withdrew.

General Cronje remained and breakfasted with the staff. Afterward one of the officers gave him a cigar, which he smoked in a quiet, preoccupied manner, saying very little. He wore a wide, soft gray hat, with a cord of orange leather and band of dark green. His overcoat was duck cloth and he wore black trousers and dark-brown boots. In his hand he carried a thick cane.

General Cronje looked like an elderly substantial farmer. He had broad, round shoulders, a wide brow, a weather-beaten, oval face, and wore a short, grizzly beard. He was very quiet in his manner. About the only thing

he said was that there were 3,000 men in his laager. This number proved to be correct.

General Roberts made the following official report of the surrender:

PAARDEBURG, 11 o'clock, Tuesday morning.—From information furnished daily to me by the intelligence department it became apparent that General Cronje's force was becoming more depressed and that the discontent of the troops and the discord among the leaders were rapidly increasing. This feeling was doubtless accentuated by the disappointment caused when the Boer reinforcements which tried to relieve Cronje were defeated by our troops on February 2.

I resolved, therefore, to bring pressure to bear on the enemy. Each night the trenches were pushed forward toward the enemy's laager so as to gradually contract his position, and at the same time we bombarded it heavily with artillery, which was yesterday materially aided by the arrival of four six-inch howitzers which I had ordered up from De Aar. In carrying out these measures a captive balloon gave great assistance by keeping us informed of the dispositions and movements of the enemy.

At 3 A.M. to-day a most dashing advance was made by the Canadian regiment and some engineers, supported by the First Gordon Highlanders and Second Shropshires, resulting in our gaining a point some 600 yards nearer the enemy and within about eighty yards of his trenches, where our men entrenched themselves and maintained their positions till morning, a gallant deed worthy of our colonial comrades, and which, I am glad to say, was attended by comparatively slight loss.

This apparently clinched matters, for at daylight to-day a letter signed by General Cronje, in which he stated

that he surrendered unconditionally, was brought to our outposts under a flag of truce.

In my reply I told General Cronje he must present himself at my camp and that his forces must come out of their laager after laying down their arms. By 7 A.M. I received General Cronje and dispatched a telegram to you announcing the fact.

In the course of conversation he asked for kind treatment at our hands and also that his wife, grandson, private secretary, adjutant and servants might accompany him wherever he might be sent. I reassured him and told him his request would be complied with. I informed him that a general officer would be sent with him to Cape Town to insure his being treated with proper respect en route. He will start this afternoon under charge of Major-General Prettyman, who will hand him over to the general commanding at Cape Town.

The prisoners, who number about 3,000, will be formed into commandos under our own officers. They will also leave here to-day, reaching the Modder River to-morrow, when they will be railed to Cape Town in detachments.

ROBERTS.

The news of the surrender was received throughout the British empire with great rejoicing, which was intensified by the fact that it took place on the nineteenth anniversary of Majuba Hill.

A two hours' inspection of the Boer laager was nauseating. It is marvelous how any one could remain ten days there among decomposed horses and the entrails of cattle and sheep which were being roasted by the sun.

A newspaper correspondent tramped out on the veldt and saw some British soldiers removing the Boer sick on

stretchers. The correspondent did not see a single wagon intact anywhere. Most of them were half burned. Meal and potatoes were scattered among old clothes, trunks, and cooking utensils. There were thousands of rounds of Mauser and Martini-Henry cartridges, but there was scarcely any artillery ammunition. Only four Krupp twelve-pounders, one Maxim, and one Vickers-Maxim were found.

The position south of the river was protected with remarkable trenches that looked like split dumb-bells. They were banked with sand bags waist high and the ends were deep and overhanging. There were many bags filled with flour, bread and cartridges. Probably not more than three persons lived in each trench.

The prisoners look more like an irregular horde than soldiers. There are many boys and gray-bearded men among them. They appear to be well-fed, but tired. They carry a rough roll like that used by farm servants in carrying their effects when they are changing situations. General Cronje and about a dozen others alone looked like men of position. Even the uniformed Orange Free State artillerists were ragged.

All the prisoners accepted their position complacently. General Cronje sat silently smoking under the trees near headquarters. The others were arranged in rows on the veldt according to their commandos.

About fifty children and women traveled in their own cape carts.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON TO BLOEMFONTEIN.

Roberts' Army Begins March toward the Free State Capital, but Meets with Stubborn Opposition—Battles of Poplar Grove and Driefontein.



AFTER the capture of Cronje, the British camp was moved four miles along the river for sanitary reasons, and the troops given a much-needed rest. The Boer position was pretty well located about four miles to the front. It had an extent of more than eight miles. The right of the position consisted of a high long-backed mountain north of the river, which General French shelled several times. Apparently the space between this mountain and the river was entrenched. To the south of the river, however, the Boer lines covered most ground. A few days before their left rested on some kopjes standing detached in the middle of the plain. They had since then extended this position some two miles further south, while six small kopjes arose from the plain between their center and left. Between their center and the river extended a ridge, behind which the enemy were able to move unseen. The weakness, however, of the whole position was that it could easily be turned in either direction. The country was flat and water abundant. Recent rains had filled nearly all the dams.

Lord Roberts' army occupied a most advantageous position. The Sixth division (Lieut.-Gen. Kelly-Kenny) was posted on the right, and held all the kopjes for a dis-

tance of five miles south of the Modder. The Seventh division, under Lieut.-General Tucker, was in the center, immediately south of the river, and General Colville, with the Ninth division, was on the north bank. The Cavalry brigade, commanded by General French, was posted on the left front, and the Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Ridley-Martyr, on the right front.

Such were the relative positions of the troops when Lord Roberts began his attack preparatory to his march upon Bloemfontein. On March 7 he executed a brilliant flanking movement upon the Boer position.

The advance was made with the Ninth division on the north bank, and the Sixth and Seventh divisions, the Guards brigade, and the Cavalry division on the south bank. The Boer position, which was extremely strong, extended for four miles to the north and eleven miles to the south of the river. It was provided with a second line of entrenchments, a direct attack on which would have entailed heavy losses. The cavalry moved round the left flank, an operation which involved a wide detour, resulting in very great fatigue to the horses. Nevertheless the Horse Artillery did considerable execution. The Sixth division followed, and the Boers, finding their position no longer tenable, beat a precipitate retreat, leaving behind them a gun and large quantities of stores. They fled to the north and east, with the mounted troops in pursuit.

Everything being in readiness for an attack on the Boer force opposed to him, Lord Roberts dispatched his Cavalry brigade on a wide turning movement on Tuesday afternoon, March 7. The cavalry crossed the Modder at Koodoosrand Drift to the south bank, and made a rapid night march toward the east flank of the Boer posi-

tion, which by this time extended for fully twelve miles. At the same time the Sixth division, supported by the Ninth division, commenced to move forward on the north side of the river abreast of this column, but on the south side the Seventh division advanced, supported by the Guards brigade. In the center was the Naval brigade. The British guns occupied an advantageous position on a high kopje. It was about six o'clock on Wednesday morning, March 8, when the British right center came in contact with the Boers and opened a heavy fire on a series of small kopjes, which formed the advanced positions of the Boer fortifications. The Boers were evidently completely surprised, and they at once began to give way before the attack. This retreat soon developed into a precipitate flight, resulting in the collapse of the whole left flank of the Boers. During this retreat the British sailors did splendid work with their Naval guns, the Boers losing considerably. In the meantime General French, with the Cavalry brigade, had made a wide detour, and successfully turned the Boers' position. His cavalry pursued the flying Boers, greatly harassing their retreat. In this work General French was virtually engaged all day. The Boers made no stand during the whole of the battle, except on one occasion when a detachment of British cavalry had to dismount and for a short time were hotly engaged. The British infantry were practically not engaged in the fight, with the exception of the Ninth division, who captured a kopje toward the north, in which operation they were well supported by three Naval 12-pounders. During the retreat of the Boers seven batteries of horse artillery joined in the pursuit, and played with telling effect upon them. They were undoubtedly non-plussed by Lord Roberts' tactics. They appeared to

miss the usual frontal attack to which they had become accustomed. Before noon the whole force, numbering about 15,000, were in full retreat to the north and east. During the retreat the British came upon the Russian and Dutch attaches with the Boer force. It appears that the wagon in which they were traveling had broken down, and they had been left to take care of themselves. On Wednesday night the British bivouacked at Poplar Grove. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were present during the battle directing the operations, which had been completely successful.

The details of this battle which is officially known as the battle of Poplar Grove, are as follows: The first brush with the enemy took place on a small group of kopjes called "The Seven Sisters," which formed an advance post on their left. A farmhouse lay immediately below. The Boers, who were carefully hidden behind a ridge, allowed the scouts to draw near to the farmhouse, when they opened fire and drove them back with some loss. The Naval guns, in the center, at once shelled the position, making splendid practice, and compelled the Boers to evacuate it. While they were retreating they were caught by the fire of the mounted infantry and a number of them were killed and wounded. Subsequently C squadron of the Ninth Lancers, led by Captain Lund, got to close quarters with the Boers, who poured in a deadly fire, wounded 23 out of 35. The Boers allowed the wounded to be brought out, and then retired rapidly from their left towards the center, throwing out a rearguard to check the advance of the cavalry. They succeeded in getting back their guns to another line of kopjes and ridges, along which they took up extended order, and kept up a hot fusillade at the cavalry at a range of 800 yards. General

French himself was the center of an extremely warm fire. The Boer guns also threw some shells, but did no damage. The cavalry again moved round the Boer left, but the Boers repeated their tactics, and once more fell back, their rearguard holding a flat-topped kopje and a slight ridge extending in a southeasterly direction, and again getting in front of the mounted men. This, and every other position open to defense, they held with great courage and tenacity, while the rest of their force beat a hasty retreat. General French pursued them until nightfall, his horse artillery doing considerable execution. But he was obliged to return to camp, as his horses were thoroughly exhausted, having covered fully forty miles.

At several points during the battle the Boers suffered severely, chiefly from the Maxim guns, which had more than one opportunity for doing effective work in their ranks. The Boers, who left their laagers in great haste, abandoned quantities of tents, wagons, and provisions, including bread, which the British troops regarded as a luxury. A large supply of ammunition was also left behind. On the left of the advance General Colville, commanding the Ninth division, captured a Krupp gun on the top of a large flat kopje, which was taken by the Shropshire Light Infantry without opposition, the Boers having quitted the spot hurriedly. The Canadians, who were on the left of the Shropshires, and, consequently, formed the extreme left of the line, were sent forward to turn the kopje before its evacuation was discovered. The battle may be described as a successful scuttle on the part of the Boers, who were at times swept before the enemy's troops like chaff before the wind. Indeed, the British had some difficulty in keeping up with them, so precipitate was their retreat. The deployment and advance of

the infantry presented a magnificent spectacle. The troops stretched in an unbroken line over the green veldt for the distance of half a day's journey, and moved forward with irresistible sweep like an army of young locusts. They covered fifteen miles with very little food or water; in fact, one of the most striking features of the campaign is the power of endurance they displayed.

President Kruger was present far in the rear and tried to arrest the flight of the retreating enemy, who, however, refused to stop. The Bloemfontein police also attempted to stop the retreat of the Free Staters. The president had a narrow escape. When he was being hurried from the field by some of his officers a shell burst upon a spot where he had been standing five seconds before. After this incident he was persuaded to get in his carriage and was driven rapidly toward Bloemfontein.

The official report of the battle is contained in the following three telegrams from Lord Roberts:

OSFONTEIN, March 7.—Our operations to-day promise to be a great success. The enemy occupied position four miles north and eleven miles south of Modder River. I placed Colville's division on north bank, Kelly-Kenny's and Tucker's, with Cavalry division, on south bank. The Cavalry division succeeded in turning the left flank, opening the road for the Sixth division, which is advancing without having been obliged to fire a shot up to the present time (12 noon). Enemy are in full retreat toward north and east, being closely followed by Cavalry, Horse Artillery, and Mounted Infantry, while Seventh (Tucker's) and Ninth (Colville's) divisions, and Guards brigade, under Pole-Carew, are making their way across the river at Poplar's Drift, where I propose to make my headquar-

ters this evening. Our casualties will, I trust, be few, as the enemy were quite unprepared for being attacked by the flank and having their communications with Bloemfontein threatened.

ROBERTS.

POPLAR GROVE, March 7.—We have had a very successful day, and completely routed the enemy, who are in full retreat. The position they occupied is extremely strong and cunningly arranged, with a second line of entrenchments, which would have caused us heavy loss had a direct attack been made. The turning movement was necessarily wide owing to the nature of the ground, and the cavalry and horse artillery horses are much done up. The fighting was practically confined to the Cavalry division, which, as usual, did exceedingly well, and French reports that the horse artillery batteries did a great deal of execution amongst the enemy. Our casualties number about fifty. I regret to say that Lieut. Keswick, 12th Lancers, was killed, and Lieut. Bailey, of the same regiment, severely wounded; Lieut. de Crespigny, 2d Light Guards, also severely wounded. Generals De Wet and Delarey were in command of the Boer forces.

ROBERTS.

POPLAR GROVE, March 8.—Two brigades cavalry, with horse artillery and Sixth (Kelly-Kenny's) division of infantry marched to-day ten miles eastwards. The Boers were quite taken by surprise yesterday, and moved off so rapidly that they left their cooked dinners behind them. We captured a Krupp gun, several tents and wagons. Total casualties were—Killed: Lieut. Keswick, 12th Lancers; Lieut. Frieslick, 1st Grahamstown Volunteers. Wounded: Lieut. P. J. Bailey, 12th Lancers (severely);

Lieut. Smith, Shropshire Light Infantry (severely; this officer is believed to have been picked up by Boer ambulance). One man Life Guards and twelve Lancers killed, forty-six men wounded and one missing. ROBERTS.

THE BATTLE OF DRIEFONTEIN.

The army left Poplar Grove early on March 10. At 10 o'clock, French's cavalry unexpectedly found the Boers in occupation of a range of kopjes at Driefontein, eight miles south of Abraham's Drift. The Boers had strongly entrenched themselves here. The cavalry immediately attempted to outflank them under a heavy shell and Vickers-Maxim fire. Leaving a thin containing line the Second division hurriedly pushed on southward and found the Boer position to be of great length. At 1:30 P. M. the Sixth division came up to the attack, and threw forward the Thirteenth brigade, led by the Buffs, and the Eighteenth brigade, led by the Welsh regiment. These two brigades proceeded to clear the kopjes under a hot and bewildering fire. The Boer resistance was serious and cleverly planned. They succeeded in a smart doubling movement and poured in a heavy enfilading fire from the east and southwest kopjes near the main ridge. The British artillery, which had by this time got to work, replied vigorously to the Boer fire, and made magnificent practice. Despite this fact, their guns were clearly outranged by two Elswick 12-pounders which the Boers had in action. The Ninth division with the Guards arrived at four o'clock, but was too late to take part in the action. Many signal acts of bravery were performed during the engagement, especially in connection with the supply of ammunition,

which ran short because of the men having to march thirteen miles and their being relieved of fifty rounds. The storming of the Alexander kopje by the Welsh regiment was a fine piece of work. The Welshmen showed marvelous skill in securing every particle of cover while advancing. They were supported by a heavy artillery fire, and were almost invisible except when they were actually moving. Finally, the order was given to fix bayonets, and with great dash the top of the hill was cleared.

This was one of the smartest engagements following Cronje's surrender. The details of the battle were as follows:

After leaving his camp at Poplar Grove, Lord Roberts divided his force into three portions, all advancing towards Bloemfontein. On the right General Tucker's division, with the Gordons and a cavalry brigade, moved along the Petrusberg road. The center column, which Lord Roberts himself accompanied, consisted of General Colville's division, General Pole-Carew's Guards' brigade, and General Broadwood's brigade of cavalry. General French commanded the left column, which advanced along the Modder. It consisted of Colonel Porter's cavalry brigade and General Kelly-Kenny's division. In the morning, about 10, General Broadwood's brigade, which was marching in front of the center column, came in contact with the Boers, who were holding a double semi-circular line of kopjes. These were promptly shelled, and they were driven from the low ridges projecting in front of their position. General Broadwood threw his mounted infantry into the evacuated position, which they held until the arrival of reinforcements. Meanwhile, Colonel Porter had also come into touch with the Boer right. He sent word to General French, who diverted

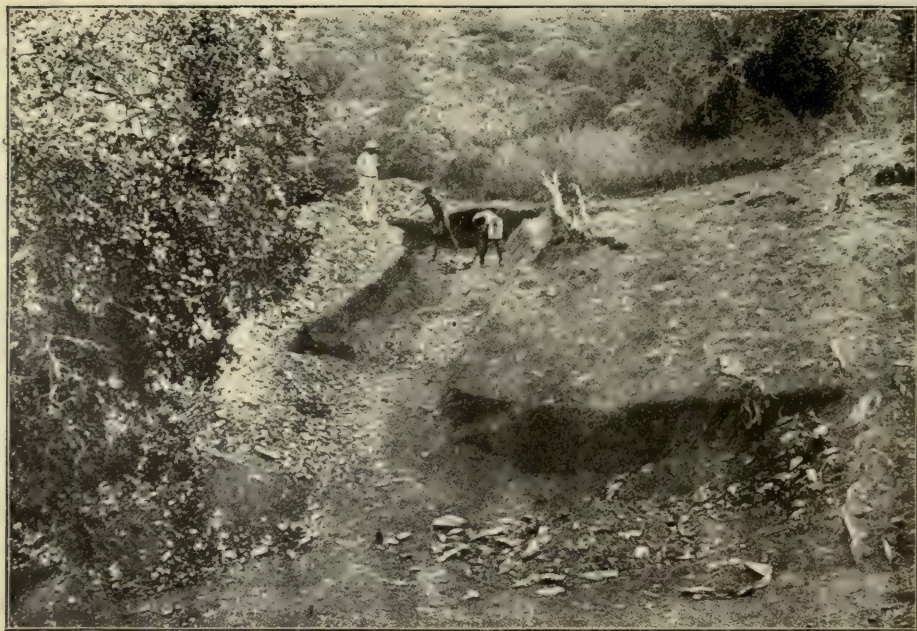
the whole of his infantry division south towards the Boers, whose position they reached about 1 o'clock, having marched over 20 miles. Immediately he was relieved by their presence, General Broadwood took his cavalry round to the left, where he had already seized a strong kopje. When he reached the reverse of the position he was shelled by the Boer's nine-pounder. At the point whence the fire from the Boer gun proceeded a white flag was ultimately hoisted, but when the force arrived to take possession they had disappeared. When night came General Broadwood had worked eight miles to the Boer's rear.

A fairly heavy engagement was meanwhile proceeding at the center Boer position, which resembled an inverted figure 3. The center thus consisted of a line of low kopjes, which ran far out into the middle of the plain. Having gained a foothold here General Kelly-Kenny held his opponents, while making a direct attack on the north of their center, where a low, detached ridge situated some distance from a low kopje held by them allowed of the near approach of the attacking force under shelter. The Boers perceived the movement, and poured a heavy shell-fire into the British, without, however, delaying the advance of the Welsh regiment, who formed the first line of the attacking force. The Boers, although possessing no natural entrenchments, held a strong, safe position, huge boulders affording them splendid cover.

The horse battery about 2 o'clock prepared the way for the infantry advance, shelling the Boer center vigorously from the south. Here occurred an instance of the admirable coolness and splendid behavior of artillerymen. As the battery came into action the Boers opened a heavy and accurate fire on it with their Vickers-Maxim,

killing outright two men and several horses. The men were engaged in unhitching the gun at the time, but within two minutes the same gun fired the first shot, the artillerymen carrying the ammunition over the bodies of their fallen comrades. U battery, which occupied a position to the north of the Boer center, shelled the ridge thoroughly, but on the arrival of the Seventy-sixth field battery moved close to T battery. The Seventy-sixth battery then took up a position close to the Boer position, where it was able effectively to shell the ridge towards which the Welsh were moving. The gunners encountered a heavy rifle fire, but they worked their guns coolly and unconcernedly with great effect.

All this time the Welsh regiment, supported by the Essex and Gloucesters, were advancing steadily under heavy fire, taking advantage of all the cover available. They finally gained the crest of the ridge, where they found excellent shelter. A heavy musketry duel then ensued at about 500 yards. The Yorkshires, who, supported by the Buffs, occupied a kopje in the center of the position, considerably helped to keep down the enemy's fire, but the Boers resisted stubbornly, and the fighting proved long and hard-contested. The Boer guns shelled incessantly, and their rifle fire was well maintained, though sometimes the shooting was wild. Just before dusk the Welsh rushed the position at the point of the bayonet, taking a kopje, and clearing a considerable portion of the ridge. The scene was witnessed by Lord Roberts through a telescope. The Boers were distinctly seen fleeing. Two mounted men were seen to fall. Their horses rolled over, but one man rose and continued his flight on foot. The center Boer position, which gave all the trouble to the British, proved to be in the shape of



OPENING A GOLD REEF.



GOLD DIGGER'S HUT.

the letter S. The Yorkshires, holding the lowest loop, swept the upper loop, while the Welsh advanced directly towards the upper convex curve.

One feature of the day was the magnificent marching of General Kelly-Kenny's division across the veldt under a hot cloudless sky, followed by six hours' hard fighting. Towards dusk the center and left column, including Lord Roberts and staff, arrived at a farmhouse situated in the basin formed by the semicircle of the Boer position. The sight was wonderfully picturesque, as mass after mass of troops and transport appeared over the ridge and gradually filled the basin. The appearance of this formidable force, combined with the loss of their center position, doubtless caused the hurried flight of the Boers. The Boer force was commanded by Commandant Delarey.

The British claim that a great proportion of their losses at Driefontein on March 10 were the result of a flagrant act of treachery on the part of the enemy. According to their report, a Boer commando was backing out of artillery fire and nearing the open veldt, where they would be subjected to a severe raking from the big guns, while a squadron of British mounted infantry was hovering on their flank ready to pursue them. Recognizing the great peril of their situation, a large company of Boers hoisted a white flag, held up their hands, and threw down their arms as a sign of surrender. The British thereon advanced without hesitation to accept the surrender, when another section poured repeated volleys into the British ranks.

The official report of the battle of Driefontein, which the Boers call the battle of Abraham's Kraal, is found in the following dispatches of the British and Boer commanders, respectively:

DRIEFONTEIN, March 11, 7:15 A. M.—The enemy opposed us throughout yesterday's march, and, from their intimate knowledge of the country, gave us considerable trouble. Owing, however, to the admirable conduct of the troops they were unable to prevent us reaching our destination. The brunt of the fighting fell on Kelly-Kenny's division, two battalions of which—the Welsh and the Essex—turned the Boers out of two strong positions at the point of the bayonet. I have not been able, as yet, to get the exact number of casualties.

DRIEFONTEIN, March 11, 9:55 A. M.—I cannot get precise number of casualties before the march, but will communicate it as soon as possible. The Boers suffered heavily. One hundred and two of their dead were left on the ground. We captured about twenty prisoners.

ROBERTS.

DRIEFONTEIN, March 11, 9:45 A. M.—The following telegram has been addressed by me to their honors the State Presidents of the Orange Free State and South African Republic: "Another instance having occurred of a gross abuse of the white flag and the signal of holding up the hands in token of surrender, it is my duty to inform your Honors that if such abuse occurs again I shall be most reluctantly compelled to order my troops to disregard the white flag entirely. The instance occurred on the kopje east of Driefontein Farm yesterday evening, and was witnessed by several of my own staff officers as well as by myself, and resulted in the wounding of several of my officers and men. A large quantitative of explosive bullets of three different kinds was found in Cronje's laager, and after every engagement with your honors' troops. Such breaches of the recognized usages of war

and of the Geneva convention are a disgrace to any civilized power. A copy of this telegram has been sent to my government, with a request that it may be communicated to all neutral powers."

ROBERTS.

With respect to the fighting on March 10, at Abraham's Kraal, on the Kimberley-Bloemfontein road, General Delarey reported as follows by telegraph to the Transvaal government: The English forces, which I estimate at 40,000, approached our positions from two directions. They first shelled the positions occupied by General Cellier's artillery, and this attack was followed by a musketry engagement, during which two of our men were wounded. The British discovered that the attempt to break through at this point was hopeless, and a second assault was made upon our left flank, which was scattered in a position covering the top of the road where I and 300 men were stationed. To gain possession of these hills was of considerable strategic importance to the British; and, the Federals appreciating this, a heavy engagement occurred. It lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till sundown. The burghers fought like heroes, and three times repulsed the masses of the enemy which were thrown against them. The British kept relieving their tired men, but each and every attempt to storm our position was defeated. At sundown there were not fifty yards between us. The British lost heavily.

DELAREY.

The continuation of Lord Roberts' march toward Bloemfontein is told in the following dispatches:

VENTERSVLEI, March 12, 9:30 P. M.—Our march to-day was again unopposed. We are now about eighteen miles from Bloemfontein. The Cavalry division is astride of the

railway six miles south of Bloemfontein. There are 321 wounded men and about 60 or 70 killed and missing.

ROBERTS.

VENTERSVLEI, March 13, 5:20.—I directed General French, if there was time before dark, to seize the railway station at Bloemfontein, and thus secure the rolling stock. At midnight I received a report from him that after considerable opposition he has been able to occupy two hills close to the railway station, and which command Bloemfontein. A brother of President Steyn has been made prisoner, the telegraph line leading northwards cut, and the railway broken up. I am now starting with the Third cavalry brigade (which I called up from Seventh division near Petrusburg yesterday) and the mounted infantry to reinforce cavalry division. The rest of the force follows as quickly as possible.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

SURRENDER OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

Boers Make no Defense of their Capital, but Retreat to Kroonstad—
Raising the English Flag over the Presidency Building.



ON MONDAY night, March 12, Lord Roberts, with Generals Kelly-Kenny's and Colville's divisions, the Guards brigade, and the Mounted Infantry, lay at Ventersvlei, about fourteen miles from Bloemfontein, while General French, having cut the railway and telegraph lines, had experienced a slight skirmish with the enemy holding the kopjes on the southeast side of the town. Early on Tuesday morning the First cavalry brigade moved forward and occupied slowly several kopjes to the east of the town, which they commanded. The Boers still remained in position on the kopjes to the southwest, but the horse artillery drove them off. General French then sent out scouts and patrols to feel their way to the town. Perceiving this, three newspaper correspondents galloped forward and entered the town after a hard race, which the *Australian Pressman* won. At the entrance to the town, two bicyclists, who in their fright let their bicycles fall, held up their hands in token of surrender, and the correspondents then slackened pace, and at once entered the town. They found it wearing its everyday aspect. The people were shopping and taking their morning walks; indeed, they did not seem to regard the correspondents at all as strangers. Gradually, however, the people who had seen them galloping across the plain from

the direction of the British army arrived, and then it rapidly became known that they were the forerunners of the British occupation. They were greeted everywhere cordially and respectfully, and soon arrived at the market square. Thence they were conducted to the club, where they met Mr. Fraser, a member of the executive, the Mayor of Bloemfontein, the acting government secretary, the landdrost, and other officials. They persuaded the officials to take carriages out to meet the British force, and this they did. Half-way out they met Lieut. Chester Masters, with three Rimington scouts, and he was the first British officer to victoriously enter Bloemfontein. Gradually, as they crossed the plain towards the kopjes where the British artillery was stationed, they could perceive the cavalry closing in around the town like a huge net. When they arrived opposite the kopje where Lord Roberts was stationed, the carriages stopped. A correspondent rode up to the kopje, and had the honor of announcing to Lord Roberts that Bloemfontein had surrendered. A little later the official deputation, having climbed the kopje, approached the commander-in-chief, who went forward to meet them. The scene was picturesque in the extreme. The kopje was characteristic of those eminences so beloved by the Boers. Only a few yards away were the guns of T battery pointing their grim mouths toward the late Boer position, while the zinc roofs of Bloemfontein shone in the distance. When the deputation arrived in front of Lord Roberts they saluted him most respectfully, and one of their number, standing forward, declared that the town was without defense and wished to surrender, at the same time expressing a hope that the British commander-in-chief would protect the lives and property of the inhabitants. Lord Roberts replied that provided no

further opposition was offered he would undertake to guarantee the lives and property of the people. The interview was altogether of a most cordial character. There was nothing of sullenness in the demeanor of the deputation, whose members rather created the impression of being greatly relieved by the presence of the British troops. Lord Roberts informed the deputation that it was his intention to enter the capital in state. Thereupon the deputation departed to inform the townspeople. A little delay followed while Lord Roberts made the necessary military dispositions, ordering the First brigade to follow and take possession of the town.

The commander-in-chief and his staff, with the military attaches, then descended the kopje. Having arrived on the plain they waited there until the cavalry approached, and then proceeded toward Bloemfontein across the plain, the order being, first Lord Roberts and his personal staff, then the general staff and the military attaches.

As the procession, headed by Lord Roberts and his staff, approached the town, great commotion was observable among the inhabitants. Mr. Collins, the Free State secretary, met the commander-in-chief, and conducted him into the town, where a great number of inhabitants, including men, women and children, were awaiting his arrival. Here a great surprise was in store for them. Instead of the sullen, scowling faces which might have been looked for on the entry of the victor into the enemy's capital, they saw only bright looks and fluttering handkerchiefs, while their ears were greeted with wild cheers. In fact, the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. It is true that many of the townspeople remaining were British or of British parentage, but still the extraordinary cordial nature

of the reception came as a surprise. Amid such rejoicings Lord Roberts reached the market square, whence he proceeded to the Parliament House, and thence to the Presidency. Here there was a fresh and yet more impressive outburst of enthusiasm. As Lord Roberts entered the front garden of President Steyn's residence, the large crowd outside suddenly started, "God save the Queen," and they sang the national anthem from beginning to end with tremendous energy. Every one stood rigid, and the civilians raised their hats. When the anthem was finished there was a mighty outburst of cheering. Capt. Lord George Scott followed Lord Roberts, bearing a silken Union Jack, which had been worked by Lady Roberts, and in one corner of which a four-leaved shamrock was embroidered. With the aid of Commander the Hon. S. J. Fortescue, R.N., he bent the flag to the halyard, and amid hurrahs ran the Union Jack up over the town of Bloemfontein. The scene which followed will remain engraved on the memory of all who witnessed it. Half a troop of cavalry faced the gates of the Presidency. The crowd, turning around, appeared to be struck with the begrimed, unshaven faces of the troopers, in their soiled and patched khaki uniforms, everything about them showing signs of hard fighting. Acting apparently on the impulse of the moment the crowd roared forth the song, "Tommy Atkins," and then "The Soldiers of the Queen." The men sat bolt upright on their horses, and even their stolid faces relaxed at this tribute of admiration. Immediately the ceremony was over, Lord Roberts ordered measures to be taken for the protection of the town, and made certain military dispositions. General Prettyman was appointed Governor, and the police arrangements were entrusted to him pending the drafting

of further regulations. A visit was paid to the gaol, where four men were found imprisoned for refusing to fight the British. They were at once released.

Gradually, that portion of the troops necessary to man the northern heights passed through the town, meeting everywhere with a reception which could only be described as enthusiastic. The horse batteries were received with particular warmth. The contrast between the well-fed, comfortable-looking citizens and the gaunt gallant gunners, mounted on horses worn by excessive work, marching stolidly past without betraying the slightest emotion, was most striking. By this time the plain outside the town was filling with regiments of infantry and the immense transport train necessary for the supply of the force. As the masses of men, wagons and animals debouched from behind the ridges, they gave the distant spectator the impression of water poured into the plain, and rolling slowly but irresistibly in a mighty wave towards the town. Gradually, out of the chaos emerged order, as each brigade, with its transport, established itself with its own lines running regular and straight for miles. From a high kopje near the town could be seen, in the remote distance, a long serpent representing regiment after regiment marching upon Bloemfontein.

The marching of the army corps throughout was superb. The Guards brigade marched from 3 P. M. on Monday till 1 P. M. on Tuesday with two and a-half hours' sleep, but every man in the force was willing to work till he dropped for Lord Roberts. All the troops realized that they were taking part in the most famous march of recent times. Credit is due in a very high degree to Colonel Richardson, army service corps, for provisioning, foraging, and transporting 40,000 men and

18,000 horses daily without a hitch in spite of the change of plans consequent upon the retreat of Cronje, which seriously upset previous arrangements.

General French left Ventersvlei for Leuw Kop at one o'clock on Monday and, turning north, approached the railway, which he cut. He made his headquarters at Mr. John Steyn's house. Mr. Steyn was still there, and he was captured. Mr. Palmer, a member of the executive, who was intercepted at 3 o'clock, was given an ultimatum and allowed to proceed. A squadron of Inniskillings approached the Boer position, which was defended by a Cruzet and "pompom" guns. They seized the low outlying kopjes commanding the wagon laager. A squadron of Grays, moving further east, was forced to retire owing to a heavy rifle fire and intricate wire fencing, but getting across the railway, they seized the easternmost hills, which made good the position commanding the town. This his troops did despite the artillery fire, which was continued long after dark and resumed at daylight. Nevertheless the advance was continued, and the town was entered as described.

General Prettyman, the Military Governor of Bloemfontein, on Thursday issued a proclamation calling upon all burghers within a radius of ten miles to deliver up their arms on pain of confiscation of their property.

Lord Roberts addressed congratulations to the Guards on the splendid manner in which they had performed the march of thirty-eight miles in twenty-eight hours. He said that through a small mistake he had not been able to march into Bloemfontein at the head of the brigade, as was intended, but, he added, "I promise you I will lead you into Pretoria." Three battalions of the Guards marched through the town on Thursday. They pre-

sented a magnificent appearance, in spite of their having seen all the hardest service in the western campaign.

Lord Roberts' official report of the surrender of Bloemfontein is contained in the following dispatch to the war office:

BLOEMFONTEIN, March 13, 8:30 P. M.—By the help of God and by the bravery of Her Majesty's soldiers, the troops under my command have taken possession of Bloemfontein. The British flag now flies over the Presidency, vacated last evening by Mr. Steyn, late president of the Orange Free State. Mr. Fraser, member of the late executive government, the mayor, the secretary of the late government, the landdrost, and other officials, met me two miles from the town and presented me with the keys of the public offices. The enemy have withdrawn from the neighborhood and all seems quiet. The inhabitants of Bloemfontein gave the troops a cordial welcome.

ROBERTS.

President Steyn established the Orange Free State seat of government at Kroonstad.

It will be remembered that Lord Roberts complained to the Boer presidents of alleged violations of the usages of warfare. To this he received a reply which he communicated to his home government as follows:

BLOEMFONTEIN, March 19.—I have received the following reply to my telegram, No. C414, March 11, to the Presidents, Orange Free State and South African Republic:—"Your excellency's telegram, dispatched at 9:45 A. M., on the 11th, reached me yesterday. Assure you that nothing would grieve me more than that my burghers should make themselves guilty of a deed such as that laid to their charge by you. I am, however, glad to say that you must have been mistaken. I have made personal

inquiry of General Delarey, who was in command of our burghers at the place mentioned by you. He denies entirely that our burghers acted as stated by you, but says that on Saturday (date illegible) the British troops, when they were about fifty yards from our position, put up their hands as well as the white flag, whilst at the same time your cannon bombarded the said troops as well, with the result that Commandant De Beer was wounded. Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, the head commandant wrote in his account of the battle as follows: 'The soldiers hoisted the white flag, but were then fired at by the English cannons and compelled to charge.' Perhaps it is unknown to your excellency that the same thing happened at Spion Kop, where, when a portion of the troops had hoisted the white flag and put up their hands, and whilst our burghers were busy disarming them, another portion of the troops fired on our burghers and on the troops who had surrendered; in consequence thereof not only our burghers, but some of the British troops were killed. It has also been reported that at the last battle on the Tugela the English cannon fired on the troops who had surrendered. With reference to the explosive bullets found in General Cronje's laager and elsewhere, I can give your excellency the assurance that such bullets were not purchased or allowed by the government. I have, however, no reason to doubt your statement, as I know that many of the burghers of this State and of the South African Republic took a large number of Lee-Metford rifles, dum dum and other bullets from the British troops. May I request your excellency, as the cable is closed to me, to make my reply known to your government and to the neutral powers by cable?

(Signed) STATE PRESIDENT.

Meanwhile the Pretoria Federal commandos at Kroonstad were in great spirits, ready, and even defiant, awaiting the advance of the British. Both Presidents addressed a vast camp meeting. President Kruger made an impassioned appeal to the burghers to maintain the fight for freedom, and stated that he was certain that the ultimate issue would result in the independence of the republics being retained, despite the temporary occupation of Bloemfontein by the British. President Steyn said it did not follow that the Free State was conquered because the capital had been occupied. England had definitely refused to grant the republics their independence, and nothing was left them but to fight to the last. During the six months that war had lasted the Federals had lost less than 1,000 killed. The war was really now commencing, and, as their President, he warned the burghers not to believe in Lord Roberts' proclamation with reference to the laying down of their arms, for the British had failed every time to keep solemn treaties entered into with them. Sir Alfred Milner had publicly announced that the Afrikanders must be exterminated, knowing that the republics would fight to the end, and put their trust in God. President Steyn's appeal roused the burghers to positive enthusiasm.

The following is the text of Mr. Kruger's scriptural exhortation to the Boers: "For your own and the war officers' information I wish to state that, through the blessing of our Lord, our great cause has at present been carried to such a point that by dint of great energy we may expect to bring it to a successful issue on our behalf. In order that such end may be attained, it is, however, strictly necessary that all energy be used, that all burghers able to do active service go forward to the battle-

field, and those who are on furlough claim no undue extension thereof, but return as soon as possible, every one to the place where his war officers may be stationed. Brothers, I pray you to act herein with all possible promptitude and zeal, and to keep your eyes fixed on that Providence Who has miraculously led our people through the whole of South Africa. Read Psalm xxxiii., from verse 7 to the end. The enemy have fixed their faith in Psalm lxxxiii., where it is said that this people shall not exist, and its name shall be annihilated; but the Lord says 'it shall exist.' Read also Psalm lxxxix., the 13th and 14th verses, where the Lord sayeth that the children of Christ, if they depart from His word, shall be chastised with bitter reverses, but His favor and goodness shall have no end and never fail. What He has said remains strong and firm. For, see, the Lord purifieth His children even unto gold proven by fire. But do not forget that the enemy create devastation where they come on the farms. In the Colony they carry away all the goods of the Afrikaner people, and sell and destroy these, according to reports. Even in the O. F. S. they lay waste the farms. I need not draw your attention to all the destructiveness of the enemy's works, for you know it, and I again point to the attack of the devil on Christ and His Church. This has been the attack from the beginning. God will not countenance the destruction of His Church. You know that our cause is a just one, and there cannot be any doubt, for it is with the contents of just this Psalm that they commenced with us in their wickedness, and I am still searching the entire Bible and find no other way which can be followed by us. We must continue to fight in the name of the Lord. Please notify all the officers of war, and the entire public of your

district, of the contents of this telegram, and imbue them with a full earnestness of the cause."


Just previous to this an interview with President Kruger was published in a New York paper in which he outlined the only terms on which he could accept peace—absolute independence. He said:

"Having been forced into war, the Boers will conquer or die. I do not expect aid from other nations, but I am glad of sympathy and friendship. The Transvaal is willing to make peace at any time, but it wants no more conventions; only absolute independence is possible. We do not want more territory, and we are content to live peaceably. The Transvaal will stipulate in the terms of peace that the Natal and Cape Colony Dutch fighting with the Boers shall be regarded as belligerents, and shall suffer no loss of property. On learning that some of these were on trial at Capetown on a charge of treason, the Transvaal government cabled to Lord Salisbury stating that if they were not treated as prisoners of war we should make reprisals on the British prisoners here. Lord Salisbury replied that if we injured a single British prisoner he would hold me personally responsible. I suppose he meant that the British would hang me. Such threats are contemptible, and will not prevent me from performing my duty. The Transvaal replied to-day that it despised his threats. The story of a conspiracy of the South African Dutch is untrue. The Orange Free State was bound by treaty to aid us. The Boers are in God's hands, and He will not let us perish. Our total fighting strength is only 40,000, but with God's aid we can prevail. It is liberty or death. I have protected British property in the Transvaal, and shall continue to do so. We feel that America should be with us in this struggle."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

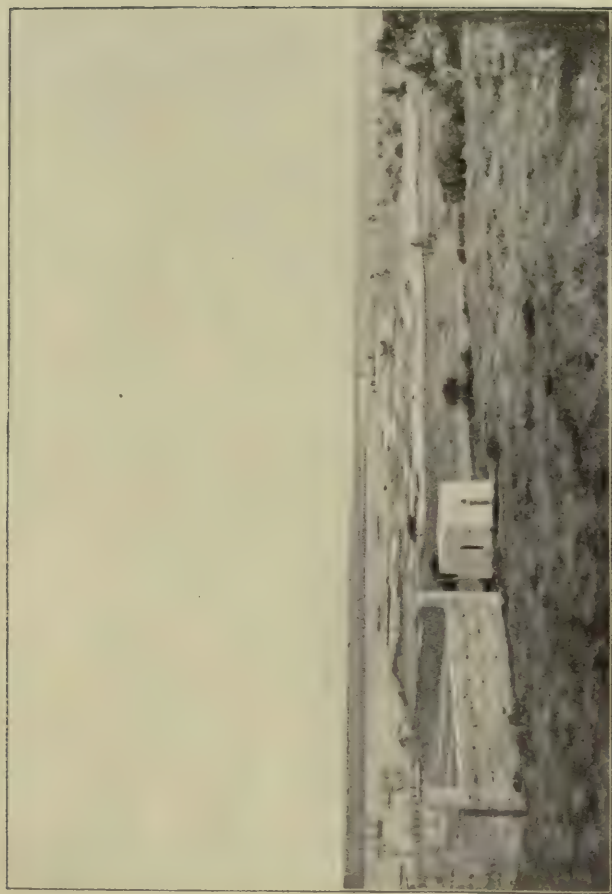
DEATH OF JOUBERT.

Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal Army Dies at Pretoria of Stomach Trouble—Colonel Broadwood's Command Ambushed and Captured by General Dè Wet.

HE BOERS were destined to sustain even a greater loss than their capital of Bloemfontein. On March 27, General P. J. Joubert, the commander-in-chief of the Transvaal army, died at Pretoria of stomach trouble. A history of his career is given in a preceding chapter. Many tributes were paid to his valor as a soldier and his worth as a man, Lord Roberts being one of the number to give him high praise.

The following message was sent to President Kruger by Lord Roberts, dated Bloemfontein, March 30: I have just received the news of General Joubert's death. I desire at once to offer my sincere condolence with your honor and the burghers of the South African Republic on this sad event. I would ask you to convey to the general's family the expression of my respectful sympathy in their bereavement, and to assure them also from me that all ranks of Her Majesty's forces now serving in South Africa deeply regret the sudden and untimely end of so distinguished a chief, who devoted his life to the service of his country, and whose personal gallantry was only surpassed by his humane conduct and chivalrous feelings in circumstances.

General Joubert was succeeded by Louis Botha, the



DELAGOA BAY FROM LORENZO MARQUEZ.

general in command of the forces opposing General Buller. Botha was a farmer from that district of the Transvaal lately known as the New Republic. He is of an old Natal family of the name of Botha, who many years ago moved into the Free State. When the filibustering expedition was formed to seize the north of Zululand, Botha secured a farm in the new territory, and, in spite of the British proclamation, he and others retained the farms, which form the best part of the country. His place was about thirty-five miles northeast of Vryheid, on the heights near the Pongola River, the boundary line between the Transvaal and Swaziland. Mr. Botha's homestead would compare favorably with a first-class English farm, the house surrounded by large avenues of trees of the general's own planting, the buildings substantial and modern. On entering the house one could easily fancy oneself in a superior middle-class English home. The style of the furnishing, the plentiful supply of books, the latest home papers, a first-class piano and organ, and a well-stocked greenhouse and fernery were all in keeping. Mrs. Botha, a dignified and charming hostess, graced the establishment. She was the daughter of an Irish gentleman named Emmet, believed to be a direct descendant of the Irish patriot of that name. Mr. Botha's age was probably about forty-five at the time he succeeded General Joubert. He was a tall, stout man, and fairly well educated for a Dutch farmer. He had never had the command of an army before.

Doubtless General Botha has assistance from continental experts and others in the handling of his big guns and in the management of his entrenchments, but the brunt of the whole business must fall on the Boers. Though ordinary farmers, these men seem in a manner

born for war, and they know as well as any people in the world the possibilities of a position and a properly-handled rifle, and the value of mobility. The Boer can tell what is on the side of the hill he is looking at, and can also give a good idea of the nature of the country on the other side. Their eyesight is marvelous, especially for long distances. They seldom spoil it through reading by lamps or candle-light. They usually go to bed soon and get up with the fowls. This early rising, however, is not for the purpose of laborious toil. All the hard work on the farm is done by the Kaffirs, the Boer contenting himself by taking just enough exercise when at home to keep him in health. He thinks nothing, however, of a fifty mile journey in a day with one pair of horses, and when needful both he and his horses can live on very spare diet. The Boers are big, hard, raw-boned men, and care little for cold or heat. I have seen them after a day's trek in a cold pouring rain lie down under their wagon, and, though drenched to the skin, sleep with as little discomfort as an ordinary man in a good dry bed.

An evidence of Boer strategy and valor was given on March 31, when the forces under General De Wet ambushed and captured a British convoy and two batteries of horse artillery twenty-two miles from Bloemfontein. The guns and wagons belonged to Colonel Broadwood's column, which was falling back from Thaba Nchu to Bloemfontein Waterworks before superior numbers of the enemy. Being outmanœuvred and heavily attacked Colonel Broadwood decided to send the batteries and his baggage towards the base. The convoy was in front and was driven unsuspectingly into the trap prepared by the Boers, who had concealed themselves in a deep nullah,

and pounced upon the convoy when it was fairly in the drift. At this critical juncture British pluck was not found to fail, and the Boers themselves could not help admiring the gallant stand made by their enemies. Q battery was under cross-fire for some hours, the officers serving the guns as their men fell, and eventually but two of these guns were saved. Very different was the fate of U battery, which was surrounded and captured, with five guns, without a shot being fired, only Major Taylor and Sergeant-Major Martin escaping. Nothing daunted, Colonel Broadwood managed to fight his way across the Modder River, where he was soon reinforced by the Ninth division, and later by French's cavalry. The Colonel placed his casualties at about 350, including 200 missing.

The details were as follows: At daybreak the Boers opened a musketry fire as the camp up-saddled. The convoy pushed out towards Bloemfontein, followed by U and Q batteries horse artillery. The road leads over a drift, where converging nullahs and a railway embankment under construction formed a *cul de sac*. This the enemy occupied. As the wagons dropped into the dip the Boers diverted them without giving the alarm to the rear of the column. Following the convoy U battery was captured at point blank range. Major Taylor, however, managed to slip away and warn Q battery and Roberts' horse, the escort. The latter received the order, "Files about gallop." The enemy then opened a murderous fire at 200 yards range, stampeding the mules of U battery, the drivers of which had dismounted by order of the Boers. Q battery retired 300 yards and gallantly attempted to save the situation. Eventually, ten men and one officer were left fighting the battery. Seeing that it was useless

to stay the officer extricated five guns with a pair of horses to each. The cavalry broke through the cordon to the south. It was simply slaughter. The Kaffir drivers of the convoy ran away, leaving their teams. It was impossible for the British to hit the hidden enemy. The gunners fought bravely, trying to save their guns; but were greatly hampered by the Kaffirs, who ran hither and thither looking for cover from the fearful fire that poured in from all sides. Meanwhile the Boers were hotly pressing Broadwood, whose mounted troops were completely surrounded. The British showed magnificent bravery. The officers were quite cool, and composedly directed the operations. One of the batteries shelled the Boers, who repeatedly sought to overwhelm them, and made desperate attacks on their front. Broadwood was unable to give any assistance to the convoy, and some of the wagons were cut off. The reinforcements sent up from Bloemfontein rescued Broadwood's party, and then attacked the enemy, with a view to recovering the guns. Two of them were retaken, and the whole force retired on Bloemfontein. A hundred wagons were lost through the cowardice of the Kaffir drivers. The water supply was cut, and the pumping gear destroyed, as well as the field telegraph.

The action of Commandant Olivier in striking back east and occupying Ladybrand and then summoning reinforcements and retaking Thaba Nchu was a brilliant piece of strategy, advantage being taken of the only vulnerable point in Lord Roberts' position.

The following is part of a telegram from the Boer camp at Brandfort, describing the capture of the convoy. With the British was an immense convoy of wagons and carts. When the alarm was given these were inspanned,

and sent to a lower drift on the river. On the first cart were officers and civilians from Thaba Nchu. When the first cart entered the drift the Boers forming the ambuscade shouted "Hands up!" They then removed the officers and let the cart go through. This process was repeated with the second cart, and so on until a considerable number of carts had come down. When the ruse was discovered a panic and great disorder ensued, and the convoy took a new direction. There was one cart containing two officers to whom Commandant De Wet shouted "Hands up!" One of the officers held up his hands, whereon the other shot him dead. The second, refusing to surrender, was shot immediately. The burghers, who were short of foodstuffs, now have an abundant supply of everything from the captured convoy, which has not encumbered their mobility. Commandant De Wet sent the British cannons and prisoners to Winburg. The Boer loss was three killed and ten wounded, including one of their bravest field cornets. Among the wounded is a Dutch military attache named Nix, who received a bullet in the chest. Late in the evening General Villiers came up with a Cape force from Thaba Nchu, and captured sixteen British soldiers. The total number of prisoners captured during the day was 389. The significance of the battle must not be underrated. The success was gained by a commando of Free Staters who fought on the flat veldt without shelter. The Free Staters are inspired by their desire to return to Bloemfontein and the Transvaalers by their desire to emulate the success of the Free Staters in yesterday's fight. All the commandos to the south have now effected junction, and together make up a large force of veterans. What is perhaps of more importance than the victory is the

capture of all the British secret papers. Among them are carefully-framed maps and tables for 1897, 1898 and 1899, giving elaborate plans for the invasion of the Free State and the Transvaal. Those which will prove most valuable in the game of check and counter-checks are plans for working to Johannesburg from Mafeking along Jameson's route, but amended so as to avoid his mistakes. This is the work of Major Keade, who then held the rank of captain. The papers also include Major Wolley-Dod's plan for a march from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad, via Brandford, Vinburg, and Ventersburg. The Prieska and Kenhardt districts of Cape Colony are full of rebellion. The Kenhardt rebels are marching on Calvinia and others towards Fourteen Streams. The above dispatch has been delayed owing to the detours made to avoid British scouts. The Boers, on their way to Brandfort, captured three British scouts. A dispatch box which was found on the battle-field contained papers signed by Free State burghers who had taken the oath and surrendered. The signatories were sent for, so that it could be pointed out to them by the general that these oaths, having been taken under compulsion, were null and void.

The following is Lord Roberts' official report of Colonel Broadwood's disaster:

BLOEMFONTEIN, April 1, 6:10 P. M.—I received news late yesterday afternoon from Broadwood, who was at Thaba Nchu, 38 miles east of this, that information had reached him that the enemy were approaching in two forces from the north and east. He stated that if the report proved true he would retire to the Waterworks, seventeen miles nearer Bloemfontein, at which place we had a detachment of two companies of mounted infantry for the protection of the works. Broadwood

was told in reply that the Ninth division, with Martyr's mounted infantry, would march at daylight to-day to support him, and that if he considered it necessary he should retire on the Waterworks. He moved there during the night and bivouacked. At dawn to-day he was shelled by the enemy and attacked on three sides. He immediately dispatched his two horse artillery batteries and his baggage towards Bloemfontein, covering them with his cavalry. Some two miles from the Waterworks the road crosses a deep nullah or spruit, in which during the night a force of Boers had concealed themselves. So well were they hidden that our leading scouts passed over the drift without discovering them, and it was not until the wagons and guns were entering the drift that the Boers showed themselves and opened fire. Many of the drivers and artillery horses were at once shot down at short range and several of the guns were captured. The remainder galloped away, covered by Roberts' horse, which suffered heavily. Meanwhile Lieutenant Chester-master, of Rimington's scouts, had found a passage across the spruit unoccupied by the enemy, by which the remainder of Broadwood's force crossed and reformed with great steadiness, notwithstanding all that had previously occurred. Broadwood's report, which has just reached me, and which contains no details, stated that he lost seven guns and all his baggage. He estimates all his casualties at about 350, including over 200 missing. On hearing this morning that Broadwood was hard pressed I immediately ordered French, with the two remaining cavalry brigades, to follow in support of the Ninth division. The latter, after a magnificent march, arrived on the scene of action shortly after 2 P. M. Broadwood's force consisted of the Household cavalry, Tenth Hussars, Q and U bat-

teries royal horse artillery, and Pilcher's battalion of mounted infantry. The strength of the enemy is estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000 men, with guns, the number of which not yet reported.



APPENDIX—A.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.

The South African Republic, also known as the Transvaal, was originally formed by part of the Boers, who left the Cape Colony in 1835 for Natal, but quitted that colony on its annexation to the British Crown. In 1852 the independence of the Transvaal was recognized by the British Government, and the constitution of the State is based on the "Thirty-three Articles," passed May 23, 1849, and the "Grondwet," or Fundamental Law of February 13, 1858.

On April 12, 1877, the Transvaal was annexed by the British Government, against which, in December, 1880, the Boers took up arms, and a treaty of peace was signed March 21, 1881. According to the convention ratified by the Volksraad, October 26, 1881, self-government was restored to the Transvaal so far as regards internal affairs, the control and management of external affairs being reserved to Her Majesty as suzerain. A British resident was appointed, with functions analogous to those of a Consul-General and Charge d' Affaires. Another convention with the Government of Great Britain was signed in London February 27, 1884, ratified by the Volksraad, August 8, by which the State was to be known as the South African Republic, and the British suzerainty restricted to control of foreign relations. Instead of a resident the British Government was represented by a diplomatic agent.

The constitution has been frequently amended down to January, 1897. The supreme legislative authority is vested in a Parliament of two chambers, each of twenty-seven members, chosen by the districts. Bills passed by the second chamber do not become law until accepted by the first. Members of both chambers must be thirty years of age, possess fixed property, and never have been convicted of any criminal offense. The members of the first chamber are elected from and by the first-class burghers, those of the second chamber from and by the first and second class burghers conjointly, each for four years. First-class burghers comprise all male whites resident in the Republic before May 29, 1876, or who took an active part in the war of independence in 1881, the Malaboch war in 1894, the Jameson Raid in 1895-96, the expedition to Swaziland in 1894, and all the other tribal wars of the Republic, and the children of such persons from the age of sixteen. Second-class burghers comprise the naturalized male alien population and their children from the age of sixteen. Naturalization may be obtained after two years' residence, and registration on the books of the Fieldcornet, oath of allegiance, and payment of \$10. The Executive Council has also the right, in special instances, to invite persons to become naturalized on payment of \$10. Naturalized burghers may, by special resolution of the first Chamber, become first-class burghers twelve years after naturalization. Sons of aliens, though born in the Republic, have no political rights, but, by registration at the age of sixteen, may at the age of eighteen become naturalized burghers, and may, by special resolution of the

first Chamber, be made first-class burghers ten years after they are eligible for the second Chamber, or at the age of forty. The President and Commandant-General are elected by the first-class burghers only; District-Commandants and the Fieldcornets by the two classes of burghers conjointly. The Executive is vested in a President, elected for five years, assisted by a council consisting of four official members (the State Secretary, the Commandant-General, Superintendent of Natives, and the Minute-keeper), two non-official members, all of which are elected by the first Volksraad.

AREA AND POPULATION.

The area of the Republic is 119,139 square miles, divided into twenty districts, and its population, according to the State Almanack for 1898, which gives the details, is as follows: Whites, 245,397 (137,947 males and 107,450 females); natives, 748,759 (148,155 men, 183,280 women, and 417,324 children); total population, 994,156. The boundaries of the State are defined in the Convention of February 27, 1884—since altered by a supplementary convention, by which the former New Republic (Zululand) was annexed to the South African Republic as a new district, named Vrijheid, and by the terms of the Convention regarding Swaziland, ratified by the Volksraad August 20, 1890, by which Swaziland comes under the administration of the Transvaal. The seat of government is Pretoria, with a white population of 10,000. The largest town is Johannesburg, the mining center of the Witwatersrand gold fields, with a population within a radius of three miles, according to census of July 15, 1896, of 102,078 (79,315 males and 22,763 females). The population consisted of 50,907 whites, 952 Malays, 4,807 coolies and Chinese, 42,533 Kaffirs, and 2,879 of mixed race. One-third of the population of the Republic are engaged in agriculture.

RELIGION.

As no census has been taken, the following figures must be considered approximate:

The United Dutch Reform Church is the State church, claiming 30,000 (1895) of the population; other Dutch churches, 32,760; English Church, 30,000; Wesleyans, 10,000; Catholic, 5,000; Presbyterians, 8,000; other Christian churches, 5,000; Jews, 10,000.

INSTRUCTION.

According to the report of the Superintendent of Education for the year 1897, the sum of \$701,430 was spent for the education of 11,552 pupils. In 1896 there were 34 village schools and 395 ward schools, besides a model school with 284, a gymnasium with 61, and a girls' school with 210 pupils at Pretoria. There are many schools in Johannesburg, Pretoria, and other places belonging to the English and other denominations not subsidized by the Government.

FINANCE.

The following shows the ordinary revenue and expenditure for the years 1893, 1895 and 1897, exclusive of advances made and refunded, and deposits made and withdrawn:

Revenue, 1893	8,513,420	Expenditure, 1893	6,510,270
" 1895	17,699,775	" 1895	13,395,475
" 1897	22,401,090	" 1897	21,970,330

In 1897 the chief sources of revenue were: Import duties, \$6,361,595; Netherlands railway, \$3,686,830; prospecting licenses, \$2,136,150; explosives, \$1,500,000; stamps, \$1,291,980; posts and telegraphs, \$1,076,600. The chief branches of expenditure were: Public works, \$5,064,330; salaries, \$4,984,800; war department, \$1,981,920; purchase of explosives, \$1,357,175. Of the Mining Commission's department, Johannesburg, the receipts in 1897 amounted to \$4,480,220, and expenditure to \$506,845; credit balance, \$3,973,375.

The public debt on September 9, 1897, was \$13,368,450, including direct liabilities to the British Crown, \$833,450, and Rothschild loan, \$12,500,000. The State lands were valued in 1884 at \$2,000,000, but may now be valued at over ten millions, as the gold fields at Barberton are on Government lands.

DEFENSE.

The Republic has no standing army, with the exception of a small force of horse artillery of 32 officers, 79 non-commissioned officers, and 289 men, all able-bodied citizens being called out in case of war. There are 3 foot and 6 mounted volunteer corps, numbering about 2,000 men, subsidized by Government. The number of men liable to service in 1899 was about 45,000.

PRODUCTION AND INDUSTRY.

The South African Republic is specially favorable for agriculture as well as stock rearing, though its capacities in this respect are not yet developed. It is estimated that 50,000 acres are under cultivation. The agricultural produce, however, is not sufficient for the wants of the population. There are about 12,245 farms, of which 3,636 belong to Government, 1,612 to outside owners and companies, and the rest to resident owners and companies.

Gold mining is carried on to a great extent in the various gold fields, principally Barberton and Witwatersrand.

The total value of gold production from the year 1884 has been:

1884	\$ 50,480	1892	\$22,705,355
1886	173,550	1894	38,335,760
1888	4,837,080	1897	57,381,300
1890	9,348,225		

The total to 1897 has been \$269,052,540.

Of the gold output in 1897, 3,034,678 ounces were from Witwatersrand; 113,972 ounces from De Kaap; 50,942 ounces from Lydenburg; 84,781 ounces from Klerksdorp; 223 ounces from Zoutpansberg; and 5,120 ounces from Swaziland.

In 1897, according to returns furnished by 72 companies, the number of whites employed at the mines was 8,060, the amount paid to them in wages being \$12,608,015; the number of natives employed, according to these returns, was 50,791, but the total number employed was estimated at about 70,000. Working for silver, lead, and copper has been suspended since 1894; tin is found in Swaziland. Coal of fair quality is found near Witwatersrand and other gold fields; the total output in three years has been: 1895, 1,133,466 tons; 1896, 1,437,297 tons; 1897, 1,600,212 tons (value, \$3,063,340).

COMMERCE AND COMMUNICATION.

The principal exports are gold, wool, cattle, hides, grain, ostrich feathers, ivory, and minerals. The value of imports on which dues were charged amounted in 1894 to \$32,201,075; in 1895, to \$49,081,520; in 1896, to \$70,440,650; in 1897, \$67,819,155. The total imports in 1897 have been estimated at \$112,-

575,000. In the official returns for 1897 the largest imports were: Clothing, \$6,270,290; machinery, \$9,380,955; railway material, \$4,347,215; iron wire, plates, etc., \$4,320,630.

The various railway lines connect the Republic with the Orange Free State, Cape Colony, Natal, and Portuguese East Africa. The total mileage open in September, 1898, was 774; under construction, 270; and projected, 252.

The Republic is in telegraphic communication with the surrounding states and colonies as far north as Blantyre, near Lake Nyassa. The lines within the State extend over 2,000 miles.

Weights and measures are the same as in Cape Colony, the currency is English money, the Government gold, silver, and bronze coin issued from a mint established in Pretoria. From 1892 to June 30, 1897, the nominal value of the coin issued from the mint was: Gold, \$6,712,075; silver, \$1,443,260; bronze, \$1,945; total, \$8,157,280.

APPENDIX—B.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.

The Republic known as the Orange Free State, founded originally by the Boers, who quitted Cape Colony in 1836 and following years, is separated from the Cape Colony by the Orange River, has British Basutoland and Natal on the east, the Transvaal on the north, and Transvaal and Griqualand West on the west. Its independence was declared on February 23, 1854, and a constitution was proclaimed April 10, 1854, and revised February 9, 1866, May 8, 1879, and May 11, 1898. The legislative authority is vested in a popular assembly, the Volksraad, of sixty members, elected by suffrage of the burghers (adult white males) for four years from every district-town, and ward, or field-cornetcy. Every two years one-half of the members vacate their seats and an election takes place. The members of the Volksraad receive pay at the rate of \$10 per day. Eligible are burghers twenty-five years of age, owners of real property to the value of \$2,500. Voters must be white burghers by birth or naturalization, be owners of real property of not less than \$750, or lessees of real property of an annual rental of \$180, or have a yearly income of not less than \$1,000, or be owners of personal property to the value of \$1,500, and have been in the State for not less than five years. The executive is vested in a President chosen for five years by the registered voters, who is assisted by an Executive Council. The Executive Council consists of the Government Secretary, the Landdrost of the capital, and three unofficial members appointed by the Volksraad, one every year for three years.

There is a Landdrost or Magistrate appointed to each of the districts (eighteen) of the Republic by the President, the appointment requiring the confirmation of the Volksraad. At some of the smaller towns Assistant Landdrosts, or Resident Justices of the Peace, are stationed. In every ward there are commissioners for various purposes, the members of which are elected by the burghers.

AREA AND POPULATION.

The area of the Free State is estimated at 48,326 square miles; it is divided into eighteen districts. At a census taken in 1890 the white population was found to be 77,716 (40,571 males and 37,145 females). Of the population 51,910 were born in the Free State and 21,116 in the Cape Colony. There were

APPENDIX.

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besides 129,787 natives in the State (67,791 males and 61,996 females)—making a total population of 207,503. The capital, Bloemfontein, had 2,077 white inhabitants in 1890 and 1,302 natives. Of the white population 10,761 were returned in 1890 as directly engaged in agriculture, while there were 41,817 "colored servants."

Immigration is on the increase, mainly from Germany and England.

RELIGION.

The Government contributes \$50,250 for religious purposes. The State is divided into 36 parochial districts for ecclesiastical purposes. There are about 80 churches. The principal body, according to the last census (1890), is the Dutch Reformed Church, with 68,940 adherents; of Wesleyans there are 753; English Episcopalians, 1,353; Lutherans, 312; Roman Catholics, 466; Jews, 113.

INSTRUCTION.

The system of education is national. Small grants are also made to the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches. The Government schools are managed by local boards, partly elected and partly appointed by Government, which choose the teachers, who are appointed by the President, if he is satisfied with their qualifications. Education is compulsory to some extent, and free for poor children.

At the census of 1890, 45,015 of the white population could read and write; 2,721 only read, 23,722 (of whom 19,508 were under seven years of age) could neither read nor write, while 6,258 were not specified.

JUSTICE AND CRIME.

The Roman Dutch law prevails. The superior courts of the country are High Courts of Justice, with three judges, and the circuit courts. The inferior courts are the court of the Landdrost and the court of Landdrost and Heemraden. The circuit courts, at which the judges of the High Court preside in turn, are held four times a year at Bloemfontein, and twice a year in the chief town of every district. In these courts criminal cases are tried before a jury. The court of Landdrost and Heemraden consists of the Landdrost (a stipendiary magistrate) and two assessors. The Landdrost's court thus has both civil and criminal jurisdiction. There are also justices of the peace who try minor offenses and settle minor disputes.

There are no statistics of crime. There are police constables in every town, and mounted police patrol the country.

FINANCE.

The following is a statement of revenue and expenditure for the calendar years 1896 and 1897:

Revenue, 1896	\$1,873,770	Expenditure, 1896	\$1,909,305
" 1897	2,011,150	" 1897	1,909,945

Among the items of revenue (1897) are: Quit rents, \$74,500; transfer dues, \$168,750; posts and telegraphs, \$177,000; import dues, \$814,650; stamps, \$269,875; native poll-tax, \$87,100; and of expenditure, salaries, \$266,170; police, \$65,780; education, \$248,335; posts and telegraphs, \$148,300; public works, \$136,825; artillery, \$52,715.

The Republic has a debt of \$200,000 (1897), but possesses considerable public property in land, buildings, bridges, telegraphs, etc. (valued at \$2,150,000), and in its share in the National Bank, amounting to \$350,000. Bloemfontein has a municipal debt of \$35,000.

DEFENSE.

The frontier measures about 900 miles; of this 400 miles are on the Cape Colony border; 200, Basutoland; 100, Natal, and 200 miles on the frontier of the Transvaal.

There are no fortifications on the frontier.

Every able-bodied man in the State above sixteen and under sixty years of age is compelled to take arms when called by his Fieldcornet (equal to the rank of captain) when necessity demands it. The number of burghers available is 17,381 (eighteen to sixty years). Four batteries of artillery are stationed at the capital, Bloemfontein; 150 officers and men, with 550 passed artillerists, as a reserve. A fort was built on a hill at the north end of the town.

PRODUCTION AND INDUSTRY.

The State consists of undulating plains, affording excellent grazing. A comparatively small portion of the country is suited for agriculture, but a considerable quantity of grain is produced. The number of farms is 10,499, with a total of 29,918,500 acres, of which, in 1890, 250,600 were cultivated. There were in the same year 248,878 horses, 276,073 oxen, 619,026 other cattle (burden), 6,619,992 sheep, 858,155 goats, and 1,461 ostriches.

The diamond production in 1890 was 99,255 carats, valued at \$1,119,800; in 1891, 108,311 carats, valued at \$1,012,755; in 1893, 209,653 carats, valued at \$2,070,895; in 1894, 282,598 carats, valued at \$2,140,198. In 1896 the diamond exports were valued at \$2,312,545, and in 1897, \$2,204,820. Garnets and other precious stones are found, and there are rich coal mines; gold has also been found.

COMMERCE.

The imports, beside general merchandise, from Cape Colony and Natal comprise cereals, wool, cattle, and horses from Basutoland. The exports to the Cape, Natal, and South African Republic are chiefly agricultural produce and diamonds, while other merchandise goes to Basutoland. The trade is estimated as follows for two years:

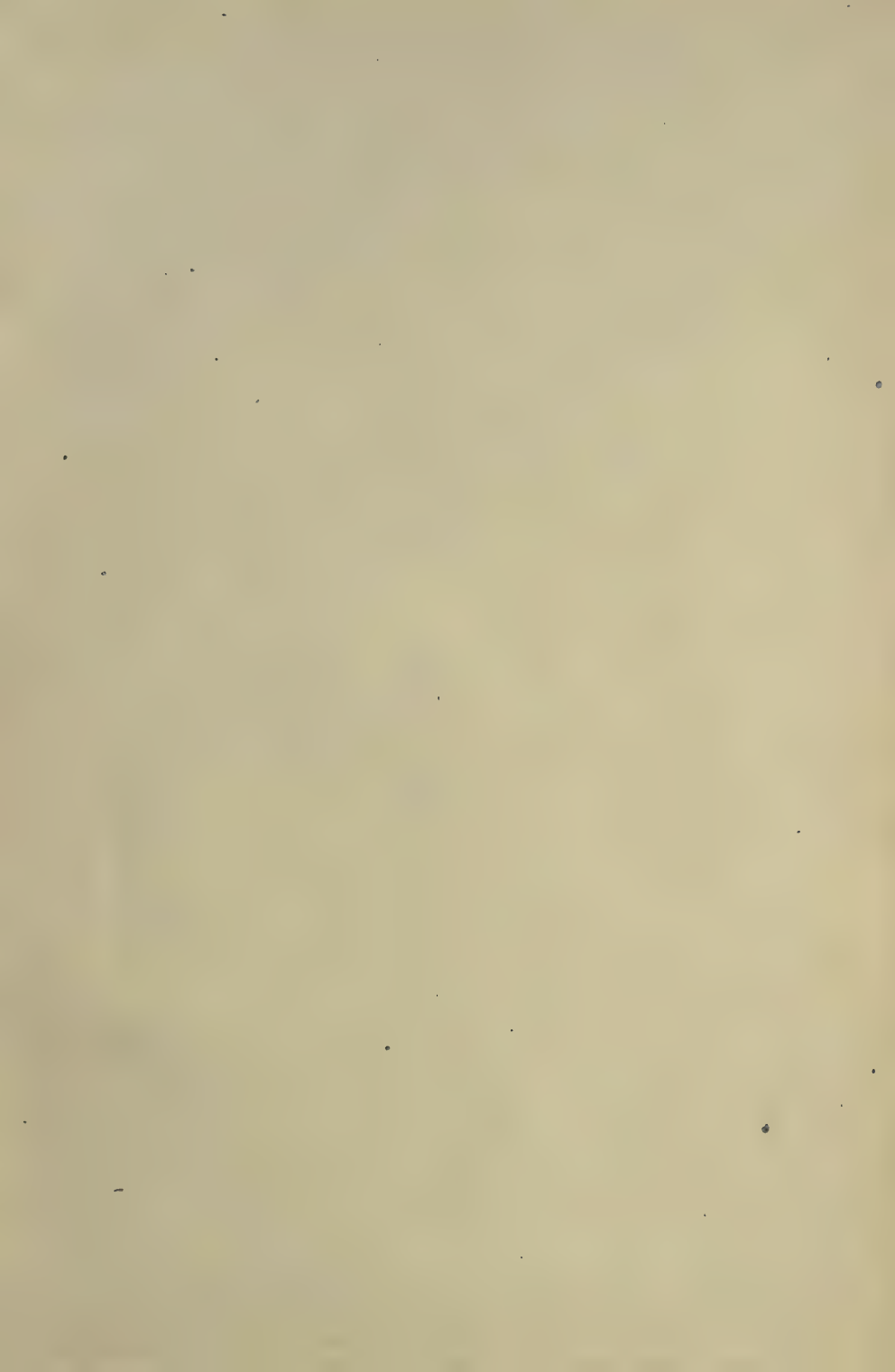
Imports, 1896	\$5,932,285	Exports, 1896	\$8,722,420
" 1897	6,158,495	" 1897	8,971,210

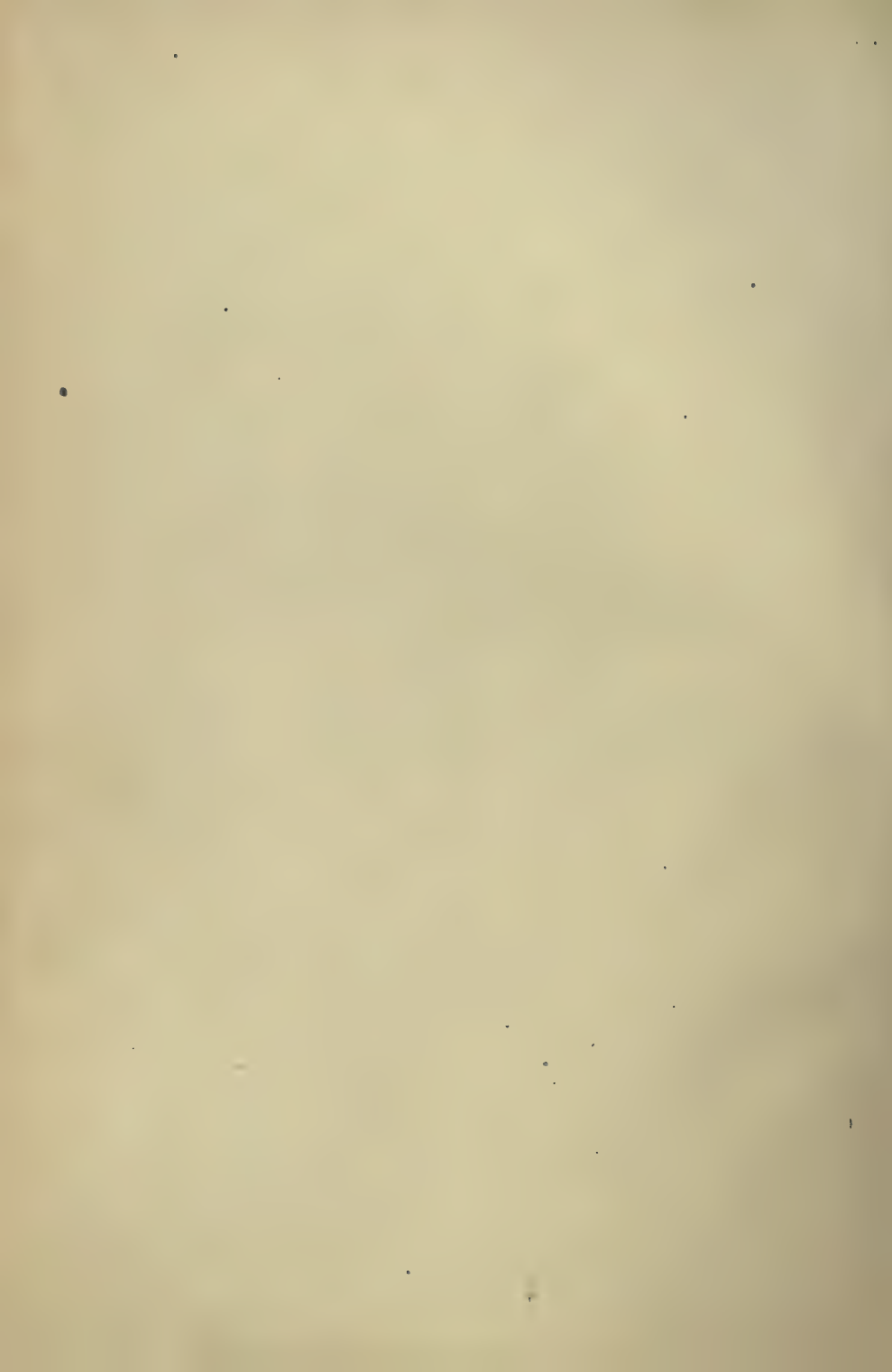
COMMUNICATIONS.

A railway constructed by the Cape Colonial Government connects the Orange River (at Norval's Pont) with Bloemfontein, and Bloemfontein with the Transvaal (at Viljoens drift on the Vaal River). On January 1, 1898, the State took over the railways. The gross profits for the year 1897 were \$2,523,495; payments for new lines, additional works, stores, etc., \$1,547,495; leaving a balance of \$976,000 on January 1, 1898, for building new lines, etc. For the debt due to Cape Colony on the transfer of the railways, debentures were passed for \$8,461,065. Length of railway lines, 366 miles. Capital cost of railways, \$12,500,000. There are roads throughout the districts, ox-wagons being the principal means of conveyance.

In the Orange Free State there are 1,429 miles of telegraph line with 1,683 miles of wire, besides 333 miles of railway telegraph with 999 miles of wire. Bloemfontein is in telegraphic communication with Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, and Basutoland.

The money, weights, and measures are English. The land measure the Morgen, is equal to about 2.1 acres.





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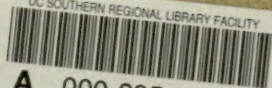
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